THE BOOK OF LITERATURE

THE GERMAN APOCALYPSE. (Fourteenth Century.)

The Manuscript from which the illustration has been copied belonged to his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and comprises an old German version of the Book of Revelation, accompanied by a commentary in the same language.

The German Apocalypse

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THE BOOK OF LITERATURE

A Comprehensive Anthology

Of the Best Literature, Ancient, Mediæval and Modern

With Biographical and Explanatory Notes

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United States Commissioner of Education, 1911-1921

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NOVELS WHICH HAVE MADE HISTORY

By Sir Walter Besant

History is "made" by the novelist in two ways. The first is by the presentation of the ideas, laws, manners, customs, religion, prejudices, and fashions of the time so faithfully that the historian of the future can by his help understand the period, and reconstruct the life of that generation. I would instance, as the leading representatives of this kind of novelist, Defoe, Fielding, and Dickens. It would be quite possible, I doubt not, to reconstruct a great part of the early eighteenth century without the help of Defoe: but not the whole. The essayists give us the manners and the humours of the coffee-house; they also give us an insight into the mind of scholar, critic, and divine of the period. Swift's Letters disclose the current talk of politicians. That mine of contemporary manners, *The Athenian Oracle*, introduces us to the governing ideas on religion and morality among the bourgeois class. The two worthies, Tom Brown and Ned Ward, leave nothing, apparently, untold as regards the taverns, night-houses, bagnios, and the coarse profligacy of their time. To go no farther, here is a great mass of information out of which the historian can make a catalogue if not a picture—it is too often the catalogue that appears. But it is by a picture and not by a catalogue that the world is enabled to understand and to realise events and modes of thought, past or present, of which it has itself formed no part. To make a picture one must select, and arrange, and find characters, and group them, either for one situation or for many. In other words, the picture may be a painting—which is one way

of presenting the past, subject to the disadvantage of being no more than one set scene: or it may be a novel, that is to say, a succession of "animated photographs."

We are saved the trouble of constructing this succession of animated photographs in the case of Defoe. In that wonderful series of novels which he began at an age when most men are thinking of rest, he has photographed and fixed for ever the city life which rolled on around him. We are led through the streets of London; we see the poor little waifs and strays, the pick-pockets, the motherless girls, the wretched women, the soldiers; the apprentices, the tradesmen, the merchants,—all that the city of London contained at that time. Especially, he enables us to understand, as no other writer of the time can do—certainly not Addison or Swift, neither of whom knew the city—that strange revival of enterprise and adventure which possessed our people at that time. We are so much accustomed to think of the scholarly calm of Addison and his friends; of the slow and dignified carriage which would not admit of haste; of the round smooth face on which leisure seems stamped; of the full wig which must not be disarranged by eager gesture;—that we do not realise the animation of change; the busy crowds of the port; the merchants preparing their next venture into unknown seas to unknown nations; the arrival of the weather-beaten captain after a brush with the Moorish pirates. These things we find in Defoe and in Defoe alone.

So also with Fielding. The life which he drew is not that of the City; it is that of the country and the West-End. The country gentleman, the adventurer, the debtor's prison, the fine Court lady, the bully, the valet, the broken captain, the coffee-house, the tavern, the gaming table—are they not all in Fielding?

Or, to take Dickens. Is he not the chief exponent, the chief authority, for the very life of that vast section of the people called sometimes the "lower middle class"—the class which stands between the professional and the working man? How the people talked fifty years ago; what were their manners, their amusements

their follies, their absurdities, their virtues, their conventions?—who has ever done this for the people of his time so well as Dickens? The manners which he drew are changing fast; the young people do not recognise them; part of the old delight—that of one's own knowledge and recognition of the type—is gone. Yet Dickens will remain as the chief and leading exponent of contemporary manners—not of the Court of the Aristocracy; not of clergy and lawyers and scholars, but the folk around. Like François Villon, like Piers Plowman, he draws what he sees.

I should like, if I had time, to reconstruct the social history of any one period by the work of one novelist. I would take Defoe and the city of London. I would present that life, which is not the life found in the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*, as it is depicted in his pages. The result would be, if I were equal to the task, a reconstruction of the trading side of England at that time which has never yet been done.

Let us pass to the second kind of "history making" novel. If the first is the treasure-house for the future, the second is the treasure-house for the present. The novelist who "makes history" in this sense inspires the ideas, the convictions, the enthusiasms, which causes great events and underlie great social movements.

In every age there may always be found, among the people, a floating mass of perceptions only half understood; of uneasy discoveries only half unearthed; of recognitions only dimly seen; of an accusing conscience heard as from afar; of approaching figures seen as through a mist. This is only saying that humanity is never satisfied, never at rest; there is always, even in the most crystallised ages, a feeling that the existing conditions are not perfect. When the Church had laid her iron hand on everything—apparently for ever—then John Wyclyf arises and with him Piers Plowman. Then questions begin to fly around, and rhymes are made and songs are sung, and the uneasy inarticulate murmurs of doubt are for the first time clothed in words. Without words there can be no action: without definition the vague aspirations, the twilight perceptions, the nascent hopes rise before the brain

and pass away and vanish like the mist in the morning, leaving not a trace behind.

But the Interpreter arrives. One thing is essential, that he comes at the right moment—to use the common phrase, the psychical moment. It must be when the time is ripe for him; when the people have thus been whispering and murmuring; when dreams of doubt have thus arisen to vex the sleeper; when the soul asks for words to interpret its own uneasiness. At such a moment came Peter the Hermit, when Western Europe was filled with a blind and unquestioning faith; when the stories brought home by pilgrims stirred all hearts in every village to their depths, and when there wanted but a match to fill all the land with flames. So, too, Francis of Assisi came at the moment when he was most desired, yet unconsciously desired.

There has been the Interpreter as Preacher: there has been the Interpreter as Poet: there has been the Interpreter as Dramatist. Let us be careful not to confuse the Interpreter with the teacher. The former brings new light into the world: the latter spreads the knowledge of the old. Or, we may say that the Interpreter gives utterances in words to feelings, passions, and protests which lie unspoken in men's minds: and that the Teacher takes them over. Without an Interpreter doubt may become rage, and rage may become revolt and madness. For want of an Interpreter the French people—the people, not their scholars—went mad a hundred years ago.

As Preacher, we have had no Interpreter since John Wesley. As Dramatist, we have had none for nearly three hundred years, since the last of the Elizabethans died. The Dramatic Interpreter, will return, and that, I believe, soon. For the Interpreter, as Poet, we have been blessed above all other nations with Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning for the nobler minds, and with such a body of lyric verse, stirring, inspiring, strengthening, ennobling, as no other language can show.

I have, however, to speak of the Interpreter in Fiction; in that kind of Fiction which inspires the soul and becomes the mainspring of action.

Every novel which is a true picture of any part, however humble, of humanity, should be suggestive and inspiring. "Tell me a story," says the child, and listens rapt in attention, unconscious that while the story-teller carries on the tale, his own mind is being widened by new thoughts and charged with new ideas. We are all children when we sit with the open novel and go off into the Land of the Other Folk. We come back, when we close the book, with a wider experience of humanity, with new friends, new loves, and new enemies. I think that the strongest defence of fiction should be the fact that the true presentation of humanity from any point of view must tend to the increase of certain virtues—sympathy, pity, and an ardour inextinguishable, when once it has seized the soul, for justice. This is a great claim for fiction: yet I advance it in favour not only of the great works which move a whole nation, but of the humble stories whose only merit is their plain unvarnished truth. What made *The Vicar of Wakefield* popular? What preserves it? It is not a great work; it deals not with ambitions and great passions; it treats simply of a single family, undistinguished, one of the crowd, yet so truthfully and naturally that we cannot suffer it to be forgotten.

In these days the most important teacher—the most widespread, the most eagerly heard—whether for good or evil, is the novelist. Between Russia in the East, and California in the West, it is the novelist who teaches. He is the fount of inspiration; he gives the world ideas; he makes them intelligible; sometimes, in rare cases, he so touches the very depths of a people that his words reverberate and echo as from rock to rock and from valley to valley far beyond the ear of him who listens. In these cases he makes history, because he causes history to be made.

Let me illustrate my meaning by one or two cases. I might, for instance, adduce Rabelais, who put into living figures and action the revolt of the populace against the Church. He did not speak for the scholars—Étienne Dolet did that—yet he loaded his page with allusions not intelligible except to scholars: he spoke the language of the people and presented them, as at a puppet show,

with figures which embodied their beliefs and their hatreds. It was Rabelais who made the attempt at a French Reformation possible; it was Calvin who turned away the heart of the people by his austerities and his narrowness and made it impossible. This illustration is not, I fear, intelligible to many readers, because Rabelais is only read by scholars. Take, however, the work of Voltaire and especially his tales. There was plenty of a coarse kind of atheism, before these tales were passed from hand to hand, among the aristocracy of France. There was plenty of epigram against the *régime;* Voltaire gave to all, noble and bourgeois alike, new weapons of ridicule, scorn, and contempt; he offered all upon the altar of doubt; he it was who stripped the French Revolution of religion, of any belief in anything except the one great virtue of the French people—their patriotism. And he spoke at the critical moment; at the moment when all minds were prepared for him, as the fields in spring are prepared for the showers of April.

In Charles Reade, the language possesses a writer whose whole soul was filled with a yearning for justice and a pity for the helpless. I think that the world has not yet done justice to the great heart of Charles Reade. He wrote many books. Among them there were two which are still widely read and deservedly popular. One of them is written with a purpose: I do not know if the result satisfied him at the time; one thing is certain that the position of the man who has fallen into crime has at least gained enormously by this book. There is sympathy for the poor man; light is thrown upon the prison where he sits; he is followed when he comes out. One can never wipe away the prison taint, but one can treat him as one who has expiated his crime and may be received again, albeit in a lower place.

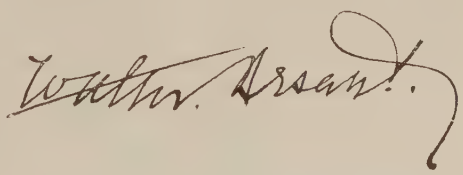
Again, can one ever forget the effect of Harriet Beecher Stowe's great work? I am old enough to remember when that book ran through the length and breadth of this country in editions numberless—I believe they were mostly pirated. The long and wearisome agitation against slavery had died out with the emancipation of the West Indian slaves. The younger people remembered nothing about it; then suddenly appeared this book, and we were

reminded once more what slavery might be, if not what slavery was. No book was ever more widely read; no book ever produced such response of sympathy with the Abolitionists. When the Civil War broke out it seemed to many—it still seems to many—in America that the sympathies of all the English people were with the South. Not all—and remember, if you please, that the sympathies of England were never with the "Institution."

Perhaps I may be permitted one illustration of the power of a novel in the case of a living writer. I mean the case of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *Robert Elsmere*. This book has been, I believe, read as widely in America as in England.

It is too early to judge of the lasting effect of the book on the religious thought of either country. It is, however, certain that it was read and pondered by many thousands on account of its faithful presentation of the religious difficulties and anxieties which perplex the minds of men and women in these days. Of course, I express no opinion as to these difficulties. The explanation of that book's success, to my mind, is chiefly in the fact that it appeared, like *Candide* or *Pantagruel*, at a moment especially fitted to receive its ideas and its teaching.

It is not every novel, I repeat, that has the chance of such a success, that can hope for the honour of expressing the thought of the day, or of advancing any cause of the future; but every novel that is true, every scene that is really natural, every character who is a true man or a true woman, should secure for that work the greatest prize that can be offered to a poet or a novelist—first, the advance of human sympathy, and next, the conversion of dreams into realities.



LIFE AND DEATH OF ST. GEORGE.

(From "The Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendom," published in 1596.)

AFTER the angry Greeks had ruined the chief city of Phrygia, and turned King Priam's glorious buildings to a vast and desolate wilderness, Duke Æneas, exempted from his native habitation with many of his distressed countrymen (like pilgrims), wandered the world to find some happy region where they might erect the image of their subverted Troy. But, before that labor could be accomplished, Æneas ended his days in the confines of Italy, and left his son Askanius to govern in his stead. Askanius, dying, left Silvius to rule; Silvius, deceasing, left the noble and adventurous Brutus, which Bruce, being the fourth descent from Æneas, first made conquest of this land of Britain, then inhabited with monsters, giants, and a kind of wild people without government; but, by policy, he overcame them, and established good laws; when he found the first foundations of a new Troy, and named it Troynovant, but since by process of time called London. Thus began the isle of Britain to flourish, not only with sumptuous buildings, but also with valiant and courageous knights, whose adventures and bold attempts in chivalry fame shall describe what oblivion buried in obscurity. After this the land was replenished with cities, and divided into shires and countries, dukedoms, earldoms, and lordships, the patrimony of high and noble minds, wherein they lived not like cowards in their mothers' bosoms, but merited renown in martial discipline. For the famous city of Coventry was the place wherein the first Christian of England was born, and the first that ever sought for foreign adventures, whose name to this day all Europe highly hath in regard; and, for his bold and magnanimous deeds at arms, gave him this title,

the valiant Knight St. George of England, whose golden garter is not only worn by nobles, but by kings, and in memory of his victories the kings of England fight under his banner.

Upon his breast nature had planted the lively form of a dragon; upon his right hand a blood-red cross, and on his left leg a golden garter. They named him George, and provided him three nurses, — one to give him suck, another to keep him asleep, and the third to provide him food. Not many days after his nativity, the fell enchantress Kalyb, being the utter enemy to true nobility, by charms and witchcrafts stole this infant from the careless nurses.

Twice seven years Kalyb had in keeping the noble St. George of England, whose mind many times thirsted after honorable adventures, and often attempted to set himself at liberty; but the fell enchantress, tending him as the apple of her eye, appointed twelve sturdy satyrs to attend his person, so that neither force nor policy could further his intent.

"Thou art by birth," said she, "son to the Lord Albert, high steward of England, and from thy birth to this day have I kept thee as my child, within these solitary woods." So, taking him by the hand, she led him into a brazen castle, wherein remained as prisoners six of the bravest knights of the world.

"These are," said she, "six worthy champions of Christendom. The first is St. Dennis of France; the second, St. James of Spain; the third, St. Anthony of Italy; the fourth, St. Andrew of Scotland; the fifth, St. Patrick of Ireland; the sixth, St. David of Wales; and thou art born to be the seventh, thy name being St. George of England, for so thou shalt be termed in time to come."

Then leading him a little farther, she brought him into a large, fair room where stood seven of the goodliest steeds that ever eye beheld.

"Six of these," said she, "belong to the six champions, and the seventh will I bestow upon thee."

Likewise she led him to another room, where hung the richest armor in the world. So choosing out the strongest corslet from her armory, she, with her own hands, buckled it about his breast, laced on his helmet, and attired him with a rich caparison. Then, fetching forth a mighty falchion, she put it likewise in his hand.

"Now," said she, "thy steed is of such force and invincible power that whilst thou art mounted on his back there can be

no knight in all the world so hardy as to conquer thee. Thy armor is of the purest steel, that neither weapon can pierce nor battle-ax bruise. Thy sword, which is called Ascalon, will separate and cut the hardest flint, and hew in sunder the strongest steel; for in the pummel lies such precious virtue that neither treason, witchcraft, nor any other violence can be offered thee, so long as thou wearest it."

Thus the lustful Kalyb not only bestowed the riches of her cave upon him, but gave him power and authority through a silver wand which she put in his hand, to work her own destruction. For, coming by a huge, great rock of stone, this valiant knight struck his charming-rod thereon, whereupon it opened. The Lady of the Woods boldly stepping in before, was deceived in her own practices, for no sooner entered she the rock, but he struck his silver wand thereon, and immediately it closed, when she bellowed forth exclamations to the senseless stones, without all hope of delivery. Thus this noble knight deceived the wicked Kalyb, and set the other six champions likewise at liberty, who rendered him all knightly courtesy, and gave him thanks for their late delivery.

After the seven champions departed from the enchanted cave of Kalyb, they made their abode in the city of Coventry for the space of nine months, and when the spring had overspread the earth with the mantles of Flora, they armed themselves like wandering knights, and took their journey to seek foreign adventures. So traveling for the space of thirty days they came to a broad plain, whereon stood a brazen pillar, where seven several ways met, which caused the seven knights to forsake each other's company, and to take every one a contrary way. Our worthy English knight happily arrived within the territories of Egypt, but before he had journeyed fully within the distance of a mile the silent night approached, and solitary stillness took possession of all living things. At last he espied an old, poor hermitage, wherein he purposed to rest his horse and to take some repast after his weary journey, till the sun had renewed his morning light, that he might fall to his travel again. But entering the cottage, he found an aged hermit overworn with years and almost consumed with grief, with whom in this manner he began to confer.

"Father," said he, "for so you seem by your gravity, may a traveler for this night crave entertainment within your cottage, not only for himself, but his horse; or is there some

city near at hand, whereto I may take my journey without danger?"

The old man, starting at the sudden approach of St. George, replied unto him in this order.

"Sir knight," quoth he, "I sorrow for thy hard fortune, that it is thy destiny to arrive in this our country of Egypt, wherein is not left sufficient alive to bury the dead. Such is the distress of this land, through a dangerous and terrible dragon, which if he be not every day appeased with the body of a true virgin, which he devoureth down his venomous bowels, will breathe a stench from his nostrils, whereof grows a most grievous plague and mortality of all things, which he hath observed for this four and twenty years. And now there is not left one true virgin but the king's daughter throughout Egypt, which damosel to-morrow must be offered up in sacrifice to the dragon. Therefore the king hath made proclamation that, if any knight dare prove so adventurous as to combat with the dragon, and preserve his daughter's life, he shall in reward have her to his wife, and the crown of Egypt after his decease."

This large proffer so encouraged the English knight that he vowed either to redeem the king's daughter, or else to lose his life in that honorable enterprise. So he took his repose and nightly rest in the old man's hermitage, till the cheerful cock gave him warning of the sun's uprise, which caused him to buckle on his armor, and to furnish his steed with habiliments of war. The which being done, he took his journey to the valley where the king's daughter should be offered up in sacrifice. But when he approached the valley, he espied afar off a most fair and beautiful damosel, attired in pure Arabian silk, guarded to the place only by sage and modest patrons; which woeful sight encouraged the English knight to such a forwardness that he thought every minute a day, till he had redeemed the damosel from the dragon's tyranny. So, approaching the lady, he gave her comfort of deliverry, and returned her back to her father's palace.

After this, the noble knight entered the valley, where the dragon had his residence, who no sooner had a sight of him, but he gave such a terrible yell, as though it had thundered in the elements. The bigness of the dragon was fearful to behold; for, betwixt his shoulders and his tail were fifty feet in distance; his scales glistering as bright as silver, but far more

harder than brass; his belly of the color of gold, but more bigger than a tun. Thus weltered he from his hideous den, and so fiercely assailed the sturdy champion with his burning wings, that at the first encounter he had almost felled him to the ground. But the knight, nimbly recovering himself, gave the dragon such a thrust with his spear that it shivered in a thousand pieces. Whereat the dragon so fiercely smote him with his venomous tail that down fell man and horse, in which fall two of St. George's ribs were sore bruised. But yet, stepping backward, it was his chance to leap under an orange tree, which tree had such precious virtue that no venomous worm durst come within the compass of the branches, nor within seven feet thereof. There this valiant knight rested himself until he had recovered his former strength. No sooner feeling his spirits revived, but with an eager courage he smote the burning dragon under his yellow, burnished belly with his trusty sword Ascalon, whereout came such abundance of ugly venom that it sprinkled upon the armor, whereby immediately the armor burst in twain, and the good knight fell into so grievous a swoon that for a time he lay breathless, yet having that good memory remaining that he tumbled under the branches of the orange tree, in which place the dragon could proffer him no further violence. So it was the noble champion's happy fortune to espy an orange which a little before had dropped down, wherewith he so refreshed himself that he was in short time as sound as when he began the encounter. Then kneeled he down and made his divine supplication to Heaven that God would send him such strength and agility of body, as to slay the terrible monster. With a courageous heart he smote the dragon under the wing, where it was tender, without scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon went to the very hilt through the dragon's heart, liver, bone, and blood, whereout issued such abundance of purple gore that it turned the grass into crimson color. The ground, which was before parched, through the burning stench of the dragon, was now drenched with overmuch moisture proceeding from his venomous bowels. At last, through want of blood and long continuance in fight, the dragon yielded his vital spirits to the force of the conquering champion. The which being happily performed, the noble knight, St. George of England, first yielding due honor to Almighty God for the victory, with his good sword cut off the dragon's head, and pitched it upon the truncheon of a spear,

which at the beginning of the battle he had shivered against the dragon's scaly back.

* * * * * * *

Ptolemy immediately commanded every street of the city to be hung with rich arras and embroidered tapestry, and likewise provided a sumptuous chariot of gold, the wheels and other timber work of the purest ebony, the covering thereof of pure silk, crossbarred with pure staves of gold. Likewise an hundred of the noblest peers of Egypt, attired in crimson velvet, mounted on milk-white coursers, with rich caparisons, attended the coming of St. George. When he first entered the gates of the city, he heard such a melodious harmony of heavenly sounding music that it seemed in his conceit to surpass the sweetness of all that ever he had heard before. Then they most royally presented him with a sumptuous and costly ball of gold, and after invested him in that ebony chariot, wherein he was conducted to the palace of King Ptolemy, where this noble and princely minded champion surrendered up his conquest and victory to the beauteous Sabra, the king's daughter. She, with like courtesy and much humility, required his bounty. For, at the first sight of the English knight, she was so ravished with his princely countenance that for a time she was not able to speak. Yet, at last taking him by the hand, she led him to a rich pavilion, where she unarmed him, and with most precious salves embalmed his wounds and with her tears washed away the blood: which being done, she furnished a table with all manner of delicacies for his repast, where her father was present, who inquired of his country, parentage, and name.

After the banquet was ended, he installed him with the honor of knighthood, and put upon his feet a pair of golden spurs. But Sabra, who fed upon the banquet of his love, conducted him to his night's repose, where she sat upon his bed, and warbled forth most heavenly melody upon her lute, till his senses were overcome with a sweet and silent sleep, where she left him for that night, after his late dangerous battle.

Many a day remained St. George in the Egyptian town, sometimes reveling among gentlemen, dancing and sporting with ladies, other times in tilts and tournaments with other honorable exercises.

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After St. George, with the other six champions of Christendom (by invincible conquests), had brought into subjection all

the Eastern parts, and by dint of bloody wars poked the stubborn infidels even to the farthest bounds of India, where the golden sun beginneth to arise, they returned to the rich and plentiful country of England, where, in the famous city of London, they many a day sojourned.

But at last St. George's three sons, Guy, Alexander and David, being all born at one birth in the wilderness, and sent into three several kingdoms by their careful father to be trained up, being grown to some ripeness of age, and agility of strength, desired much to visit their parent, whom they had not seen from their infancies, and to crave at his hands the honor of true knighthood. This earnest and princely request so highly pleased their tutors that they furnished them with a stately train of knights, and sent them honorably into England, where they arrived all three at one time in the famous city of London, where their entertainments were most princely.

But no sooner appeared the morning sun upon the mountain tops but St. George commanded a solemn hunting for the welcome of his sons. Then began his knights to arm themselves in troops and to mount upon their jennets. But St. George with his sons clad in green vestments like Adonis, with silver horns hanging at their backs in scarfs of colored silk, were still the foremost in this exercise.

Likewise Sabra (intending to see her sons' valors displayed in the field, whether they were in courage like their father or no), caused a gentle palfrey to be provided, whereon she mounted her princely person to be witness of their sylvan sports.

Thus in this gallant manner rode forth these hunters to their princely pastimes, entered the forest, wherein they had not passed the compass of half a mile, but they started a wild, swift stag, at whom they uncoupled their hounds, and gave bridle to their horses, and followed the same more swifter than pirates pursue the merchants' ships upon the seas. But now behold how frowning fortune changed their pleasant pastime to a sad and bloody tragedy. For Sabra, proffering to keep pace with them, delighted to behold the valiant encounters of her sons, and being careless of herself, through the overswiftness of her steed, she slipped beside her saddle, and so fell directly upon a thorny brake of brambles, the pricks whereof entered to every part of her delicate body. Some pierced the lovely closets of her eyes, whereby there issued drops of purest blood. Her

face was changed into a crimson red. Her milk-white hands did seem to wear a bloody scarlet glove. "Dear lord," said she, "mourn not you, nor you, my sons, nor you, brave Christian knights, but let your warlike drums convey me royally to my tomb. Dear lord, farewell; sweet sons, you famous followers of my George, and all true Christian knights, adieu."

These words were not sooner ended, but with a heavy sigh she yielded up the ghost.

When black night began to approach, and with her sable mantle to overspread the crystal firmament, they retired with her dead body back to the city of London. St. George, with his sons and the other champions; interred her body very honorably, and erected over the same a rich and costly monument, for thereon was portrayed the Queen of Chastity with her maidens, bathing themselves in a crystal fountain.

Thus, after the tomb was erected, and the epitaph engraved on a silver table, and all things performed according to St. George's discretion, in company of the other six champions, he took his journey towards Jerusalem.

* * * * * * *

Now droops my weary muse, for she is come unto her latest tragedy. St. George is summoned to the bar of Death, where magnificent honor stands ready to give his name a noble renown to all ensuing ages.

This illustrious champion, when he was left alone in the company of his three sons Guy, Alexander, and David, strange imaginations day by day possessed his mind, so that he could not rest nor sleep. So, furnishing them all four in habiliments of shining steel, they left Constantinople, as it was guided by fate, until they came into England, whose chalky cliffs St. George had not seen in twice twelve years.

He gave his three sons thereunto a most joyous welcome, showing them the brave situation of the towns and cities, and the pleasant prospects of the fields as they passed, until they came within sight of the city Coventry, where he was born.

But the inhabitants interrupted his pleasurable delights with a doleful report how upon Dunsmore Heath remained an infectious dragon; and how that fifteen knights of the kingdom had already lost their lives in adventuring to suppress the same. St. George purposed presently to put the adventure in trial, and either to free his country from so great danger, or to finish his days in the attempt. So, taking leave of his sons

and the rest there present, he rode forward. His infectious enemy lay couching the ground, who, knowing his death to draw near, made such a yelling noise, as if the element had burst with thunder; and spying the champion, he ran with such fury against him, as if he would have devoured both man and horse. But the champion, being quick and nimble, gave the dragon such way, that he missed him, and with his sting ran full two feet into the earth. Recovering, he turned again with such rage upon St. George that he had almost borne his horse over and over, but, having no stay of his strength, fell with his back downward upon the ground, and his feet upward. Whereat the champion, taking advantage, kept him still down with his horse standing upon him, with his lance goring him through in divers parts of the body. The dragon being no sooner slain but Saint George likewise took his death's wound, by the deep strokes of the dragon's sting, and bled in such abundance that his strength began to enfeeble and grow weak. Yet valiantly returned the victor to the city of Coventry, where his three sons with the whole inhabitants stood without the gates. But what with the abundance of blood that issued from his deep wounds, and the long bleeding without stopping the same, he was forced in his sons' arms to yield up his breath. All the land from king to shepherd mourned for him for the space of a month.

The king of this country ordained forever after to be kept a solemn procession about the king's court upon the 23d day of April, naming it St. George's Day, upon which day he was most solemnly interred in the city where he was born.

GOETHE'S FIRST TASTE OF SHAKESPEARE.

(From the "Autobiography.")

[Johann Wolfgang Goethe was born August 28, 1749; went to Leipsic University in 1759; shortly after began to write dramas and songs; in 1771 took a doctor's degree at Strasburg and became an advocate at Frankfort; wrote "Götz von Berlichingen" in 1771, as also the "Wanderer" and "The Wanderer's Storm Song"; settled in Wetzlar for law practice in 1772, but had to fly on account of a love intrigue; in 1773 wrote "Prometheus," some farce satires, the comedy "Erwin and Elmira," and began "Faust"; "The Sorrows of Young Werther" and "Clavigo" in 1774; in 1775 settled in Weimar, became a privy councilor to the duke, and most useful public official; studied and made valuable discoveries in natural science; began "Wilhelm Meister's Appren-

ticeship" in 1777; wrote "Iphigenia" in prose 1779, in verse 1786; completed "Egmont" in 1787, and "Tasso" in 1789; was director of the court theater at Weimar, 1791; 1794–1805 was associated with Schiller, and they conducted the literary review *Horen* together; he finished "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1796, "Hermann and Dorothea," 1797, "Elective Affinities," 1809, "Doctrine of Color," 1810, and his autobiography "Fancy and Truth," 1811. In 1815 he issued the "Divan of East and West," a volume of poems; in 1821 "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjähre," a *mélange* of various pieces put together by his secretary. In 1831 he finished the second part of "Faust." He died March 22, 1832.]

Thus, on the very borders of France, we had at once got rid and clear of everything French about us. The French way of life we found too defined and genteel, their poetry cold, their criticism annihilating, their philosophy abstruse, and yet insufficient, so that we were on the point of resigning ourselves to rude nature, at least by way of experiment, if another influence had not for a long time prepared us for higher and freer views of the world, and intellectual enjoyments, as true as they were poetical, and swayed us, first moderately and secretly, but afterwards with more and more openness and force.

I need scarcely say that Shakespeare is intended; and having once said this, no more need be added. Shakespeare has been acknowledged by the Germans, more by them than by other nations, perhaps even more than by his own. We have richly bestowed on him all that justice, fairness, and forbearance which we refuse to ourselves. Eminent men have occupied themselves in showing his talents in the most favorable light; and I have always readily subscribed to what has been said to his honor, in his favor, or even by way of excuse for him. The influence of this extraordinary mind upon me has been already shown; an attempt has been made with respect to his works, which has received approbation; and therefore this general statement may suffice for the moment.

At present I will only show more clearly the manner in which I became acquainted with him. It happened pretty soon at Leipzig, through Dodd's "Beauties of Shakespeare." Whatever may be said against such collections, which give authors in a fragmentary form, they nevertheless produce many good effects. We are not always so collected and so ready that we can take in a whole work according to its merits. Do we not, in a book, mark passages which have an immediate reference to ourselves? Young people especially, who are wanting in a thorough cultivation, are laudably excited by

brilliant passages; and thus I myself remember, as one of the most beautiful epochs of my life, that which is characterized by the above-mentioned work. Those noble peculiarities, those great sayings, those happy descriptions, those humorous traits — all struck me singly and powerfully.

Wieland's translation now made its appearance. It was devoured, communicated and recommended to friends and acquaintances. We Germans had the advantage that many important works of foreign nations were first brought over to us in an easy and cheerful fashion. Shakespeare, translated in prose, first by Wieland, afterwards by Eschenburg, was able, as a kind of reading universally intelligible, and suitable to any reader, to diffuse itself speedily, and to produce a great effect. I revere the rhythm as well as the rhyme, by which poetry first becomes poetry; but that which is really, deeply, and fundamentally effective — that which is really permanent and furthering, is that which remains of the poet after he is translated into prose. Then remains the pure, perfect substance, of which, when absent, a dazzling exterior often contrives to make a false show, and which, when present, such an exterior contrives to conceal. I therefore consider prose translations more advantageous than poetical, for the beginning of youthful culture. . . .

And thus in our Strasburg society did Shakespeare, translated and in the original, by fragments and as a whole, by passages and by extracts, influence us in such a manner, that as there are Bible-firm (*Bibelfest*) men, so did we gradually make ourselves firm in Shakespeare, imitated in our conversations those virtues and defects of his time with which he had made us so well acquainted, took the greatest delight in his "quibbles," and by translating them, nay, with original recklessness, sought to emulate him. To this, the fact that I had seized upon him above all, with great enthusiasm, did not a little contribute. A happy confession that something higher waved over me was infectious for my friends, who all resigned themselves to this mode of thought. We did not deny the possibility of knowing such merits more closely, of comprehending them, of judging them with penetration, but this we reserved for later epochs. At present we only wished to sympathize gladly, and to imitate with spirit; and while we had so much enjoyment, we did not wish to inquire and haggle about the man who afforded it, but unconditionally to revere him.

EPITHALAMION.

By EDMUND SPENSER.

(Written for his Own Wedding.)

[Edmund Spenser, English poet, was born in London about 1552, and attended Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He became intimate with Sir Philip Sidney and the Earl of Leicester, and through the latter's influence procured (1580) the post of private secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, the queen's deputy in Ireland. For his services in suppressing Desmond's rebellion, he obtained 3000 acres of the forfeited Desmond estates, including Kilcolman Castle and manor. At Raleigh's suggestion he went to London in 1589, and the next year brought out the first three books of "The Faerie Queene," which so pleased Elizabeth that she gave him a yearly pension of £50. In 1591 he returned to Kilcolman in poverty, and wrote "Colin Clout's Come Home Again." Seven years later his house was burned by the Irish rebels, and on January, 1599, he died in poverty at Westminster. By his own request he was buried near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, the funeral expenses being paid by the Earl of Essex. Besides the above works, Spenser wrote: "The Shepherd's Calendar," "Amoretti," "Astrophel," "Four Hymns," etc.]

Ye learnèd sisters, which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rhymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple lays,
But joyèd in their praise:
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck did raise,
Your string could soon to sadder tenor turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside;
And, having all your heads with garlands crowned,
Help me mine own love's praises to resound;
Ne let the same of any be envíed:
So Orpheus did for his own bride!
So I unto myself alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth spread,
Having dispersed the night's uncheerful damp.
Do ye awake; and, with fresh lusty head,
Go to the bow'r of my belovèd love,
My truest turtle dove;

Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his mask to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to wait on him,
In their fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soon her dight,
For lo! the wishèd day is come at last,
That shall, for all the pains and sorrows past,
Pay to her usury of long delight:
And whilst she doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the wood may answer, and your echo ring.

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear
Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that neighbours to her near:
All with gay garlands goodly well beseen.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay garland,
For my fair love of lilies and of roses,
Bound truelove wise, with a blue silk riband.
And let them make great store of bridal posies,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridal bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapered like the discolored mead.
Which done, do at her chamber door await,
For she will waken straight;
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer and your echo ring.

Ye nymphs of Mulla, which with careful heed
The silver scaly trouts to tend full well,
The greedy pikes which use therein to feed;
(Those trouts and pikes all others do excel;)
And ye likewise, which keep the rushy lake,
Where none do fishes take;
Bind up the locks, the which hang scattered light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces, as the crystal bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spy.
And eke, ye lightfoot maids, which keep the door,
That on the hoary mountain used to tower;

And the wild wolves, which seek them to devour,
With your steel darts do chase from coming near;
Be also present here,
To help to deck her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phœbus gins to show his glorious head.
Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays
And carol of Love's praise.
The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays:
The ousel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet concent,
To this day merriment.
Ah! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the bird's love-learnèd song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasaunce to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmèd were
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight:
But first come ye fair Hours, which were begot
In Jove's sweet paradise of day and night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all that ever in this world is fair,
Do make and still repair:
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my Love all ready forth to come,
Let all the Virgins therefore well await;

And ye fresh Boys, that tend upon her Groom,
Prepare yourselves; for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day:
The joyfull'st day that ever Sun did see.
Fair Sun! show forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy life-ful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus! Father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse;
But let this day, let this one day, be mine;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Hark! how the minstrels gin to shrill aloud
Their merry music that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling crowd [violin],
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But, most of all, the Damsels do delight,
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto do dance and carol sweet,
That all the senses they do ravish quite;
The whiles the Boys run up and down the street,
Crying aloud with strong confusèd noise,
As if it were one voice,
Hymen, iö Hymen, Hymen, they do shout;
That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
And laud advance her laud;
And evermore they, "Hymen, Hymen," sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that 'seems a Virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that he would ween
Some Angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,

Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flow'rs atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And, being crownèd with a garland green,
Seem like some Maiden Queen.
Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye Merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town [Cork] before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store:
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
Her paps like lilies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble tow'r;
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up with many a stately stair,
To Honour's seat and Chastity's sweet bow'r.
Why stand ye still, ye Virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze?
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring.

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonished like to those which read
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Virtue reigns as Queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;

Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealèd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my Love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this Saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in before the Almighty's view:
Of her ye Virgins learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain:
That even the Angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governèd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluiah sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Now all is done: bring home the Bride again;
Bring home the triumph of our victory;
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom heaven would heap with bliss.
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day
This day forever to me holy is.
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
Pour not by cups, but by the bellyful,
Pour out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withal.
Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine;
And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
For they can do it best:
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
And leave your wonted labours for this day:
This day is holy; do ye write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the Sun is in his chiefest height,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordainèd was,
To choose the longest day in all the year,
And shortest night, when longest fitter were:
Yet never day so long, but late would pass.
Ring ye the bells, to make it wear away,
And bonfires make all day;
And dance about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my Love?
How slowly do the hours their numbers spend!
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move!
Haste thee, O fairest Planet, to thy home,
Within the Western foam:
Thy tired steeds long since have need of rest.

Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,
And the bright Evening-star with golden crest
Appear out of the East.
Fair child of beauty! glorious lamp of Love!
That all the host of heaven in ranks dost lead,
And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread,
How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
And seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Now cease, ye Damsels, your delights forepast;
Enough it is that all the day was yours:
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the Bride into the bridal bow'rs.
The night is come, now soon her disarray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lilies and in violets,
And silken curtains over her display,
And odoured sheets, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my fair Love does lie,
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flow'ry grass,
Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brook.
Now it is night, ye Damsels may be gone,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome, Night! thou night so long expected,
That long day's labour dost at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruel Love collected:
Hast summed in one, and cancellèd for aye,
Spread thy broad wing over my Love and me,
That no man may us see;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From fear of peril and foul horror free.
Let no false treason seek us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy;
But let the night be calm, and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms of sad affray:
Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena lay,

When he begot the great Tirynthian groom:
Or like as when he with thyself did lie,
And begot Majesty.
And let the maids and young men cease to sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring.

Let no lamenting cries, nor doleful tears,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without;
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
Break gentle sleep with misconceivèd doubt,
Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fires, nor lightnings' helpless harms,
Ne let the pouke [Puck], nor other evil sprights,
Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not;
Let not the shriek-owl nor the stork be heard;
Nor the night raven, that still deadly yells;
Nor damnèd ghosts, called up with mighty spells;
Nor grisly vultures make us once afeard:
Ne let th' unpleasant quire of frogs still croaking
Make us to wish their choking.
Let none of these their dreary accent sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring.

But let still Silence true night-watches keep,
That sacred Peace may in assurance reign,
And timely Sleep, when it is time to sleep,
May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant plain;
The whiles an hundred little wingèd Loves,
Like divers feathered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about the bed,
And in the secret dark, that none reproves,
Their pretty stealths shall work, and snares shall spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Concealed through covert night.
Ye Sons of Venus, play your sports at will!
For greedy Pleasure, careless of your toys,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joys,
Than what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soon be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing;
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your echo ring

Who is the same, which at my window peeps?
Or whose is that fair face that shines so bright?
Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps,
But walks about high heaven all the night?
O! fairest goddess, do thou not envý
My Love with me to spy:
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wool, which privily
The Latmian Shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favourable now;
And sith of women's labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Incline thy will t' effect our wishful vow,
And the chaste womb inform with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopeful hap to sing,
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our echo ring.

And thou great Juno! which with awful might
The laws of wedlock still dost patronise;
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites has taught to solemnise;
And eke for comfort often callèd art
Of women in their smart;
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
The bridal bow'r and genial bed remain,
Without blemish of stain;
And the sweet pleasures of their love's delight
With secret aid dost succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou fair Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
Grant that it may so be.
Till which we cease your further praise to sing;
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your echo ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Do burn, that to us wretchèd earthly clods
In dreadful darkness lend desirèd light;
And all ye powers which in the same remain,
More than we men can feign;

Pour out your blessing on us plenteously,
And happy influence upon us rain,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth which they may long possess
With lasting happiness,
Up to your haughty palaces may mount;
And, for the guerdon of their glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
O blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet Love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our timely joys to sing:
The woods no more us answer, nor our echo ring!

Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my Love should duly have been decked,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
But promised both to recompense;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endless monument.

THE AFFECTED GULL AND THE BRAGGART.

By BEN JONSON.

(From "Every Man in his Humour.")

[Benjamin Jonson was born at Westminster about 1573, and received his early education at the Westminster School under William Camden. Becoming disgusted with the trade of bricklayer, to which his stepfather had trained him, he left home and served as a soldier in Flanders. Returning, by or before 1597 he became a player and playwright to "The Admiral's Men." "Every Man in his Humour" was successfully produced at the Globe in 1598, Shakespeare himself being in the cast, and Jonson thenceforth ranked with the foremost dramatists of the period. His first success was followed by "Cynthia's Revels," "The Poetaster," "Sejanus," "Volpone, or the Fox," "Epicœne, or the Silent Woman," "The Alchemist," "Catiline," "Bartholomew Fair," and "The Devil is an Ass." He wrote also masques and entertainments for James I. and Charles I., and received pensions from both. Palsy, dropsy, and perhaps Charles's embarrassments, cut off his resources, and he died poor in 1637. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the Poets' Corner, where a tablet bears the inscription,

"O rare Ben Jonson."]

Well-bred — What strange piece of silence is this? the sign of the Dumb Man?

Ben Jonson

Photogravure from the engraving by E. Scriven

Edward Kno'well — Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an he please; he has his humor, sir.

Well-bred — Oh, what is't, what is't?

E. Kno'well — Nay, I'll neither do your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension: I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search; if you can take him, so!

Well-bred — Well, Captain Bobadill, Master Matthew, 'pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. [*To* STEPHEN.] I know not your name, sir, but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

Stephen — My name is Master Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir; his father is mine uncle, sir: I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bobadill — Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for Master Well-bred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favor you please), I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts; I love few words.

E. Kno'well — And I fewer, sir; I have scarce enow to thank you.

Matthew — But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it?

Stephen — Ah, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Matthew — Oh, it's your only fine humor, sir! your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. Kno'well [*Aside*] — Sure he utters them then by the gross.

Stephen — Truly, sir, and I love such things, out of measure.

E. Kno'well — I'faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

Matthew — Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study, it's at your service.

Stephen — I thank you, sir, I shall be bold, I warrant you: have you a stool there to be melancholy upon?

Matthew — That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'hem, when you see them.

Well-bred [*Aside*] — Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'hem! I might see self-love burnt for her heresy.

Stephen — Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. Kno'well — Oh ay, excellent.

Well-bred — Captain Bobadill: why muse you so?

E. Kno'well — He is melancholy too.

Bobadill — Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honorable piece of service, was performed to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

E. Kno'well — In what place, captain?

Bobadill — Why at the beleaguering of Strigonium [Gran], where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of — what do you call it, last year, by the Genoways [Genoese]; but that, of all others, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and soldier.

Stephen — 'So! I had as lief as an angel [coin] I could swear as well as that gentleman!

E. Kno'well — Then you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium? and "What-do-you-call't"?

Bobadill — O Lord, sir! by St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach; and had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain, if I had had a million of lives.

E. Kno'well — 'Twas pity you had not ten: [*Aside*] a cat's and your own, i'faith. But, was it possible?

Matthew [*Aside to* STEPHEN] — 'Pray you mark this discourse, sir.

Stephen [*To him*] — So I do.

Bobadill — I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

E. Kno'well [*Aside*] — You must bring me to the rack, first.

Bobadill — Observe me, judicially, sweet sir; they had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner

(a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think) confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire; I, spying his intendment, discharged my petronel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put 'hem pell-mell to the sword.

Well-bred — To the sword! to the rapier, captain.

E. Kno'well — Oh, it was a good figure observed, sir: — but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bobadill — Without any impeach o' the earth: you shall perceive, sir. [*Shows his rapier.*] It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana or so; tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'hem: I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Stephen — I mar'le whether it be a Toledo or no.

Bobadill — A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Stephen — I have a countryman of his, here.

Matthew — 'Pray you, let's see, sir; yes, faith, it is.

Bobadill — This a Toledo! Pish!

Stephen — Why do you pish, captain?

Bobadill — A Fleming, by Heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder apiece, an I would have a thousand of them.

E. Kno'well — How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Well-bred — Where bought you it, Master Stephen?

Stephen — Of a scurvy rogue soldier — a hundred of lice go with him — he swore it was a Toledo.

Bobadill — A poor provant rapier, no better.

Matthew — Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on't better.

E. Kno'well — Nay, the longer you look on't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Stephen — Well, I will put it up! but by — [*To himself.*] I have forgot the captain's oath, I thought to have sworn by it — an e'er I meet him ——

Well-bred — O, it is past help now, sir; you must have patience.

Stephen — Whoreson, coney-catching rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

E. Knowell — A sign of good digestion! you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

Stephen — A stomach? would I had him here, you should see an I had a stomach.

Well-bred — It's better as 'tis. — Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

* * * * * * *

MATTHEW — Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to-day, Master Well-bred's half brother? I think the whole earth cannot show his parallel, by this daylight.

E. Kno'well — We were now speaking of him: Captain Bobadill tells me, he is fallen foul o' you too.

Matthew — O, ay, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado.

Bobadill — Ay, but I think, I taught you prevention, this morning, for that: — You shall kill him, beyond question; if you be so generously minded.

Matthew — Indeed, it is a most excellent trick. [*Fences.*

Bobadill — O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay! [*Practices at a post.*

Matthew — Rare Captain!

Bobadill — Tut! 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a — *punto* [instant].

E. Kno'well — Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of your masters of defense here?

Matthew — O, good sir! yes, I hope, he has.

Bobadill — I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travail for knowledge (in that mystery only) there came three or four of 'hem to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools, and withal so much importuned me, that — I protest to you, as I am a gentleman — I was ashamed of their rude demeanor, out of all measure: well, I told 'hem, that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite (in diameter) to my humor; but, if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favor I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. Kno'well — So, sir, then you tried their skill!

Bobadill — Alas, soon tried! you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, showed them some two

or three tricks of prevention, have purchased 'hem since, a credit to admiration! they cannot deny this: and yet now, they hate me, and why? because I am excellent! and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Kno'well — This is strange, and barbarous! as ever I heard!

Bobadill — Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures, but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone, in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my Ordinary: where I have driven them afore me, the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not o'ercome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot, at pleasure. By myself, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for 'hem: yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed, for though I be skillful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

E. Kno'well — Ay, believe me, may you, sir: and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bobadill — Alas, no! what's a peculiar man to a nation? not seen.

E. Kno'well — O, but your skill, sir.

Bobadill — Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself. But, were I known to her Majesty and the Lords, — observe me, — I would undertake — upon this poor head, and life — for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Kno'well — Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bobadill — Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be, of good spirit, strong, and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach

these nineteen, the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccata, your passada, your montanto; till they could all play very near or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field, the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not, in their honor, refuse us, well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus, would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up, by computation. And this, will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform (provided there be no treason practiced upon us) by fair and discreet manhood, that is, civilly by the sword.

E. Kno'well — Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bobadill — Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Kno'well — I would not stand in Down-right's state then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bobadill — Why, sir, you mistake me! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! let this gentleman do his mind; but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Matthew — Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

E. Kno'well — Gods so, look where he is! yonder he goes.

[DOWN-RIGHT *walks over the stage.*

Down-right — What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bobadill — It's not he, is it?

E. Kno'well — Yes faith, it is he.

Matthew — I'll be hanged then, if that were he.

E. Kno'well — Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he.

Stephen — Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bobadill — Had I thought it had been he, he must not have

gone so: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he, yet.

E. Kno'well — That I think, sir. [*Reënter* DOWN-RIGHT. But see, he is come again.

Down-right — O, "Pharaoh's foot," have I found you? Come, draw, to your tools: draw, gypsy, or I'll thrash you.

Bobadill — Gentleman of valor, I do believe in thee, hear me —

Down-right — Draw your weapon then.

Bobadill — Tall man, I never thought on it, till now, body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now, as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Master Matthew.

Down-right — 'Sdeath! you will not draw then?

[*Cudgels him, disarms him, and throws him down.* MATTHEW *runs away.*

Bobadill — Hold, hold, under thy favor, forbear!

Down-right — Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist you! You'll "control the point," you! [*Looking about.*] Your consort is gone? had he stayed he had shared with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Bobadill — Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Kno'well — No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself: that'll prove but a poor excuse.

Bobadill — I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by Heaven! sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Kno'well — Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: go, get you to a surgeon. [*Exit* BOBADILL.] 'Slid! an these be your tricks, your passadas, and your montantos, I'll none of them. O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make 'hem!

EPITAPHS BY BEN JONSON.

[These children (called in the next reign Children of her Majesty's Revels) were trained up to act before the Queen. Salathiel had acted in two of Jonson's plays, in 1600 and in 1601, when he is supposed to have died.]

On Salathiel Pavy, a Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel.

Weep with me, all you that read
This little story;
And know for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When Fates turned cruel,
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,
As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,—
He played so truly.
So, by error to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since, alas, too late
They have repented;
And have sought to give new birth
In baths to steep him;
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

On the Countess of Pembroke.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

AKBAR'S CONDUCT AND ADMINISTRATIVE RULES.

By his Vizier, ABU 'L FAZL.

(From the "Ain-i-Akbery.")

[Akbar, one of the world's great rulers, grandson of Babar the founder of the Mogul Empire in India, was born in 1542; succeeded his father Humayun in 1556, and died in 1605, his reign being almost exactly synchronous with Queen Elizabeth's. He was a warrior and statesman of the first order: taking the helm when India was nearly lost, a mass of anarchy and revolt, and the Empire practically confined to the Punjaub, he extended it to fifteen provinces, and made it a well-knit and well-governed organism. He instituted also a great college system for general education. But his principles of reform went deeper yet: though reared as a Mohammedan, he put all religions on an equal footing; and in his court, learned men of all sects met and discussed all problems of philosophy and practice with perfect freedom. He was a more serious and high-minded Emperor Frederick II. without Frederick's vices, cynicism, or contempt for public feeling; and he mastered his church instead of being mastered by it. The result was that the native population accepted and rallied loyally around the Mogul throne, that one great Hindoo led its armies, and another administered its government. But he was too far in advance of his time and people, especially the fanatical Moslem church; and half a century after his death his great-grandson Aurungzebe, the Philip II. of India, carried out a reactionary persecuting policy which again alienated the Hindoos and ruined the Empire.]

The Manner in which his Majesty spends his Time.

It is his Majesty's constant endeavor to gain and secure the hearts of all men. Amidst a thousand cares and perplexing avocations, he suffers not his temper to be in any degree disturbed, but is always cheerful. He is ever striving to do that which may be most acceptable to the Deity; and employs his mind on profound and abstracted speculations. From his thirst after wisdom, he is continually laboring to benefit by the knowledge of others, while he makes no account of his own sagacious administration. He listens to what every one has to say, because it may happen that his heart may be enlightened by the communication of a just sentiment, or by the relation of a laudable action; but although a long period has elapsed in this practice, he has never met with a person whose judgment he could prefer to his own. Nay, the most experienced statesmen, on beholding this ornament of the throne, blush at their

own insufficiency, and study anew the arts of government. Nevertheless, out of the abundance of his sagacity, he will not suffer himself to quit the paths of his inquiry. Although he be surrounded with power and splendor, yet he never suffers himself to be led away by anger or wrath. Others employ story-tellers to lull them to sleep; but his Majesty, on the contrary, listens to them to keep him awake. From the excess of his righteousness, he exercises upon himself both inward and outward austerities, and pays some regard to external forms, in order that those who are attached to established customs may not have any cause for reproach. His life is an uninterrupted series of virtue and sound morality. God is witness that the wise of all ranks are unanimous in this declaration.

He never laughs at nor ridicules any religion or sect; he never wastes his time, nor omits the performance of any duty: so that, through the blessing of his upright intentions, every action of his life may be considered as an adoration of the Deity. He is continually returning thanks unto Providence, and scrutinizing his own conduct; but he most especially so employs himself at the following stated times: at daybreak, when the sun begins to diffuse his rays; at noon, when that grand illuminator of the universe shines in full resplendence; in the evening, when he disappears from the inhabitants of the earth; and again at midnight, when he recommences his ascent. All these grand mysteries are in honor of God; and if dark-minded, ignorant people cannot comprehend their signification, who is to be blamed? Every one is sensible that it is indispensably our duty to praise our benefactor, and consequently it is incumbent on us to praise this Diffuser of bounty, the Fountain of Light! and more especially behooveth it princes so to do, seeing that this Sovereign of the heavens sheddeth his benign influence upon the monarchs of the earth. His Majesty has also great veneration for fire in general, and for lamps, since they are to be accounted rays of the greater light.

He is ever sparing of the lives of offenders, wishing to bestow happiness upon all his subjects.

He abstains much from flesh, so that whole months pass away without his touching any animal food. He takes no delight in sensual gratifications, and in the course of twenty-four hours never makes more than one meal.

He spends the whole day and night in the performance of his necessary avocations, excepting the small portion required

for sleep. He takes a little repose in the evening, and again for a short time in the morning. The greatest part of the night is employed in the transaction of business; to the royal privacy are then admitted philosophers and virtuous sofees [dervishes], who seat themselves, and entertain his Majesty with wise discourses. On those occasions his Majesty fathoms the depths of knowledge, examines the value of ancient institutions, and forms new regulations, that the aged may stand corrected in their errors, and the rising generation be provided with fit rules for governing their conduct. There are also present at these assemblies learned historians, who relate the annals of past times, just as the events occurred, without addition or diminution. A considerable part of the night is spent in hearing representations of the state of the empire, and giving orders for whatever is necessary to be done in every department. Three hours before day there are introduced to the presence musicians of all nations, who recreate the assembly with vocal and instrumental melody. But when it wants only about an hour of day, his Majesty prefers silence, and employs himself at his devotions. Just before the appearance of day, people of all ranks are in waiting; and soon after daybreak are permitted to make the koornish.

Next, the haram are admitted to pay their compliments. During this time various other affairs are transacted; and when those are finished, he retires to rest for a short time.

The Bar, or Times of Admission to the Royal Presence.

His Majesty is visible to everybody twice in the course of twenty-four hours. First, after the performance of his morning devotions, he is seen from the jarokha by people of all ranks, without any molestation from the mace bearers. This mode of showing himself is called Dursun [view]; and it frequently happens that business is transacted at this time. The second time of his being visible is in the dowlet khaneh, whither he generally goes after nine o'clock in the morning, when all people are admitted. But this assembly is sometimes held in the evening, and sometimes at night. He also frequently appears at a window which opens into the dowlet khaneh; and from thence he receives petitions, without the intervention of any person, and tries and decides upon them.

Every officer of government represents to his Majesty his respective wants, and is always instructed by him how to proceed.

He considers an equal distribution of justice and the happiness of his subjects as essential to his own felicity, and never suffers his temper to be ruffled whilst he is hearing causes.

The Ceremony of Weighing the Royal Person.

As a means of bestowing a largess upon the indigent, the royal person is weighed twice a year, various articles being put into the opposite scale. The first time of performing this ceremony is on the first day of the Persian month Aban [October], which is the solar anniversary of his Majesty's birthday. He is then weighed twelve times, against the following articles: gold, quicksilver, raw silk, artificial perfumes, musk, rootooteea, intoxicating drugs, ghee, iron, rice-milk, eight kinds of grain, and salt. And at the same time, according to the years that his Majesty has lived, there are given away a like number of sheep, of goats, and of fowls, to people who keep these animals for the purpose of breeding: a great number of wild birds of all kinds are also set at liberty on this occasion.

The second time of performing this ceremony is on the fifth of the Arabian month Rejib, when he is weighed eight times against the following things: silver, tin, linen cloths, lead, dried fruits, sesame oil, and pot-herbs; and on this occasion the festival of Salgeerah is celebrated and donations are bestowed upon people of all ranks. The king's sons and grandsons are weighed once a year, on the solar anniversary of their respective nativities, against seven or eight things, and some as far as twelve, which number they never exceed; and according to their respective ages, such a number of beasts and fowls are given away and set at liberty.

Of the Seyurghal.

Our wise monarch bestows different favors upon men, according to their rank and situation in life. Four classes of men have land and pensions granted them for their subsistence: 1st, The learned and their scholars; 2d, Those who have bade adieu to the world; 3d, The needy who are not able to help themselves; 4th, The descendants of great families,

who, from a false shame, will not submit to follow any occupation for their support. When a ready money allowance is given to those, it is called wezeeseh, and land so bestowed is named meelk, and muddulmash: and after those several ways crores [millions] are given away.

In order that the condition of men, and their respective necessities, may be properly ascertained, a person of known impartiality, humanity, and diligence is dignified with the office of sudder, for the purpose of investigating those points. The cazy and the meer adel are under his orders. There is also an able tepuckchee appointed to keep a register of every transaction in his department; and he is called the dewan saadet. His Majesty has also directed the nobility to bring to his presence all fit objects of charity, who never fail of obtaining their heart's content.

Of Machines.

His Majesty has, with great skill, constructed a cart, containing a corn mill, which is worked by the motion of the carriage. He has also contrived a carriage of such a magnitude as to contain several apartments, with a hot bath; and it is drawn by a single elephant. This movable bath is extremely useful, and refreshing on a journey. Other carriages for the convenience of traveling are drawn by camels, horses, or oxen.

He has also invented several hydraulic machines, which are worked by oxen. The pulleys and wheels of some of them are so adjusted that a single ox will at once draw water out of two wells, and at the same time turn a millstone.

The Khushroz, or Days of Diversion.

His Majesty gives this name to the ninth day after the festival of each month, and thereon assembles his court. Upon this occasion the wives of merchants hold a market, where they expose to sale the manufactures of every country at their respective shops. The women of the haram, and others of character, resort thither and carry on a large traffic, to the mutual satisfaction of all parties. (This fair is held in the square of the haram.) His Majesty is also there in disguise, by which means he learns the prices of different articles of merchandise,

and hears what is said of the state of the empire, and the characters of the officers of government.

When the female fair is over, another is set on foot for the men; when his Majesty and the courtiers come and make purchases; and at this time every man may represent his particular grievances, without the intervention of any one; when the injured never fail of obtaining redress, and the offenders are punished. There are also a treasurer and a mushreff appointed to this department, that the merchants may receive immediate payment for the things that are purchased from them.

Of Marriages.

This grand union of the sexes is not only beneficial in the procreation of the species, but is a check upon inordinate desires, and preserves the domestic peace of families.

His Majesty, who is ever seeking to do good by watching over the interests of all his subjects, does not admit, in this instance, of a disregard to difference in religion, nor to the unsuitableness of the dispositions of the parties towards each other, nor disparity of rank, and he holds it sinful for marriages to be contracted under the age of puberty, because, if upon their arrival at years of discretion they should not be satisfied with each other, it must be a continual source of family discord. He considers the consent of the bride and bridegroom to be equally necessary with that of their parents. He thinks it improper that those of near affinity in blood should be married together. . . .

He disapproves of excessive kabeens, or marriage settlements, which the husband must repay the wife if he divorces her without sufficient cause, which probably were instituted to increase the dread of separation. He does not approve of a man's having more than one wife, nor of a young man's marrying an old woman. He has appointed two disinterested persons, one to ascertain the condition of the men, and the other to inform himself of the rank of the women. They are both called towee beghy; and sometimes both offices are executed by the same person. They levy a small tax upon marriages for the use of the Crown, which is collected from each party according to the rank of their fathers, in the following proportions: —

From the son or the daughter of a munsubdar of 5,000 to 10,000	10	mohurs.
Ditto of 900 to 500	4	"
Ditto of 700 to 100	2	"
Ditto of 18 to 20	1	"
From the son or daughter of a munsubdar of 30 to 10, and other people of condition	4	rupees.
Middling people	1	"
Common people	1	dam.

[A mohur = $4.32, about; a rupee (old value), 48 cents; a dam, 1⅓ cents.]

Regulations for Teaching in the Public Schools.

All civilized nations have schools for the education of youth; but Hindostan is particularly famous for its seminaries.

The boys are first taught to read the letters of the Persian alphabet separately, with the different accents or marks of pronunciation; and his Majesty has ordered, that as soon as they have a perfect knowledge of the alphabet, which is generally acquired in two days, they shall be exercised in combinations of two letters; and after they have learnt those for a week, there is given to them a short line of prose or verse, containing a religious or moral sentiment, wherein those combinations continually occur. They must strive to read this themselves, with a little occasional assistance from the teacher. For some days the matter proceeds with teaching a new hemistich or distich; and in a very short time the boys learn to read with fluency. The reader gives the young scholar four exercises daily; viz., the alphabet, the combinations, a new hemistich or distich, and a repetition of what he has read before. By this method, what used to take up years is now accomplished in a few months, to the astonishment of every one. The sciences are taught in the following order: morality, arithmetic, accounts, agriculture, geometry, longimetry, astronomy, geomancy, economics, the art of government, physic, logic, natural philosophy, abstract mathematics, divinity, and history. The Hindoos read the following books on their subjects of learning: Beakem, Bedant, and the Patanjol, every one being educated according to his circumstances, or particular views in life. From these regulations the schools have obtained a new form, and the colleges are become the lights and ornaments of the empire.

A COUNTERBLAST TO TOBACCO.

By KING JAMES I.

[James VI. of Scotland, I. of England, son of Darnley and Mary, was born 1566, died 1625. His mother's abdication made him titular King of Scotland at thirteen months old; Elizabeth's death without issue in 1603 made him King of England through his great-grandmother, Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., who was grandmother to both Darnley and Mary by different lines, and aunt to Elizabeth. James prided himself on his theological and dialectic abilities as much as on his "kingcraft," and with more reason. The "Counterblast" was published anonymously in 1604.]

That the manifold abuses of this vile custom of *Tobacco* taking may the better be espied, it is fit, that first you enter into consideration both of the first original thereof, and likewise of the reasons of the first entry thereof into this Country. For certainly as such customs, that have their first institution either from a godly, necessary, or honorable ground, and are first brought in by the means of some worthy, virtuous, and great Personage, are ever, and most justly, holden in great and reverent estimation and account, by all wise, virtuous, and temperate spirits: so should it by the contrary, justly bring a great disgrace into that sort of customs, which having their original from base corruption and barbarity, do in like sort, make their first entry into a Country, by an inconsiderate and childish affectation of Novelty, as is the true case of the first invention of *Tobacco* taking, and of the first entry thereof among us. For *Tobacco* being a common herb, which (though under divers names) grows almost every where, was first found out by some of the barbarous *Indians*, to be a Preservative, or Antidote against the Pocks, a filthy disease, whereunto these barbarous people are (as all men know) very much subject, what through the uncleanly and adust constitution of their bodies, and what through the intemperate heat of their Climate: so that as from them was first brought into Christendom, that most detestable disease, so from them likewise was brought this use of *Tobacco*, as a stinking and unsavory Antidote, for so corrupted and execrable a Malady, the stinking Suffumigation whereof they yet use against that disease, making so one canker or venom to eat out another.

And now good Countrymen let us (I pray you) consider, what honor or policy can move us to imitate the barbarous

and beastly manners of the wild, godless, and slavish *Indians*, especially in so vile and stinking a custom? Shall we that disdain to imitate the manners of our neighbor *France* (having the style of the first Christian Kingdom) and that cannot endure the spirit of the Spaniards (their King being now comparable in largeness of Dominions, to the great Emperor of *Turkey*) — Shall we, I say, that have been so long civil and wealthy in Peace, famous and invincible in War, fortunate in both, we that have been ever able to aid any of our neighbors (but never deafed any of their ears with any of our supplications for assistance) — shall we, I say, without blushing, abase ourselves so far as to imitate these beastly *Indians*, slaves to the *Spaniards*, refuse to the world, and as yet aliens from the holy Covenant of God? Why do we not as well imitate them in walking naked as they do? in preferring glasses, feathers, and such toys, to gold and precious stones, as they do? yea why do we not deny God and adore the Devil, as they do?

Now to the corrupted baseness of the first use of this *Tobacco*, doth very well agree the foolish and groundless first entry thereof into this Kingdom. It is not so long since the first entry of this abuse amongst us here, as this present age cannot yet very well remember, both the first Author, and the form of the first introduction of it amongst us. It was neither brought in by King, great Conqueror, nor learned Doctor of Physic.

With the report of a great discovery for a Conquest, some two or three Savage men were brought in, together with this Savage custom. But the pity is, the poor wild barbarous men died, but that vile barbarous custom is yet alive, yea in fresh vigor: so as it seems a miracle to me, how a custom springing from so vile a ground, and brought in by a father so generally hated, should be welcomed upon so slender a warrant. For if they that first put it in practice here, had remembered for what respect it was used by them from whence it came, I am sure they would have been loath to have taken so far the imputation of that disease upon them as they did, by using the cure thereof. For *Sanis non est opus medico*, and counter poisons are never used, but where poison is thought to precede.

But since it is true, that divers customs slightly grounded, and with no better warrant entered in a Commonwealth, may yet in the use of them thereafter, prove both necessary and profitable; it is therefore next to be examined, if there be not

a full Sympathy and true Proportion, between the base ground and foolish entry, and the loathsome and hurtful use of this stinking Antidote.

I am now therefore heartily to pray you to consider, first upon what false and erroneous grounds you have first built the general good liking thereof; and next, what sins towards God, and foolish vanities before the world you commit, in the detestable use of it.

As for these deceitful grounds, that have specially moved you to take a good and great conceit thereof, I shall content myself to examine here only four of the principles of them; two founded upon the Theory of a deceivable appearance of Reason, and two of them upon the mistaken Practice of general Experience.

First, it is thought by you a sure Aphorism in the Physics, That the brains of all men, being naturally cold and wet, all dry and hot things should be good for them; of which nature this stinking suffumigation is, and therefore of good use to them. Of this Argument, both the Proposition and Assumption are false, and so the Conclusion cannot but be void of itself. For as to the Proposition, That because the brains are cold and moist, therefore things that are hot and dry are best for them, it is an inept consequence: For man being compounded of the four Complexions (whose fathers are the four Elements), although there be a mixture of them all in all the parts of his body, yet must the divers parts of our *Microcosme* or little world within ourselves be diversely more inclined, some to one, some to another complexion, according to the diversity of their uses, that of these discords a perfect harmony may be made up for the maintenance of the whole body.

The application then of a thing of a contrary nature, to any of these parts, is to interrupt them of their due function, and by consequence hurtful to the health of the whole body. As if a man, because the Liver is hot (as the fountain of blood) and as it were an oven to the stomach, would therefore apply and wear close upon his Liver and stomach a cake of lead; he might within a very short time (I hope) be sustained very good cheap at an Ordinary, beside the clearing of his conscience from that deadly sin of gluttony. And as if, because the Heart is full of vital spirits, and in perpetual motion, a man would therefore lay a heavy pound stone on his breast, for staying and holding down that wanton palpitation, I doubt not but his breast would

be more bruised with the weight thereof, than the heart would be comforted with such a disagreeable and contrarious cure. And even so is it with the Brains. For if a man, because the Brains are cold and humid, would therefore use inwardly by smells, or outwardly by application, things of hot and dry quality, all the gain that he could make thereof, would only be to put himself in a great forwardness for running mad, by overwatching himself, the coldness and moistness of our brain being the only ordinary means that procure our sleep and rest. Indeed I do not deny, but when it falls out that any of these, or any part of our body, grows to be distempered, and to tend to an extremity, beyond the compass of Nature's temperate mixture, that in that case cures of contrary qualities, to the intemperate inclination of that part, being wisely prepared and discreetly ministered, may be both necessary and helpful for strengthening and assisting Nature in the expulsion of her enemies: for this is the true definition of all profitable Physic.

But first these Cures ought not to be used, but where there is need of them, the contrary whereof is daily practiced in this general use of *Tobacco* by all sorts and complexions of people.

And next, I deny the Minor of this argument, as I have already said, in regard that this *Tobacco* is not simply of a dry and hot quality; but rather hath a certain venomous faculty joined with the heat thereof, which makes it have an Antipathy against nature, as by the hateful smell thereof doth well appear. For the Nose being the proper Organ and convoy of the sense of smelling to the Brains, which are the only fountain of that sense, doth ever serve us for an infallible witness, whether that Odor which we smell be healthful or hurtful to the Brain (except when it falls out that the sense itself is corrupted and abused through some infirmity, and distemper in the brain). And that the suffumigation thereof cannot have a drying quality, it needs no further probation, than that it is a smoke, all smoke and vapor, being of itself humid, as drawing near to the nature of the air, and easy to be resolved again into water, whereof there needs no other proof but the Meteors, which being bred of nothing else but of the vapors and exhalations sucked up by the Sun out of the earth, the Sea, and waters, yet are the same smoky vapors turned, and transformed into Rains, Snows, Dews, hoar Frosts, and such like watery Meteors, as by the contrary the rain clouds are often transformed and evaporated in blustering winds.

The second Argument grounded on a show of reason is, That this filthy smoke, as well through the heat and strength thereof, as by a natural force and quality, is able and fit to purge both the head and stomach of Rheums and distillations, as experience teacheth, by the spitting and avoiding phlegm, immediately after the taking of it. But the fallacy of this Argument may easily appear, by my late preceding description of the Meteors. For even as the smoky vapors sucked up by the Sun, and stayed in the lowest and cold Region of the air, are there contracted into clouds and turned into rain and such other watery Meteors: So this stinking smoke being sucked up by the Nose, and imprisoned in the cold and moist Brains, is by their cold and wet faculty turned and cast forth again in watery distillations, and so are you made free and purged of nothing, but that wherewith you willfully burdened yourselves: and therefore are you no wiser in taking *Tobacco* for purging you of distillations, than if for preventing the Colic you would take all kind of windy meats and drinks, and for preventing of the Stone, you would take all kind of meats and drinks that would breed gravel in the Kidneys, and then when you were forced to avoid much wind out of your stomach, and much gravel in your Urine, that you should attribute the thank thereof to such nourishments as bred those within you, that behoved either to be expelled by the force of Nature, or you to have *burst at the broad side*, as the Proverb is.

As for the other two reasons founded upon experience, the first of which is, That the whole people would not have taken so general a good liking thereof, if they had not by experience found it very sovereign and good for them: For answer thereunto how easily the minds of any people, wherewith God hath replenished this world, may be drawn to the foolish affectation of any novelty, I leave it to the discreet judgment of any man that is reasonable.

Do we not daily see, that a man can no sooner bring over from beyond the Seas any new form of apparel, but that he cannot be thought a man of spirit, that would not presently imitate the same? And so from hand to hand it spreads, till it be practiced by all, not for any commodity that is in it, but only because it is come to be the fashion. For such is the force of that natural Self-love in every one of us, and such is the corruption of envy bred in the breast of every one, as we cannot be content unless we imitate everything that our fellows do, and

so prove ourselves capable of everything whereof they are capable, like Apes, counterfeiting the manners of others, to our own destruction. For let one or two of the greatest Masters of Mathematics in any of the two famous Universities, but constantly affirm any clear day, that they see some strange apparition in the skies: they will, I warrant you, be seconded by the greatest part of the Students in that profession: So loath will they be, to be thought inferior to their fellows, either in depth of knowledge or sharpness of sight: And therefore the general good liking and embracing of this foolish custom doth but only proceed from that affectation of novelty, and popular error, whereof I have already spoken.

The other argument drawn from a mistaken experience, is but the more particular probation of this general, because it is alleged to be found true by proof, that by the taking of *Tobacco* divers and very many do find themselves cured of divers diseases, as on the other part, no man ever received harm thereby. In this argument there is first a great mistaking, and next a monstrous absurdity. For is it not a very great mistaking, to take *Non causam pro causa*, as they say in the Logics? because peradventure when a sick man hath had his disease at the height, he hath at that instant taken *Tobacco*, and afterward his disease taking the natural course of declining, and consequently the patient of recovering his health, O then the *Tobacco*, forsooth, was the worker of that miracle. Beside that, it is a thing well known to all Physicians, that the apprehension and conceit of the patient hath by wakening and uniting the vital spirits, and so strengthening nature, a great power and virtue, to cure divers diseases. For an evident proof of mistaking, in the like case, I pray you what foolish boy, what silly wench, what old doting wife, or ignorant country clown, is not a Physician for the toothache, for the colic, and divers such common diseases? Yea, will not every man you meet withal teach you a sundry cure for the same, and swear by that mean either himself, or some of his nearest kinsmen and friends, was cured? And yet I hope no man is so foolish as to believe them. And all these toys do only proceed from the mistaking *Non causam pro causa*, as I have already said, and so if a man chance to recover one of any disease, after he hath taken *Tobacco*, that must have the thanks of all. But by the contrary, if a man smoke himself to death with it (and many have done), O then some other disease must bear the blame for that fault. So do

old harlots thank their harlotry for their many years, that custom being healthful (say they) *ad purgandos Renes*, but never have mind how many die of the Pocks in the flower of their youth. And so do old drunkards think they prolong their days, by their swinelike diet, but never remember how many die drowned in drink before they be half old.

And what greater absurdity can there be, than to say that one cure shall serve for divers, nay, contrarious sorts of diseases? It is an undoubted ground among all Physicians, that there is almost no sort either of nourishment or medicine, that hath not something in it disagreeable to some part of man's body, because, as I have already said, the nature of the temperature of every part, is so different from another, that according to the old proverb, That which is good for the head, is evil for the neck and the shoulders. For even as a strong enemy, that invades a town or fortress, although in his siege thereof, he do belay and compass it round about, yet he makes his breach and entry, at some one or few special parts thereof, which he hath tried and found to be weakest and least able to resist; so sickness doth make her particular assault, upon such part or parts of our body, as are weakest and easiest to be overcome by that sort of disease, which then doth assail us, although all the rest of the body by Sympathy feel itself, to be as it were belayed, and besieged by the affliction of that special part, the grief and smart thereof being by the sense of feeling dispersed through all the rest of our members. And therefore the skillful Physician presses by such cures, to purge and strengthen that part which is afflicted, as are only fit for that sort of disease, and do best agree with the nature of that infirm part; which being abused to a disease of another nature, would prove as hurtful for the one, as helpful for the other. Yea, not only will a skillful and wary Physician be careful to use no cure but that which is fit for that sort of disease, but he will also consider all other circumstances, and make the remedies suitable thereunto: as the temperature of the clime where the Patient is, the constitution of the Planets, the time of the Moon, the season of the year, the age and complexion of the Patient, and the present state of his body, in strength or weakness. For one cure must not ever be used for the self-same disease, but according to the varying of any of the foresaid circumstances, that sort of remedy must be used which is fittest for the same. Whereby the contrary in this case, such is the miraculous omnipo-

tency of our strong-tasted *Tobacco*, as it cures all sorts of diseases (which never any drug could do before) in all persons, and at all times. It cures all manner of distillations, either in the head or stomach (if you believe their Axioms) although in very deed it do both corrupt the brain, and by causing over quick digestion, fill the stomach full of crudities. It cures the Gout in the feet, and (which is miraculous) in that very instant when the smoke thereof, as light, flies up into the head, the virtue thereof, as heavy, runs down to the little toe. It helps all sorts of Agues. It makes a man sober that was drunk. It refreshes a weary man, and yet makes a man hungry. Being taken when they go to bed, it makes one sleep soundly, and yet being taken when a man is sleepy and drowsy, it will, as they say, awake his brain, and quicken his understanding. As for curing of the Pocks, it serves for that use but among the pocky Indian slaves. Here in *England* it is refined, and will not deign to cure here any other than cleanly and gentlemanly diseases. O omnipotent power of *Tobacco!* And if it could by the smoke thereof chase out devils, as the smoke of *Tobias* fish did (which I am sure could smell no stronglier) it would serve for a precious Relic, both for the superstitious Priests, and the insolent Puritans, to cast out devils withal.

Admitting then, and not confessing that the use thereof were healthful for some sorts of diseases; should it be used for all sicknesses? should it be used by all men? should it be used at all times? yea should it be used by able, young, strong, healthful men? Medicine hath that virtue, that it never leaveth a man in that state wherein it findeth him: it makes a sick man whole, but a whole man sick. And as Medicine helps nature being taken at times of necessity, so being ever and continually used, it doth but weaken, weary, and wear nature. What speak I of Medicine? Nay let a man every hour of the day, or as oft as many in this Country use to take *Tobacco*, let a man I say, but take as oft the best sorts of nourishments in meat and drink that can be devised, he shall with the continual use thereof weaken both his head and his stomach: all his members shall become feeble, his spirits dull, and in the end, as a drowsy lazy belly god, he shall evanish in a Lethargy.

And from this weakness it proceeds, that many in this kingdom have had such a continual use of taking this unsavory smoke, as now they are not able to forbear the same, no more than an old drunkard can abide to be long sober, without fall-

ing into an uncurable weakness and evil constitution: for their continual custom hath made to them, *habitum, alteram naturam:* so to those that from their birth have been continually nourished upon poison and things venomous, wholesome meats are only poisonable.

Thus having, as I trust, sufficiently answered the most principal arguments that are used in defence of this vile custom, it rests only to inform you what sins and vanities you commit in the filthy abuse thereof. First, are you not guilty of sinful and shameful lust? (for lust may be as well in any of the senses as in feeling) that although you be troubled with no disease, but in perfect health, yet can you neither be merry at an Ordinary, nor lascivious in the Stews, if you lack *Tobacco* to provoke your appetite to any of those sorts of recreation, lusting after it as the children of Israel did in the wilderness after Quails? Secondly it is, as you use or rather abuse it, a branch of the sin of drunkenness, which is the root of all sins: for as the only delight that drunkards take in Wine is in the strength of the taste, and the force of the fume thereof that mounts up to the brain; for no drunkards love any weak or sweet drink: so are not those (I mean the strong heat and the fume) the only qualities that make *Tobacco* so delectable to all the lovers of it? And as no man likes strong heady drink the first day (because *nemo repente fit turpissimus*) but by custom is piece and piece allured, while in the end a drunkard will have as great a thirst to be drunk as a sober man to quench his thirst with a draught when he hath need of it: So is not this the very case of all the great takers of *Tobacco?* which therefore they themselves do attribute to a bewitching quality in it. Thirdly, is it not the greatest sin of all, that you the people of all sorts of this Kingdom, who are created and ordained by God to bestow both your persons and goods for the maintenance both of the honor and safety of your King and Commonwealth, should disable yourselves in both? In your persons having by this continual vile custom brought yourselves to this shameful imbecility, that you are not able to ride or walk the journey of a Jew's Sabbath, but you must have a reeky coal brought you from the next poor house to kindle your *Tobacco* with? whereas he cannot be thought able for any service in the wars, that cannot endure oftentimes the want of meat, drink, and sleep, much more then must he endure the want of *Tobacco*. In the times of the many glorious and victorious battles fought by this Nation, there was no word

of *Tobacco*. But now if it were time of wars, and that you were to make some sudden *Cavalcado* upon your enemies, if any of you should seek leisure to stay behind his fellow for taking of *Tobacco*, for my part I should never be sorry for any evil chance that might befall him. To take a custom in anything that cannot be left again, is most harmful to the people of any land. *Mollicies* and delicacy were the wrack and overthrow, first of the Persian, and next of the Roman Empire. And this very custom of taking *Tobacco* (whereof our present purpose is) is even at this day accounted so effeminate among the Indians themselves, as in the market they will offer no price for a slave to be sold, whom they find to be a great *Tobacco* taker.

Now how you are by this custom disabled in your goods, let the Gentry of this land bear witness, some of them bestowing three, some four hundred pounds a year upon this precious stink, which I am sure might be bestowed upon many far better uses. I read indeed of a knavish Courtier, who for abusing the favor of the Emperor *Alexander Severus* his Master by taking bribes to intercede, for sundry persons in his Master's ear (for whom he never once opened his mouth), was justly choked with smoke, with this doom, *Fumo pereat, qui fumum vendidit:* but of so many smoke buyers, as are at this present in this kingdom, I never read nor heard.

And for the vanities committed in this filthy custom, is it not both great vanity and uncleanness, that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanliness, of modesty, men should not be ashamed, to sit tossing of *Tobacco pipes*, and puffing of the smoke of *Tobacco* one to another, making the filthy smoke and stink thereof to exhale athwart the dishes, and infect the air, when very often, men that abhor it are at their repast? Surely Smoke becomes a kitchen far better than a Dining chamber, and yet it makes a kitchen also oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soiling and infecting them, with an unctuous and oily kind of Soot, as hath been found in some great *Tobacco* takers, that after their death were opened. And not only meat time, but no other time nor action is exempted from the public use of this uncivil trick: so as if the wives of *Dieppe* list to contest with this Nation for good manners, their worst manners would in all reason be found at least not so dishonest (as ours are) in this point. The public use whereof, at all times, and in all places, hath now so far prevailed, as divers men very sound both in judgment and complexion, have been at last forced to

take it also without desire, partly because they were ashamed to seem singular (like the two Philosophers that were forced to duck themselves in that rain water, and so become fools as well as the rest of the people) and partly, to be as one that was content to eat Garlic (which he did not love) that he might not be troubled with the smell of it, in the breath of his fellows. And is it not a great vanity, that a man cannot heartily welcome his friend now, but straight they must be in hand with *Tobacco?* No it is become in place of a cure, a point of good fellowship, and he that will refuse to take a pipe of *Tobacco* among his fellows, (though by his own election he would rather feel the savor of a Sink,) is accounted peevish and no good company, even as they do with tippling in the cold Eastern Countries. Yea the Mistress cannot in a more mannerly kind entertain her servant, than by giving him out of her fair hand a pipe of *Tobacco*. But herein is not only a great vanity, but a great contempt of God's good gifts, that the sweetness of man's breath, being a good gift of God, should be willfully corrupted by this stinking smoke, wherein I must confess, it hath too strong a virtue: and so that which is an ornament of nature, and can neither by any artifice be at the first acquired, nor once lost, be recovered again, shall be filthily corrupted with an incurable stink, which vile quality is as directly contrary to that wrong opinion which is holden of the wholesomeness thereof, as the venom of putrefaction is contrary to the virtue Preservative.

Moreover, which is a great iniquity, and against all humanity, the husband shall not be ashamed to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and clean complexioned wife, to that extremity, that either she must also corrupt her sweet breath therewith, or else resolve to live in a perpetual stinking torment.

Have you not reason then to be ashamed, and to forbear this filthy novelty, so basely grounded, so foolishly received and so grossly mistaken in the right use thereof? In your abuse thereof sinning against God, harming yourselves both in persons and goods, and raking also thereby the marks and notes of vanity upon you: by the custom thereof making yourselves to be wondered at by all foreign civil Nations, and by all strangers that come among you, to be scorned and contemned. A custom loathsome to the Eye, hateful to the Nose, harmful to the Brain, dangerous to the Lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.

THE TRICKS OF GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE.

By MATEO ALEMAN.

[Mateo Aleman, except Cervantes and Mendoza the most original and charming of Spanish novelists, was born at Seville about the middle of the sixteenth century, and became controller of finances to Philip II.; but disliking official life, emigrated to Mexico and died there about 1610. He wrote a Castilian grammar, a life of St. Anthony of Padua, and a Latin dialogue "Prometheus"; but his chief work is the imperishable "Life and Acts of the Picaro Guzman d'Alfarache," which has been translated into all European tongues and furnished types and matter to "Gil Blas."

Behold me favorite page to his eminence [the cardinal], an enormous step in life for me; though from that of rogue to private domestic, with the exception of the livery, there is not so great a distance as might be supposed. But to turn me from habits of idleness, and living by my wits, was something like trying to make a fish live out of water, for such was my element. The tavern was my province, — the primum mobile, — the center on which I moved. But here everything seemed to go by clockwork; order and sobriety were general rules; and I was either employed in showing people up and down stairs, or placed sentinel in an anteroom, standing like a long-necked heron in a fish-pond, upon one melancholy leg. In short, I was at everybody's beck and call; sometimes behind my master's chair, at others behind his carriage; and always expected to be in twenty different places at once, without any respite from the first of January to the last day of December. "Wretched slave that I am," I exclaimed, "what boots it to put up with this unhappy life from week to week, and year to year. Alas! it will kill me, I must fly for it; once I was lackey to all the world, and now my genius pines under a single master. I wear his livery; and what are my perquisites but candles' ends! Here, too, I run risk; unhappy Guzman! should I be detected, assuredly I should not escape under fifty lashes!" And in this way I went on bemoaning my unfortunate condition.

Besides the candles' ends, we used occasionally to help ourselves to any of the delicacies of the season; but this required more address than many of my companions could lay claim to; and one day I remember there occurred a disagreeable affair in consequence. A fool of a waiter, happening to be fond of sweets, laid hands upon some fine honeycomb, which he thought he had cunningly hidden in his pocket handkerchief. The weather

was excessively hot; and the honey was soon running down the white stockings of the thief. As his fate would have it, the cardinal's eye came in contact with the phenomenon, and, suspecting what was the case, he burst into a violent fit of laughing. "See, my good fellow," he cried, "the blood is running down your leg; you have wounded yourself — what is it?" At this inquiry the attention of the whole company was directed the same way; his fellow-servants stared; and the wretched culprit stood before them with all the evidence of detected guilt glowing in his face. Yet too happy had he got rid of the affair with this exposure, for he paid far more dear for his whistle, so as to make it the bitterest honey he ever tasted.

The greater part of his companions were as little experienced in the light-fingered art as himself, while I, agreeably to my old custom, undertook to instruct them, by laying my hands on everything belonging to them that came in my way. His eminence, in an adjoining cabinet, kept a large box of dried sweets, confectionery, and fruit of all kinds, to which he was extremely partial. Among other articles, he had a choice store of Bergamot pears, Genoese plums, Granada melons, Seville lemons, oranges from Placentia, lemons from Murcia, cucumbers from Valencia, love-apples from Toledo, peaches from Aragon, and raisins from Malaga; indeed, everything most exquisite and alluring were to be found in this fragrant chest. My mouth watered every time I went near it; and much more when the cardinal ordered me to take the key and bring him a dish, after he had dined. But I longed in vain, for as if suspecting my object, his eminence took care to be present while I opened the precious deposit; — a want of confidence which sounded to me like a challenge of skill, and made me resolve if possible to outwit him, and taste "the forbidden fruit" in spite of him. I now thought of nothing but how to accomplish my favorite scheme. The box was an ell and a half broad, two and a half long, and had a good lock in the middle. Yet to work I went; and first I took a flat stick, which I introduced in a corner of the chest, and used as a lever. After this, I took more of the same kind, so as gradually to raise the top till I could introduce my small hand, and filch what came nearest to me; but lest this should appear, I got a little hook to draw the fruit from the other side, so as to make an even surface. By this plan I became master of this sweet little storehouse, without keeping a key.

Unluckily, however, I made such frequent applications to the same treasury that the deficiency became apparent. The cardinal saw enough to make him think — the dilapidations were terrible — and one day, taking a fancy to a beautiful lemon which he remarked the evening before, it was found to be no longer *in esse*. Greatly astonished, the dignitary called his chief attendants: he wished to know who of them all had the impertinence to open his sweet-box without his permission. He charged his major-domo, a priest of a severe, forbidding countenance, to make minute inquiry, and let him know the author of so bold and wicked an attack. The surly priest fixed his eye upon the pages: he commanded us all to instantly appear in the great hall, and to undergo a strict search; but examinations and threats were alike useless — he was just as wise as before — the fruit was already eaten.

The affair blew over; nothing more was said, but his eminence had not forgotten it. On my side, too, I was on my guard: for three days I did not so much as look at the box, though I felt such forbearance extremely painful to me. I was only reserving my ingenuity for an occasion of indulging it with a greater degree of impunity. It presented itself, I thought, one day after dinner, when my master was engaged in play with some other dignitaries. While thus occupied, I concluded I should have full leisure to return to the charge. I glided, with my genius all on the alert, into the secret cabinet; no one had seen me; I was already in the act of drawing forth some precious specimens, when I heard a foot approaching quickly; in my hurry to get my hand out, one of my levers gave way, the lid closed, and I remained fairly caught, like a rat in a trap; when, on looking round, I beheld the cardinal at the door, with an expression of malicious triumph in his countenance. "Ah, ah, my friend Guzman," he exclaimed, "it is you, is it, to whom I am indebted for the loss of my sweetest fruit?" I could not reply; but the horrible grimaces I made, and my excessive vexation at being thus surprised, gave me so ludicrous an appearance, that his eminence could not avoid laughing. He then called his visitors to enjoy the sight, pointing me out as the little delinquent he had long been in search of; and the whole of them appeared to be infinitely amused at my expense, the cardinal declaring that as it would be long ere I appeared in a similar situation, he must make the best of a bad example. He next called his steward, the man with the

hard, gloomy countenance, and, pointing me out, ordered me to receive five and twenty lashes of the sharpest and severest he could give. The cardinal's guests upon this ventured to interfere in my behalf; but all they could do was to get the sentence commuted for half the number of lashes, which they agreed I had well merited. What was worse, Domine Niccolo, my mortal enemy, was the arm fixed upon to inflict the horrible stripes, in his own apartments; and acquitted himself so well of the charge intrusted to him, that I felt the effects of it for more than a month afterwards.

But if he here indulged his ill-will, I was determined not to be behindhand with him, and I accomplished my vengeance in the following manner. It was then the season for gnats, which could bite as well as Master Niccolo, and showed as little respect to his stewardship as to other people. He complained bitterly of their disturbing his rest. "Sir," said I, "you may be rid of them whenever you please; in Spain we have an admirable secret for keeping them at a distance, and I will communicate it to you if you wish it." "You will do me a favor," returned the major-domo, "if you can tell me how to keep these vile beasts away." — "Then you have only to hang at the head of your bed a large bunch of parsley well steeped in vinegar; the gnats will no sooner smell it than they will all settle upon it, and the next moment fall down dead. This has always succeeded." He believed me, and was resolved to try the experiment even on the ensuing night; but he never repeated it: for, instead of killing the vicious little devils, it made them ten times more vigorous and alert, and they assaulted the unfortunate Messer Niccolo more cruelly than ever; they nearly bit his eyes out, and his nose swelled to the size of a pumpkin. In his attempts to keep them off, he smote himself as many blows, and almost as hard, as he had hit upon my rear quarters; so that, considering the much greater time and torture to which he was subjected, I found that I had been well avenged. In the morning I went early to his bedside: his eyes were closed and swelled, his face, hands, and neck so well peppered with bites and red blotches, that few of his best acquaintance could have recognized him. He assured me in a hoarse voice, for his throat seemed sore also, that my receipt was of no value whatever. "Then that was owing," I replied, "to your not steeping the parsley long enough in vinegar, or perhaps the vinegar was not good; for it is a fact that I have tried the same means

these many nights, and never once knew it to fail." The simple steward thought this was all gospel, and prepared fresh bunches, which he allowed to steep in new vinegar for upwards of six hours. The next night he strewed his whole chamber as well as his bed with the preparation; the consequence of which was, that the gnats of all the vicinity swarmed into the apartment, and he was nearly eaten up alive.

The ensuing day he looked more like a leper than a human being; and such were his sufferings and his rage, that he would assuredly have immolated me to the manes of his departed peace had he encountered me alone.

I was in fact compelled to throw myself upon the consideration of the cardinal, who called us both into his presence, and after giving me a severe rebuke, cautioned Messer Niccolo, with a smile, against proceeding to extremities; and insisted, like an excellent Christian, upon our keeping the peace. "Yet why, Guzman," he concluded, "have you played off such a wicked trick upon this good man; what demon instigated you?" "The demon of twelve lashes, my Lord," replied I, "and not only of twelve, as he had orders from you to do, but of more than twenty, which he gave me out of his own good-will. I have only returned him what he lent with interest." In this way did the affair blow over. However, I was no longer a page of the chamber; I was degraded from my rank, and driven to serve among the menials of the establishment. Still I did not despair: the chamberlain was a man of honor, and could see to reward merit, though a little over-scrupulous, and even visionary in his notions. He had some poor relatives, whom he used to assist with at least half of his salary: and sometimes he went to dine or sup with them; a circumstance which afforded the old major-domo a subject of mirth and raillery before the other officers of the household, and even in the presence of his eminence.

One evening, the chamberlain, having returned from a visit to his relations, rather indisposed, went to repose himself in his own room. The cardinal, seeing him absent at supper, made inquiries respecting him; in answer to which he was informed that the good chamberlain was indisposed. "What is the matter with him? go instantly and bring me back word," said the cardinal; "he must not be neglected." The messenger soon returned with an answer that the patient's complaint was so trivial as only to require a little rest to restore him to health.

All was so far well, had it not been for the malice borne the poor man by Messer Niccolo, who, having learnt the next morning that he found himself much better, yet failed to make his appearance, was resolved to rouse him. With this view he disguised one of the pages, who was in his confidence, in woman's clothes, and directed him to conceal himself in a recess of the chamberlain's apartments, in which he succeeded without the occupant's knowledge. Meanwhile the cardinal inquired after the health of his chamberlain, to which Messer Niccolo replied, "My Lord, I am informed that he has had but a poor night, but that he is now better." The cardinal, who was truly attached to all who surrounded him, said he would go and make a visit to the patient; and the major-domo forthwith ordered him to be awakened, and made acquainted with the honor which his excellency had in store for him.

The cardinal accordingly entered the chamber, and took his station by the side of the patient's bed; but in the same moment, what was his surprise to behold a lady issue from her place of concealment, and with evident marks of embarrassment, run across the room, as if eager to avoid the dignitary's presence. "I am lost! I am ruined!" she exclaimed, as she made her escape. "What will his excellency think of me?" Not in the least prepared for such a scene, and believing his chamberlain to be little worse than a saint, the good cardinal was at a loss to express his horror and astonishment; while the patient, as if he had set eyes on some terrific vision, cried out to all the saints to protect him, for that the great devil, as in the case of St. Anthony, had assuredly cast out his snare for him. Such was his agitation, that he had nearly leaped out of bed in presence of the good cardinal, in order to effect his escape from the polluted spot. The rest of the domestics had by this time gathered round, and being in possession of the secret, could not conceal their extreme mirth on the occasion, which led to the discovery of the plot: for his excellency, taking compassion on the unhappy man, charged the parties present with an attempt to bring him into disrepute; and assuring him that he saw through the whole scheme, bade him good cheer; and with a smile he could not conceal, took his leave of us.

This occurred just at the moment I was returning from the discharge of a commission, with which I had been intrusted early in the morning. I found the good chamberlain still looking dejected and unhappy, on which I entreated him to acquaint

me with the cause of his trouble. He told me all; at the same time more than insinuating his conjecture of the author — no other than Messer Niccolo himself. "It is so, my dear Guzman," he replied to my condolence; "and I would give either my last eye, or my tooth, to bring it home to him, and avenge myself on his extreme duplicity and baseness. To do this, I am in need of your advice: a master of the art, like you, will enable me, after what you have done, to give him a good Roland for his Oliver." "Why, truly," replied I, "if I were in your place, I would not sit down quietly under the insult; he should never get absolution for such a piece of indecent wickedness as that; no, he should do penance for it to the last day he had to live. He is my superior, I know; and I have no business to meddle in the affairs of those above me. To be sure, I was pardoned for taking vengeance on the same gentleman, because it is natural for even the least animals to turn and sting the foot that tramples on them; and he had, moreover, treated me in the most brutal and shocking manner. But here I dare not interfere."

It was in vain, however, I represented my inability and disinclination to enter into the question; his repeated entreaties, and the friendship I felt for him, added to my dislike of Messer Niccolo, to say nothing of my natural love of mischief, had too powerful a hold upon me; and I gave him my hand. "Rely upon me," I observed; "I will put my best foot foremost in this affair, and redeem the good opinion you seem to entertain of me. But you must be most cautious not to let him suspect anything; be on the same friendly footing with him as before, — he must not know we are acquainted with the author of the bitter jest, for that would spoil all." He promised compliance; and in fact, played his part so well that not a single soul of the establishment imagined what was going forward. Everybody thought, from his easy manner, that he had ceased even to remember the occurrence at all.

Meanwhile, the scheme I had in view was secretly approaching to maturity. I bought the ingredients I wanted; namely, powdered rosin, mastic, and incense. I mixed it all together, and put it, wrapped in a paper, in my pocket, to be ready at any moment. Nor was it long before an opportunity offered. One day, as the post was on the point of setting out for Spain, and the cardinal's headman mightily engaged, I entered early in the morning into his quarters, and found his valet waiting

in his dressing-room. "Friend Giacomo," I observed, "I am going to breakfast; I have got a nice ham, bread, honey, etc., all I want to add is a bottle of wine: if you can provide one and come and partake, well; if not, I must seek one who will."

"Go no farther," replied my friend, "you have found your man, — I will get a bottle of excellent wine, — stop where you are; I will be with you in a moment." He went; and looking about for what I wanted, — being left master of the wardrobe, — I saw a pair of inexpressibles, in which he was accustomed to wait on state occasions. Turning them inside out, I gave them a good sprinkling with the powder I had brought with me, after which I carefully replaced them in the same spot. Giacomo returned with the wine; but we had hardly begun breakfast when his master called him to dress, and kept him so long in assisting him that I was obliged to empty the whole bottle by myself — in patient expectation, at the same time, of hearing something of the operation of my powder.

It produced its effect during a dinner, to which a great number of guests had been invited. It was in the middle of summer; the heat was frightful, and Messer Niccolo was busy in the hall superintending the other domestics. I observed by his gestures that he was far from being quite at his ease, though for the life of him he dare not give expression to the extreme irritation he suffered. He knew not how to move, or how to look; and as fate would have it, the more he stirred the greater became his torment.

The tenacious powder, coming to still closer contact, at last irritated him to such a degree, that he stood like some wretch under a severe bastinado of nettle rods, or whips tipped with the points of needles. Nor was this all; the cardinal beckoned him, and speaking to him softly in the ear, he all at once caught a whiff of the fragrant powder, which made him put his hand to his nose, and inquire what kind of new incense he bore about him. The major-domo's face grew all colors, and he took himself to a greater distance, while a long smothered laugh among the rest of the domestics led all to direct their eyes towards the unhappy Niccolo, and then with a look of suspicion upon me. I stood close to him, enjoying my triumph, but with a serious countenance, listening to all his ejaculations and secret complaints. "Guzman, my friend," he observed, "what means the tittering of yon idle rogues?" "It is all," I replied aloud, "because our worthy major-domo has thought

proper to take a dose of Spanish flies, to produce a gentle motion." The cardinal burst into a loud laugh, and the whole of his guests followed his example. Niccolo saw at once he had been made the martyr of some mad freak; and unable to stand out against the redoubled peals that resounded on every side, he fairly ran for it, followed by the inhuman jeers of us all. He was no sooner gone than his excellency, addressing himself to the chamberlain, inquired into the merits of the case, and was informed of everything relative to it. This put the seal to my character, both as a very deep man, and a very dangerous one to have any business with except upon an amicable footing. In short, ere two months, I was restored to my situation of page, and resumed my usual functions. I conducted myself just as if nothing derogatory to me had occurred; having once lost the sense of shame, my self-possession and presumption were really extraordinary. If ever ashamed, it was only of being taken in the fact. . . .

The good cardinal being extremely fond also of preserves, he was never without some jars brought from the choicest places in the world. As the jars were emptied, they became the property of the first valet who laid his hands on them. I had got one in this way, in which I preserved my cards, dice, and silk handkerchiefs, with similar kind of property belonging to a poor page. His excellency was one day told that twelve little barrels were just arrived at a merchant's for him, and the major-domo was forthwith dispatched to procure them. I said to myself, "It will be strange if I cannot get possession of a single barrel;" and I retired to my chamber, to think over the best means of obtaining my object. At last I hit upon this plan: I emptied the little barrel of my perquisites, and then, having filled it with earth and straw, closed it carefully up, so as to make it appear newly arrived. After this I went to wait the arrival of the others that were about to appear under the escort of our major-domo, who commanded us to carry them forthwith into the cardinal's private cabinet appropriated for the purpose.

Each of my fellow-servants took one: I modestly elected to be the last; for which I had my own reasons, for we all passed by my chamber, and following the others, I had a good opportunity of slipping in without being perceived, and quickly exchanging the boxes, I carried that filled with earth and boldly laid it down along with the rest in the presence of the

cardinal himself. Being all safely deposited in a row, the cardinal, with an air of complacency, addressed me as I came in last: "Well, Guzman? what think you of these? methinks it would be difficult to get a hand in here, or to force open the lids." "There are many ways, please your excellency," I replied, "for arriving at the same end."—"But here I defy you, friend Guzman; all is made fast here." "May I request of your excellency not to say too much," said I, with an appealing look, "for the devil is very busy, and he might suggest something to deceive you." "He is very welcome, then, boy: let him help you to steal from one of these boxes if he can; I give you a full week to prepare your plans. If you succeed, I will not only give you what you catch, but more; it being always understood that in case of failure, you pay the penalty in person: for your ingenuity, I suspect, will be no match here for the difficulty of the enterprise." "That is but fair," replied I; "and with your excellency's permission, I will gladly venture on the stake. What is more, I will submit to as many lashes as Master Niccolo in his wisdom may think proper to inflict, if I fail to effect in the next twenty-four hours the little object for which you have given me a full week; and you may judge, after what has passed between Master Niccolo and myself, whether I am impartial or not in selecting him for my judge." The good cardinal smiled, and it was finally arranged between us that the ensuing day should witness either my triumph or my most painful disgrace.

What a variety of precautions did not the excellent prelate put into practice to keep my fingers from coming into contact with his precious sweets! Not relying only on the power of key and lock, he placed sentinels at the entrance, selected from among those domestics in whom he had the greatest confidence; with what success we shall show.

The next day at dinner, observing me somewhat thoughtful, my excellent master addressed me with a good-natured smile: "Guzman, my poor boy, I guess well the subject of your reverie; you seem already to feel the heavy hand of Master Niccolo applied, as it soon will be, to the patience and fortitude of your disposition." "I am thinking very little about that," retorted I, "inasmuch as I have the sweetmeats already safe in my hands."

Aware that no one could possibly have penetrated through so many precautions as he had adopted, the good prelate seemed

perfectly astounded at the impudent confidence of my reply. He rallied me more than before on the severity of the discipline he said I was about to receive, and on the satisfaction he should derive from the exhibition — so justly my due. I let him run on in this strain; but when the dessert appeared, I stole quietly out of the room and betook myself to my own chamber. There I took from my own stock a quantity of the finest fruit, with which I covered a splendid plate I had brought with me, and returning, placed it with a most respectful air before his excellency, who could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. Beckoning to his chamberlain, he gave him the keys, and bade him go examine and bring an account of the number of barrels in his cabinet, as it was too evident there must be one or other missing. He did as he was ordered, and soon returned to say that the whole were there in perfect safety.

"Ah," exclaimed the prelate, "I see through your trick, Master Guzman: not being able to reach my fruit, you have purchased some at a high price as like mine as possible. No, no; this will not do; you must contrive to overreach me, or submit to be flagellated at Master Niccolo's good pleasure. — Seize him, and give it him smartly, as long as you please." "I am ready," returned I, "if you will only first let me show you one of the twelve barrels which came yesterday, and which I have now safe in my room." "Take care what you say, young sir," observed the chamberlain in a grave voice; "for I have just counted twelve in his excellency's cabinet." "That is very probable," I replied, "but did you never see a sheepskin without the sheep?" The prelate laughed, declaring he would respite me till a full examination had been made; and with that view he invited his noble guests to go along with him, to see, he said, that we had both fair play. To judge by the confident air I had assumed, few there conceived that the thing could possibly fall out to my discomfiture and pain. The good cardinal himself examined the barrels, each separately, and finding them all right in number, he inquired what I had to say. "They are all there, my lord," returned I, "but does it follow that they are all full of what you think?" Losing all patience, he was about to turn them inside out, when I declared that I would spare him the trouble; at the same time taking the one which I had filled with earth and straw, and strewing the contents upon the floor. After doing this, I ran to my own chamber, and brought back with me the real box, about half emptied of its contents, and

gave a true account as to how it had fallen into my hands. Every one present began to applaud my ingenuity, though at the expense of my character, and laughed heartily indeed at the adventure. His excellency, in fulfillment of the promise given, ordered me to be presented with one of the barrels, which I generously gave up to my less distinguished fellow-pages, as if to show that what I had performed was done simply for the diversion of my good master. At length, however, his excellency, not quite satisfied with other proofs of my dexterity, and the general example held up to his household, would assuredly have rid himself of my services, had not his humanity been aware that it would be exposing me to run my neck straight into a halter, such being my inveterate love of living by my wits.

DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO.

By CERVANTES.

(From "Don Quixote": translated by John Ormsby.)

[Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, Spanish poet and novelist, was born of an old Galician family at Alcalá de Henares, about twenty miles from Madrid, October, 1547. After following Cardinal Aquaviva as chamberlain into Italy, he enlisted under the papal admiral Colonna, and distinguished himself at the battle of Lepanto (1571), where he lost his left hand. While returning to Spain he was captured by a corsair, and passed five years in slavery in Algiers. Being without means or friends, he reënlisted; saw active service in Portugal and the Azores; and then began to earn his living by authorship in Madrid and Seville. In 1605 the first part of "Don Quixote" appeared, and the second ten years later. Besides his main work he produced: "Galatea," an eclogue; "Exemplary Tales"; "Persiles and Sigismunda," a romance; and, according to his account, some thirty plays. Cervantes died at Madrid, April 23, 1616.]

He remained at home fifteen days very quietly, without showing any signs of a desire to take up with his former delusions, and during this time he held lively discussions with his two gossips, the curate and the barber, on the point he maintained, that knights-errant were what the world stood most in need of, and that in him was to be accomplished the revival of knight-errantry. The curate sometimes contradicted him, sometimes agreed with him, for if he had not observed this precaution he would have been unable to bring him to reason.

Meanwhile Don Quixote worked upon a farm laborer, a neighbor of his, an honest man (if indeed that title can be given to him who is poor), but with very little wit in his pate. In a word, he so talked him over, and with such persuasions and promises, that the poor clown made up his mind to sally forth with him and serve him as esquire. Don Quixote, among other things, told him he ought to be ready to go with him gladly, because any moment an adventure might occur that might win an island in the twinkling of an eye and leave him governor of it. On these and the like promises Sancho Panza (for so the laborer was called) left wife and children, and engaged himself as esquire to his neighbor. Don Quixote next set about getting some money; and selling one thing and pawning another, and making a bad bargain in every case, he got together a fair sum. He provided himself with a buckler, which he begged as a loan from a friend, and, restoring his battered helmet as best he could, he warned his squire Sancho of the day and hour he meant to set out, that he might provide himself with what he thought most needful. Above all, he charged him to take his wallet with him. The other said he would, and that he meant to take also a very good ass he had, as he was not much given to going on foot. About the ass, Don Quixote hesitated a little, trying whether he could call to mind any knight-errant taking with him an esquire mounted on ass back, but no instance occurred to his memory. For all that, however, he determined to take him, intending to furnish him with a more honorable mount when a chance of it presented itself, by appropriating the horse of the first discourteous knight he encountered. Himself he provided with shirts and such other things as he could, according to the advice the host had given him; all which being settled and done, without taking leave, Sancho Panza of his wife and children, or Don Quixote of his housekeeper and niece, they sallied forth unseen by anybody from the village one night, and made such good way in the course of it that by daylight they held themselves safe from discovery, even should search be made for them.

Sancho rode on his ass like a patriarch, with his wallet and wine bag, and longing to see himself soon governor of the island his master had promised him. Don Quixote decided upon taking the same route and road he had taken on his first journey, that over the Campo de Montiel, which he traveled with less discomfort than on the last occasion, for, as it was

early morning and the rays of the sun fell on them obliquely, the heat did not distress them.

And now said Sancho Panza to his master, "Your worship will take care, Señor Knight-errant, not to forget about the island you have promised me, for be it ever so big I'll be equal to governing it."

To which Don Quixote replied, "Thou must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a practice very much in vogue with the knights-errant of old to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they won, and I am determined that there shall be no failure on my part in so liberal a custom; on the contrary, I mean to improve upon it, for they sometimes, and perhaps most frequently, waited until their squires were old, and then when they had had enough of service and hard days and worse nights, they gave them some title or other, of count, or at the most marquis, of some valley or province more or less; but if thou livest and I live, it may well be that before six days are over, I may have won some kingdom that has others dependent upon it, which will be just the thing to enable thee to be crowned king of one of them. Nor needst thou count this wonderful, for things and chances fall to the lot of such knights in ways so unexampled and unexpected that I might easily give thee even more than I promise thee."

"In that case," said Sancho Panza, "if I should become a king by one of those miracles your worship speaks of, even Juana Gutierrez, my old woman, would come to be queen and my children infantes."

"Well, who doubts it?" said Don Quixote.

"I doubt it," replied Sancho Panza, "because for my part I am persuaded that though God should shower down kingdoms upon earth, not one of them would fit the head of Mari Gutierrez. Let me tell you, señor, she is not worth two maravedis for a queen; countess will fit her better, and that only with God's help."

"Leave it to God, Sancho," returned Don Quixote, "for he will give her what suits her best; but do not undervalue thyself so much as to come to be content with anything less than being governor of a province."

"I will not, señor," answered Sancho, "especially as I have a man of such quality for a master in your worship, who will be able to give me all that will be suitable for me and that I can bear."

Of the Good Fortune which the Valiant Don Quixote had in the Terrible and Undreamt-of Adventure of the Windmills, with Other Occurrences Worthy to be Fitly Recorded.

At this point they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills that there are on that plain, and as soon as Don Quixote saw them he said to his squire, "Fortune is arranging matters for us better than we could have shaped our desires ourselves, for look there, friend Sancho Panza, where thirty or more monstrous giants present themselves, all of whom I mean to engage in battle and slay, and with whose spoils we shall begin to make our fortunes; for this is righteous warfare, and it is God's good service to sweep so evil a breed from off the face of the earth."

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.

"Those thou seest there," answered his master, "with the long arms, and some have them nearly two leagues long."

"Look, your worship," said Sancho; "what we see there are not giants but windmills, and what seem to be their arms are the sails that turned by the wind make the millstone go."

"It is easy to see," replied Don Quixote, "that thou art not used to this business of adventures; those are giants; and if thou art afraid, away with thee out of this and betake thyself to prayer while I engage them in fierce and unequal combat."

So saying, he gave the spur to his steed Rocinante, heedless of the cries his squire Sancho sent after him, warning him that most certainly they were windmills and not giants he was going to attack. He, however, was so positive they were giants that he neither heard the cries of Sancho, nor perceived, near as he was, what they were, but made at them shouting, "Fly not, cowards and vile beings, for it is a single knight that attacks you."

A slight breeze at this moment sprang up, and the great sails began to move, seeing which Don Quixote exclaimed, "Though ye flourish more arms than the giant Briareus, ye have to reckon with me."

So saying, and commending himself with all his heart to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her to support him in such a peril, with lance in rest and covered by his buckler, he charged at

Rocinante's fullest gallop and fell upon the first mill that stood in front of him; but as he drove his lance point into the sail the wind whirled it round with such force that it shivered the lance to pieces, sweeping with it horse and rider, who went rolling over on the plain, in a sorry condition. Sancho hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could go, and when he came up found him unable to move, with such a shock had Rocinante fallen with him.

"God bless me!" said Sancho, "did I not tell your worship to mind what you were about, for they were only windmills? and no one could have made any mistake about it but one who had something of the same kind in his head."

"Hush, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "the fortunes of war more than any other are liable to frequent fluctuations; and moreover I think, and it is the truth, that that same sage Friston who carried off my study and books, has turned these giants into mills in order to rob me of the glory of vanquishing them, such is the enmity he bears me; but in the end his wicked arts will avail but little against my good sword."

"God order it as he may," said Sancho Panza, and helping him to rise got him up again on Rocinante, whose shoulder was half out; and then, discussing the late adventure, they followed the road to Puerto Lápice, for there, said Don Quixote, they could not fail to find adventures in abundance and variety, as it was a great thoroughfare. For all that, he was much grieved at the loss of his lance, and saying so to his squire, he added, "I remember having read how a Spanish knight, Diego Perez de Vargas by name, having broken his sword in battle, tore from an oak a ponderous bough or branch, and with it did such things that day, and pounded so many Moors, that he got the surname of Machuca, and he and his descendants from that day forth were called Vargas y Machuca. I mention this because from the first oak I see I mean to rend such another branch, large and stout like that, with which I am determined and resolved to do such deeds that thou mayest deem thyself very fortunate in being found worthy to come and see them, and be an eyewitness of things that will with difficulty be believed."

"Be that as God will," said Sancho, "I believe it all as your worship says it; but straighten yourself a little, for you seem all on one side, maybe from the shaking of the fall."

"That is the truth," said Don Quixote, "and if I make no complaint of the pain it is because knights-errant are not per-

mitted to complain of any wound, even though their bowels be coming out through it."

"If so," said Sancho, "I have nothing to say; but God knows I would rather your worship complained when anything ailed you. For my part, I confess I must complain however small the ache may be; unless indeed this rule about not complaining extends to the squires of knights-errant also."

Don Quixote could not help laughing at his squire's simplicity, and he assured him he might complain whenever and however he chose, just as he liked, for, so far, he had never read of anything to the contrary in the order of knighthood.

Sancho bade him remember it was dinner time, to which his master answered that he wanted nothing himself just then, but that *he* might eat when he had a mind. With this permission Sancho settled himself as comfortably as he could on his beast, and taking out of the wallet what he had stowed away in it, he jogged along behind his master munching deliberately, and from time to time taking a pull at the wine bag with a relish that the thirstiest tapster in Malaga might have envied; and while he went on in this way, gulping down draught after draught, he never gave a thought to any of the promises his master had made him, nor did he rate it as hardship but rather as recreation going in quest of adventures, however dangerous they might be. Finally they passed the night among some trees, from one of which Don Quixote plucked a dry branch to serve him after a fashion as a lance, and fixed on it the head he had removed from the broken one. All that night Don Quixote lay awake thinking of his lady Dulcinea, in order to conform to what he had read in his books, how many a night in the forests and deserts knights used to lie sleepless supported by the memory of their mistresses. Not so did Sancho Panza spend it, for having his stomach full of something stronger than chicory water he made but one sleep of it, and, if his master had not called him, neither the rays of the sun beating on his face nor all the cheery notes of the birds welcoming the approach of day would have had power to waken him. On getting up he tried the wine bag and found it somewhat less full than the night before, which grieved his heart because they did not seem to be on the way to remedy the deficiency readily. Don Quixote did not care to break his fast, for, as has been already said, he confined himself to savory recollections for nourishment.

They returned to the road they had set out with, leading to Puerto Lápice, and at three in the afternoon they came in sight of it. "Here, brother Sancho Panza," said Don Quixote when he saw it, "we may plunge our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures; but observe, even shouldst thou see me in the greatest danger in the world, thou must not put a hand to thy sword in my defense, unless, indeed, thou perceivest that those who assail me are rabble or base folk; for in that case thou mayest very properly aid me; but if they be knights it is on no account permitted or allowed thee by the laws of knighthood to help me until thou hast been dubbed a knight."

"Most certainly, señor," replied Sancho, "your worship shall be fully obeyed in this matter; all the more as of myself I am peaceful and no friend to mixing in strife and quarrels: it is true that as regards the defense of my own person I shall not give much heed to those laws, for laws human and divine allow each one to defend himself against any assailant whatever."

"That I grant," said Don Quixote, "but in this matter of aiding me against knights thou must put a restraint upon thy natural impetuosity."

"I will do so, I promise you," answered Sancho, "and I will keep this precept as carefully as Sunday."

While they were thus talking there appeared on the road two friars of the order of St. Benedict, mounted on two dromedaries, for not less tall were the two mules they rode on. They wore traveling spectacles and carried sunshades; and behind them came a coach attended by four or five persons on horseback and two muleteers on foot. In the coach there was, as afterwards appeared, a Biscay lady on her way to Seville, where her husband was about to take passage for the Indies with an appointment of high honor. The friars, though going the same road, were not in her company; but the moment Don Quixote perceived them he said to his squire, "Either I am mistaken, or this is going to be the most famous adventure that has ever been seen, for those black bodies we see there must be, and doubtless are, magicians who are carrying off some stolen princess in that coach, and with all my might I must undo this wrong."

"This will be worse than the windmills," said Sancho. "Look, señor; those are friars of St. Benedict, and the coach plainly belongs to some travelers: mind, I tell you to mind well what you are about and don't let the devil mislead you."

"I have told thee already, Sancho," replied Don Quixote,

"that on the subject of adventures thou knowest little. What I say is the truth, as thou shalt see presently."

So saying, he advanced and posted himself in the middle of the road along which the friars were coming, and as soon as he thought they had come near enough to hear what he said, he cried aloud, "Devilish and unnatural beings, release instantly the highborn princesses whom you are carrying off by force in this coach, else prepare to meet a speedy death as the just punishment of your evil deeds."

The friars drew rein and stood wondering at the appearance of Don Quixote as well as at his words, to which they replied, "Señor Caballero, we are not devilish or unnatural, but two brothers of St. Benedict following our road, nor do we know whether or not there are any captive princesses coming in this coach."

"No soft words with me, for I know you, lying rabble," said Don Quixote, and without waiting for a reply he spurred Rocinante and with leveled lance charged the first friar with such fury and determination that, if the friar had not flung himself off the mule, he would have brought him to the ground against his will, and sore wounded, if not killed outright. The second brother, seeing how his comrade was treated, drove his heels into his castle of a mule and made off across the country faster than the wind.

Sancho Panza, when he saw the friar on the ground, dismounting briskly from his ass, rushed towards him and began to strip off his gown. At that instant the friars' muleteers came up and asked what he was stripping him for. Sancho answered them that this fell to him lawfully as spoil of the battle which his lord Don Quixote had won. The muleteers, who had no idea of a joke and did not understand all this about battles and spoils, seeing that Don Quixote was some distance off talking to the travelers in the coach, fell upon Sancho, knocked him down, and leaving hardly a hair in his beard, belabored him with kicks and left him stretched breathless and senseless on the ground; and without any more delay helped the friar to mount, who, trembling, terrified, and pale, as soon as he found himself in the saddle, spurred after his companion, who was standing at a distance looking on, watching the result of the onslaught; then, not caring to wait for the end of the affair just begun, they pursued their journey making more crosses than if they had the devil after them.

Don Quixote was, as has been said, speaking to the lady in the coach: "Your beauty, lady mine," said he, "may now dispose of your person as may be most in accordance with your pleasure, for the pride of your ravishers lies prostrate on the ground through this strong arm of mine; and lest you should be pining to know the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote of La Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beautiful lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and in return for the service you have received of me I ask no more than that you should return to El Toboso, and on my behalf present yourself before that lady and tell her what I have done to set you free."

One of the squires in attendance upon the coach, a Biscayan, was listening to all Don Quixote was saying, and, perceiving that he would not allow the coach to go on, but was saying it must return at once to El Toboso, he made at him, and seizing his lance addressed him in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan after this fashion, "Begone, caballero, and ill go with thee; by the God that made me, unless thou quittest coach, slayest thee as art here a Biscayan."

Don Quixote understood him quite well, and answered him very quietly, "If thou wert a knight, as thou art none, I should have already chastised thy folly and rashness, miserable creature." To which the Biscayan returned, "I no gentleman![1]—I swear to God thou liest as I am Christian: if thou droppest lance and drawest sword, soon shalt thou see thou art carrying water to the cat: Biscayan on land, hidalgo at sea, hidalgo at the devil, and look, if thou sayest otherwise thou liest."

"'"You will see presently," said Agrajes,'" replied Don Quixote; and throwing his lance on the ground he drew his sword, braced his buckler on his arm, and attacked the Biscayan, bent upon taking his life.

The Biscayan, when he saw him coming on, though he wished to dismount from his mule, in which, being one of those sorry ones let out for hire, he had no confidence, had no choice but to draw his sword; it was lucky for him, however, that he was near the coach, from which he was able to snatch a cushion that served him for a shield; and then they went at one another as if they had been two mortal enemies. The others strove to make peace between them, but could not, for the Biscayan

[1] *Caballero* means "gentleman" as well as knight, and the peppery Biscayan assumes that Don Quixote has used the word in the former sense.

declared in his disjointed phrase that if they did not let him finish his battle he would kill his mistress and every one that strove to prevent him. The lady in the coach, amazed and terrified at what she saw, ordered the coachman to draw aside a little, and set herself to watch this severe struggle, in the course of which the Biscayan smote Don Quixote a mighty stroke on the shoulder over the top of his buckler, which, given to one without armor, would have cleft him to the waist. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of this prodigious blow, cried aloud, saying, "O lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of beauty, come to the aid of this your knight, who, in fulfilling his obligations to your beauty, finds himself in this extreme peril." To say this, to lift his sword, to shelter himself well behind his buckler, and to assail the Biscayan was the work of an instant, determined as he was to venture all upon a single blow. The Biscayan, seeing him come on in this way, was convinced of his courage by his spirited bearing, and resolved to follow his example; so he waited for him, keeping well under cover of his cushion, being unable to execute any sort of maneuver with his mule, which, dead tired and never meant for this kind of game, could not stir a step.

On, then, as aforesaid, came Don Quixote against the wary Biscayan, with uplifted sword and a firm intention of splitting him in half, while on his side the Biscayan waited for him sword in hand, and under the protection of his cushion; and all present stood trembling, waiting in suspense the result of blows such as threatened to fall, and the lady in the coach and the rest of her following were making a thousand vows and offerings to all the images and shrines of Spain, that God might deliver her squire and all of them from this great peril in which they found themselves. But it spoils all, that at this point and crisis the author of the history leaves this battle impending, giving as excuse that he could find nothing more written about these achievements of Don Quixote than what has been already set forth. . . .

With trenchant swords upraised and poised on high, it seemed as though the two valiant and wrathful combatants stood threatening heaven, and earth, and hell, with such resolution and determination did they bear themselves. The fiery Biscayan was the first to strike a blow, which was delivered with such force and fury that had not the sword turned in its course, that single stroke would have sufficed to put an end to the bitter struggle

and to all the adventures of our knight; but that good fortune which reserved him for greater things turned aside the sword of his adversary, so that, although it smote him upon the left shoulder, it did him no more harm than to strip all that side of its armor, carrying away a great part of his helmet, with half of his ear, all which with fearful ruin fell to the ground, leaving him in a sorry plight.

Good God! Who is there that could properly describe the rage that filled the heart of our Manchegan when he saw himself dealt with in this fashion? All that can be said is, it was such that he again raised himself in his stirrups, and, grasping his sword more firmly with both hands, he came down on the Biscayan with such fury, smiting him full over the cushion and over the head, that — even so good a shield proving useless — as if a mountain had fallen on him, he began to bleed from nose, mouth, and ears, reeling as if about to fall backwards from his mule, as no doubt he would have done had he not flung his arms about its neck; at the same time, however, he slipped his feet out of the stirrups and then unclasped his arms, and the mule, taking fright at the terrible blow, made off across the plain, and with a few plunges flung its master to the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on very calmly, and, when he saw him fall, leaped from his horse and with great briskness ran to him, and, presenting the point of his sword to his eyes, bade him surrender, or he would cut his head off. The Biscayan was so bewildered that he was unable to answer a word, and it would have gone hard with him, so blind was Don Quixote, had not the ladies in the coach, who had hitherto been watching the combat in great terror, hastened to where he stood and implored him with earnest entreaties to grant them the great grace and favor of sparing their squire's life; to which Don Quixote replied with much gravity and dignity, "In truth, fair ladies, I am well content to do what ye ask of me; but it must be on one condition and understanding, which is that this knight promise me to go to the village of El Toboso, and on my part present himself before the peerless lady Dulcinea, that she deal with him as shall be most pleasing to her."

The terrified and disconsolate ladies, without discussing Don Quixote's demand or asking who Dulcinea might be, promised that their squire should do all that had been commanded on his part.

"Then, on the faith of that promise," said Don Quixote,

"I shall do him no further harm, though he well deserves it of me."

Now by this time Sancho had risen, rather the worse for the handling of the friars' muleteers, and stood watching the battle of his master, Don Quixote, and praying to God in his heart that it might be his will to grant him the victory, and that he might thereby win some island to make him governor of, as he had promised. Seeing, therefore, that the struggle was now over, and that his master was returning to mount Rocinante, he approached to hold the stirrup for him, and, before he could mount, he went on his knees before him; and taking his hand, kissed it saying, "May it please your worship, Señor Don Quixote, to give me the government of that island which has been won in this hard fight, for be it ever so big I feel myself in sufficient force to be able to govern it as much and as well as any one in the world who has ever governed islands."

To which Don Quixote replied, "Thou must take notice, brother Sancho, that this adventure and those like it are not adventures of islands, but of crossroads, in which nothing is got except a broken head or an ear the less: have patience, for adventures will present themselves from which I may make you not only a governor, but something more."

Sancho gave him many thanks, and again kissing his hand and the skirt of his hauberk, helped him to mount Rocinante, and mounting his ass himself, proceeded to follow his master, who at a brisk pace, without taking leave, or saying anything further to the ladies belonging to the coach, turned into a wood that was hard by. Sancho followed him at his ass's best trot, but Rocinante stepped out so that, seeing himself left behind, he was forced to call to his master to wait for him. Don Quixote did so, reining in Rocinante until his weary squire came up, who on reaching him said, "It seems to me, señor, it would be prudent in us to go and take refuge in some church, for, seeing how mauled he with whom you fought has been left, it will be no wonder if they give information of the affair to the Holy Brotherhood and arrest us, and, faith, if they do, before we come out of jail we shall have to sweat for it."

"Peace," said Don Quixote; "where hast thou ever seen or heard that a knight-errant has been arraigned before a court of justice, however many homicides he may have committed?"

"I know nothing about omecils," answered Sancho, "nor in

my life have had anything to do with one; I only know that the Holy Brotherhood looks after those who fight in the fields, and in that other matter I do not meddle."

"Then thou needst have no uneasiness, my friend," said Don Quixote, "for I will deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans, much more out of those of the Brotherhood. But tell me, as thou livest, hast thou seen a more valiant knight than I in all the known world; hast thou read in history of any who has or had higher mettle in attack, more spirit in maintaining it, more dexterity in wounding or skill in overthrowing?"

"The truth is," answered Sancho, "that I have never read any history, for I can neither read nor write, but what I will venture to bet is that a more daring master than your worship I have never served in all the days of my life, and God grant that this daring be not paid for where I have said; what I beg of your worship is to dress your wound, for a great deal of blood flows from that ear, and I have here some lint and a little white ointment in the wallet."

"All that might be well dispensed with," said Don Quixote, "if I had remembered to make a vial of the balsam of Fierabras, for time and medicine are saved by one single drop."

"What vial and what balsam is that?" said Sancho Panza.

"It is a balsam," answered Don Quixote, "the receipt of which I have in my memory, with which one need have no fear of death, or dread dying of any wound; and so when I make it and give it to thee thou hast nothing to do when in some battle thou seest they have cut me in half through the middle of the body — as is wont to happen frequently — but neatly and with great nicety, ere the blood congeal, to place that portion of the body which shall have fallen to the ground upon the other half which remains in the saddle, taking care to fit it on evenly and exactly. Then thou shalt give me to drink but two drops of the balsam I have mentioned, and thou shalt see me become sounder than an apple."

"If that be so," said Panza, "I renounce henceforth the government of the promised island, and desire nothing more in payment of my many and faithful services than that your worship give me the receipt of this supreme liquor, for I am persuaded it will be worth more than two reals an ounce anywhere, and I want no more to pass the rest of my life in

ease and honor; but it remains to be told if it costs much to make it."

"With less than three reals six quarts of it may be made," said Don Quixote.

"Sinner that I am!" said Sancho, "then why does your worship put off making it and teaching it to me?"

"Peace, friend," answered Don Quixote; "greater secrets I mean to teach thee and greater favors to bestow upon thee; and for the present let us see to the dressing, for my ear pains me more than I could wish."

Sancho took out some lint and ointment from the wallet; but when Don Quixote came to see his helmet shattered, he was like to lose his senses, and, clapping his hand upon his sword and raising his eyes to heaven, he said, "I swear by the Creator of all things and the four Gospels in their fullest extent, to do as the great Marquis of Mantua did when he swore to avenge the death of his nephew Baldwin (and that was not to eat bread from a tablecloth, nor embrace his wife, and other points which, though I cannot now call them to mind, I here grant as expressed), until I take complete vengeance upon him who has committed such an offense against me."

Hearing this, Sancho said to him, "Your worship should bear in mind, Señor Don Quixote, that if the knight has done what was commanded him in going to present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will have done all that he was bound to do, and does not deserve further punishment unless he commits some new offense."

"Thou hast said well and hit the point," answered Don Quixote; "and so I recall the oath in so far as relates to taking fresh vengeance on him, but I make and confirm it anew to lead the life I have said until such time as I take by force from some knight another helmet such as this and as good; and think not, Sancho, that I am raising smoke with straw in doing so, for I have one to imitate in the matter, since the very same thing to a hair happened in the case of Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear."

"Señor," replied Sancho, "let your worship send all such oaths to the devil, for they are very pernicious to salvation and prejudicial to the conscience; just tell me now, if for several days to come we fall in with no man armed with a helmet, what are we to do? Is the oath to be observed in spite of all the inconvenience and discomfort it will be to sleep in your

clothes, and not to sleep in a house, and a thousand other mortifications contained in the oath of that old fool, the Marquis of Mantua, which your worship is now wanting to revive? Let your worship observe that there are no men in armor traveling on any of these roads, nothing but carriers and carters, who not only do not wear helmets, but perhaps never heard tell of them all their lives."

"Thou art wrong there," said Don Quixote, "for we shall not have been two hours among these crossroads before we see more men in armor than came to Albraca to win the fair Angelica."

"Enough," said Sancho; "so be it then, and God grant us success, and that the time for winning that island which is costing me so dear may soon come, and then let me die."

"I have already told thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "not to give thyself any uneasiness on that score; for if an island should fail, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or of Sobradisa, which will fit thee as a ring fits the finger, and all the more that being on *terra firma* thou wilt all the better enjoy thyself. But let us leave that to its own time; see if thou hast anything for us to eat in that wallet, because we must presently go in quest of some castle where we may lodge to-night and make the balsam I told thee of, for I swear to thee by God, this ear is giving me great pain."

"I have here an onion and a little cheese and a few scraps of bread," said Sancho, "but they are not victuals fit for a valiant knight like your worship."

"How little thou knowest about it," answered Don Quixote; "I would have thee to know, Sancho, that it is the glory of knights-errant to go without eating for a month, and even when they do eat, that it should be of what comes first to hand; and this would have been clear to thee hadst thou read as many histories as I have, for, though they are very many, among them all I have found no mention made of knights-errant eating, unless by accident or at some sumptuous banquets prepared for them, and the rest of the time they passed in dalliance. And though it is plain they could not do without eating and performing all the other natural functions, because, in fact, they were men like ourselves, it is plain too that, wandering as they did the most part of their lives through woods and wilds and without a cook, their most usual fare would be rustic viands such as those thou dost now offer me; so that, friend Sancho, let not that distress

thee which pleases me, and do not seek to make a new world or pervert knight-errantry."

"Pardon me, your worship," said Sancho, "for, as I cannot read or write, as I said just now, I neither know nor comprehend the rules of the profession of chivalry: henceforward I will stock the wallet with every kind of dry fruit for your worship, as you are a knight; and for myself, as I am not one, I will furnish them with poultry and other things more substantial."

"I do not say, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that it is imperative on knights-errant not to eat anything else but the fruits thou speakest of; only that their more usual diet must be those, and certain herbs they found in the fields which they knew and I know too."

"A good thing it is," answered Sancho, "to know those herbs, for to my thinking it will be needful some day to put that knowledge into practice."

Sancho's Supper.

The history says that from the justice court they carried Sancho to a sumptuous palace, where in a spacious chamber there was a table laid out with royal magnificence. The clarions sounded as Sancho entered the room, and four pages came forward to present him with water for his hands, which Sancho received with great dignity. The music ceased, and Sancho seated himself at the head of the table, for there was only that seat placed, and no more than the one cover laid. A personage, who it appeared afterwards was a physician, placed himself standing by his side with a whalebone wand in his hand.

They then lifted up a fine white cloth covering fruit and a great variety of dishes of different sorts; one who looked like a student said grace, and a page put a laced bib on Sancho, while another who played the part of head carver placed a dish of fruit before him. But hardly had he tasted a morsel when the man with the wand touched the plate with it, and they took it away from before him with the utmost celerity. The carver, however, brought him another dish, and Sancho proceeded to try it; but before he could get at it, not to say taste it, already the wand had touched it and a page had carried it off with the same promptitude as the fruit. Sancho, seeing

this, was puzzled, and looking from one to another asked if this dinner was to be eaten after the fashion of a jugglery trick.

To this he with the wand replied, "It is not to be eaten, señor governor, except as is usual and customary in other islands where there are governors. I, señor, am a physician, and I am paid a salary in this island to serve its governors as such, and I have a much greater regard for their health than for my own, studying day and night making myself acquainted with the governor's constitution, in order to be able to cure him when he falls sick. The chief thing I have to do is to attend at his dinners and suppers and allow him to eat what appears to me to be fit for him and keep from him what I think will do him harm and be injurious to his stomach; and therefore I ordered that plate of fruit to be removed as being too moist, and that other dish I ordered to be removed as being too hot and containing many spices that stimulate thirst; for he who drinks much kills and consumes the radical moisture wherein life consists."

"Well then," said Sancho, "that dish of roast partridges there that seems so savory will not do me any harm."

To this the physician replied, "Of those my lord the governor shall not eat so long as I live."

"Why so?" said Sancho.

"Because," replied the doctor, "our master Hippocrates, the polestar and beacon of medicine, says in one of his aphorisms *omnis saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima*, which means 'all repletion is bad, but that of partridge is the worst of all.'"

"In that case," said Sancho, "let señor doctor see among the dishes that are on the table what will do me most good and least harm, and let me eat it, without tapping it with his stick; for by the life of the governor, and so may God suffer me to enjoy it, but I'm dying of hunger; and in spite of the doctor and all he may say, to deny me food is the way to take my life instead of prolonging it."

"Your worship is right, señor governor," said the physician; "and therefore your worship, I consider, should not eat of those stewed rabbits there, because it is a furry kind of food; if that veal were not roasted and served with pickles, you might try it; but it is out of the question."

"That big dish that is smoking farther off," said Sancho, "seems to me to be an olla podrida, and out of the diversity of

things in such ollas, I can't fail to light upon something tasty and good for me."

"*Absit*," said the doctor; "far from us be any such base thought! There is nothing in the world less nourishing than an olla podrida; to canons, or rectors of colleges, or peasants' weddings with your ollas podridas, but let us have none of them on the tables of governors, where everything that is present should be delicate and refined; and the reason is that always, everywhere and by everybody, simple medicines are more esteemed than compound ones, for we cannot go wrong in those that are simple, while in the compound we may, by merely altering the quantity of the things composing them. But what I am of opinion the governor should eat now in order to preserve and fortify his health is a hundred or so of wafer cakes and a few thin slices of conserve of quinces, which will settle his stomach and help his digestion."

Sancho on hearing this threw himself back in his chair and surveyed the doctor steadily, and in a solemn tone asked him what his name was and where he had studied.

He replied, "My name, señor governor, is Doctor Pedro Recio de Aguero, I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera, which lies between Caracuel and Almodóvar del Campo, on the right-hand side, and I have the degree of doctor from the university of Osuna."

To which Sancho, glowing all over with rage, returned: "Then let Doctor Pedro Recio de Mal-aguero, native of Tirteafuera, a place that's on the right-hand side as we go from Caracuel to Almodóvar del Campo, graduate of Osuna, get out of my presence at once; or I swear by the sun I'll take a cudgel, and by dint of blows, beginning with him, I'll not leave a doctor in the whole island; at least of those I know to be ignorant; for as to learned, wise, sensible physicians, them I will reverence and honor as divine persons. Once more I say let Pedro Recio get out of this or I'll take this chair I am sitting on and break it over his head. And if they call me to account for it, I'll clear myself by saying I served God in killing a bad doctor — a general executioner. And now give me something to eat, or else take your government; for a trade that does not feed its master is not worth two beans."

The doctor was dismayed when he saw the governor in such a passion, and he would have made a Tirteafuera out of the room but that the same instant a post horn sounded in the

street; and the carver putting his head out of the window turned round and said, "It's a courier from my lord the duke, no doubt with some dispatch of importance."

The courier came in all sweating and flurried, and taking a paper from his bosom, placed it in the governor's hands. Sancho handed it to the major-domo and bade him read the superscription, which ran thus: —

To Don Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island of Barataria, into his own hands or those of his secretary.

Sancho when he heard this said, "Which of you is my secretary?" "I am, señor," said one of those present, "for I can read and write, and am a Biscayan." "With that addition," said Sancho, "you might be secretary to the emperor himself; open this paper and see what it says." The newborn secretary obeyed, and having read the contents said the matter was one to be discussed in private. Sancho ordered the chamber to be cleared, the major-domo and the carver only remaining; so the doctor and the others withdrew, and then the secretary read the letter, which was as follows: —

It has come to my knowledge, Señor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of the island are about to make a furious attack upon it some night, I know not when. It behooves you to be on the alert and keep watch, that they surprise you not. I also know by trustworthy spies that four persons have entered the town in disguise in order to take your life, because they stand in dread of your great capacity; keep your eyes open and take heed who approaches you to address you, and eat nothing that is presented to you. I will take care to send you aid if you find yourself in difficulty, but in all things you will act as may be expected of your judgment. From this place, the sixteenth of August, at four in the morning.

Your friend,

The Duke.

Sancho was astonished, and those who stood by made believe to be so too, and turning to the major-domo he said to him, "What we have got to do first, and it must be done at once, is to put Doctor Recio in the lockup; for if any one wants to kill me it is he, and by a slow death and the worst of all, which is hunger."

"Likewise," said the carver, "it is my opinion your worship should not eat anything that is on this table, for the whole was a present from some nuns; and as they say, 'behind the cross there's the devil.'"

"I don't deny it," said Sancho; "so for the present give me a piece of bread and four pound or so of grapes; no poison can come in them; for the fact is I can't go on without eating; and if we are to be prepared for these battles that are threatening us we must be well provisioned; for it is the tripes that carry the heart and not the heart the tripes. And you, secretary, answer my lord the duke and tell him that all his commands shall be obeyed to the letter, as he directs; and say from me to my lady the duchess that I kiss her hands, and that I beg of her not to forget to send my letter and bundle to my wife Teresa Panza by a messenger; and I will take it as a great favor and will not fail to serve her in all that may lie within my power; and as you are about it you may inclose a kiss of the hand to my master Don Quixote that he may see I am grateful bread; and as a good secretary and a good Biscayan you may add whatever you like, and whatever will come in best; and now take away this cloth and give me something to eat, and I'll be ready to meet all the spies and assassins and enchanters that may come against me or my island."

At last Doctor Pedro Recio Aguero of Tirteafuera promised to let him have supper that night, though it might be in contravention of all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this the governor was satisfied, and looked forward to the approach of night and supper-time with great anxiety; and though time, to his mind, stood still and made no progress, nevertheless the hour he so longed for came, and they gave him a beef salad with onions and some boiled calves' feet rather far gone. At this he fell to with greater relish than if they had given him francolins from Milan, pheasants from Rome, veal from Sorrento, partridges from Moron, or geese from Lavajos, and turning to the doctor at supper, he said to him: —

"Look here, señor doctor, for the future don't trouble yourself about giving me dainty things or choice dishes to eat, for it will be only taking my stomach off its hinges; it is accustomed to goat, cow, bacon, hung beef, turnips, and onions; and if by any chance it is given these palace dishes, it receives them squeamishly, and sometimes with loathing. What the head carver had best do is to serve me with what they call

ollas podridas (and the rottener they are the better they smell); and he can put whatever he likes into them, so long as it is good to eat, and I'll be obliged to him, and will requite him some day. But let nobody play pranks on me, for either we are or we are not; let us live and eat in peace and good-fellowship, for when God sends the dawn, he sends it for all. I mean to govern this island without giving up a right or taking a bribe; let every one keep his eye open, and look out for the arrow; for I can tell them 'the devil's in Cantillana,' and if they drive me to it they'll see something that will astonish them. Nay! make yourself honey and the flies will eat you."

"Of a truth, señor governor," said the carver, "your worship is in the right of it in everything you have said; and I promise you in the name of all the inhabitants of this island that they will serve your worship with all zeal, affection, and good will, for the mild kind of government you have given a sample of to begin with, leaves them no ground for doing or thinking anything to your worship's disadvantage."

"That I believe," said Sancho; "and they would be great fools if they did or thought otherwise; once more I say, see to my feeding and my Dapple's, for that is the great point and what is most to the purpose; and when the hour comes let us go the rounds, for it is my intention to purge this island of all manner of uncleanness and of all idle good-for-nothing vagabonds; for I would have you know, my friends, that lazy idlers are the same thing in a State as the drones in a hive, that eat up the honey the industrious bees make. I mean to protect the husbandman, to preserve to the gentleman his privileges, to reward the virtuous, and above all to respect religion and honor its ministers.

Of the Progress of Sancho's Government, and Other Such Entertaining Matters.

Day came after the night of the governor's round, — a night which the head carver passed without sleeping, so full were his thoughts of the face and air and beauty of the disguised damsel, while the major-domo spent what was left of it in writing an account to his lord and lady of all Sancho said and did, being as much amazed at his sayings as at his doings, for there was a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in all his words

and deeds. The señor governor got up, and by Doctor Pedro Recio's directions they made him break his fast on a little conserve and four sups of cold water, which Sancho would have readily exchanged for a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes; but seeing there was no help for it, he submitted with no little sorrow of heart and discomfort of stomach, Pedro Recio having persuaded him that light and delicate diet enlivened the wits, and that was what was most essential for persons placed in command and in responsible situations, where they have to employ not only the bodily powers but those of the mind also.

By means of this sophistry Sancho was made to endure hunger, and hunger so keen that in his heart he cursed the government, and even him who had given it to him; however, with his hunger and his conserve he undertook to deliver judgments that day, and the first thing that came before him was a question that was submitted to him by a stranger, in the presence of the major-domo and the other attendants, and it was in these words: "Señor, a large river separated two districts of one and the same lordship — will your worship please to pay attention, for the case is an important and a rather knotty one? Well then, on this river there was a bridge, and at one end of it a gallows, and a sort of tribunal, where four judges commonly sat to administer the law which the lord of the river, the bridge and the lordship had enacted, and which was to this effect, 'If any one crosses by this bridge from one side to the other he shall declare on oath where he is going and with what object; and if he swears truly, he shall be allowed to pass, but if falsely, he shall, without any remission, be put to death for it by hanging on the gallows erected there.' Though the law and its severe penalty were known, many persons crossed, but in their declarations it was easy to see at once they were telling the truth, and the judges let them pass free. It happened, however, that one man, when they came to take his declaration, swore and said that by the oath he took he was going to die upon that gallows that stood there, and nothing else. The judges held a consultation over the oath, and they said, 'If we let this man pass free he has sworn falsely, and by the law he ought to die; but if we hang him, as he swore he was going to die on that gallows, and therefore swore the truth, by the same law he ought to go free. It is asked of your worship, señor governor, what are the judges to do with this man? For they are still in doubt and perplexity; and having heard of your

worship's acute and exalted intellect, they have sent me to entreat your worship on their behalf to give your opinion on this very intricate and puzzling case."

To this Sancho made answer, "Indeed those gentlemen the judges that send you to me might have spared themselves the trouble, for I have more of the obtuse than the acute in me; however, repeat the case over again, so that I may understand it, and then perhaps I may be able to hit the point."

The querist repeated again and again what he had said before, and then Sancho said, "It seems to me I can set the matter right in a moment, and in this way: the man swears that he is going to die upon the gallows; but if he dies upon it, he has sworn the truth, and by the law enacted deserves to go free and pass over the bridge; but if they don't hang him, then he has sworn falsely, and by the same law deserves to be hanged."

"It is as the señor governor says," said the messenger; "and as regards a complete comprehension of the case, there is nothing left to desire or hesitate about."

"Well, then, I say," said Sancho, "that of this man they should let pass the part that has sworn truly, and hang the part that has lied; and in this way the conditions of the passage will be fully complied with."

"But then, señor governor," replied the querist, "the man will have to be divided into two parts; and if he is divided of course he will die; and so none of the requirements of the law will be carried out, and it is absolutely necessary to comply with it."

"Look here, my good sir," said Sancho; "either I'm a numskull or else there is the same reason for this passenger dying as for his living and passing over the bridge; for if the truth saves him the falsehood equally condemns him; and that being the case it is my opinion you should say to the gentlemen who sent you to me that as the arguments for condemning him and for absolving him are exactly balanced, they should let him pass freely, as it is always more praiseworthy to do good than to do evil; this I would give signed with my name if I knew how to sign; and what I have said in this case is not out of my own head, but one of the many precepts my master Don Quixote gave me the night before I left to become governor of this island, that came into my mind, and it was this, that when there was any doubt about the justice of a case I should lean to

mercy; and it is God's will that I should recollect it now, for it fits this case as if it was made for it."

"That is true," said the major-domo; "and I maintain that Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedæmonians, could not have pronounced a better decision than the great Panza has given; let the morning's audience close with this, and I will see that the señor governor has dinner entirely to his liking."

"That's all I ask for — fair play," said Sancho; "give me my dinner, and then let it rain cases and questions on me, and I'll dispatch them in a twinkling."

The major-domo kept his word, for he felt it against his conscience to kill so wise a governor by hunger; particularly as he intended to have done with him that same night, playing off the last joke he was commissioned to practice upon him.

It came to pass, then, that after he had dined that day, in opposition to the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Tirteafuera, as they were taking away the cloth there came a courier with a letter from Don Quixote for the governor. Sancho ordered the secretary to read it to himself, and if there was nothing in it that demanded secrecy to read it aloud. The secretary did so, and after he had skimmed the contents he said, "It may well be read aloud, for what Señor Don Quixote writes to your worship deserves to be printed or written in letters of gold, and it is as follows."

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA'S LETTER TO SANCHO PANZA, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF BARATARIA.

When I was expecting to hear of thy stupidities and blunders friend Sancho, I have received intelligence of thy displays of good sense, for which I give special thanks to Heaven that can raise the poor from the dunghill and of fools to make wise men. They tell me thou dost govern as if thou wert a man, and art a man as if thou wert a beast, so great is the humility wherewith thou dost comport thyself. But I would have thee bear in mind, Sancho, that very often it is fitting and necessary for the authority of office to resist the humility of the heart; for the seemly array of one who is invested with grave duties should be such as they require and not measured by what his own humble tastes may lead him to prefer. Dress well; a stick dressed up does not look like a stick; I do not say thou shouldst wear trinkets or fine raiment, or that being a judge thou shouldst dress like a soldier, but that thou shouldst array thyself in the apparel thy office requires, and that at the same

time it be neat and handsome. To win the good will of the people thou governest there are two things, among others, that thou must do: one is to be civil to all (this, however, I told thee before) and the other to take care that food be abundant, for there is nothing that vexes the heart of the poor more than hunger and high prices. Make not many proclamations; but those thou makest take care that they be good ones, and above all that they be observed and carried out; for proclamations that are not observed are the same as if they did not exist; nay, they encourage the idea that the prince who had the wisdom and authority to make them had not the power to enforce them; and laws that threaten and are not enforced come to be like the log, the king of the frogs, that frightened them at first, but that in time they despised and mounted upon. Be a father to virtue and a stepfather to vice. Be not always strict, nor yet always lenient, but observe a mean between these two extremes, for in that is the aim of wisdom. Visit the jails, the slaughterhouses, and the market places; for the presence of the governor is of great importance in such places; it comforts the prisoners who are in hopes of a speedy release, it is the bugbear of the butchers who have then to give just weight, and it is the terror of the market women for the same reason. Let it not be seen that thou art (even if perchance thou art, which I do not believe) covetous, a follower of women, or a glutton; for when the people and those that have dealings with thee become aware of thy special weakness they will bring their batteries to bear upon thee in that quarter, till they have brought thee down to the depths of perdition. Consider and reconsider, con and con over again, the advice and the instructions I gave thee before thy departure hence to thy government, and thou wilt see that in them, if thou dost follow them, thou hast a help at hand that will lighten for thee the troubles and difficulties that beset governors at every step. Write to thy lord and lady and show thyself grateful to them, for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins we know of; and he who is grateful to those who have been good to him shows that he will be so to God also who has bestowed and still bestows so many blessings upon him.

My lady the duchess sent off a messenger with thy suit and another present to thy wife Teresa Panza; we expect the answer every moment. I have been a little indisposed through a certain cat scratching I came in for, not very much to the benefit of my nose; but it was nothing; for if there are enchanters who maltreat me, there are also some who defend me. Let me know if the major-domo who is with thee had any share in the Trifaldi performance, as thou didst suspect; and keep me informed of everything that happens to thee, as the distance is so short; all the more as I am thinking of giving over very shortly this idle life I am now lead-

ing, for I was not born for it. A thing has occurred to me which I am inclined to think will put me out of favor with the duke and duchess; but though I am sorry for it I do not care, for after all I must obey my calling rather than their pleasure, in accordance with the common saying, *amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* I quote this Latin to thee because I conclude that since thou hast been a governor thou wilt have learned it. Adieu; God keep thee from being an object of pity to any one.

Thy friend,

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA.

Sancho listened to the letter with great attention, and it was praised and considered wise by all who heard it; he then rose up from table, and calling his secretary shut himself in with him in his own room, and without putting it off any longer set about answering his master Don Quixote at once; and he bade the secretary write down what he told him without adding or suppressing anything, which he did, and the answer was to the following effect.

SANCHO PANZA'S LETTER TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA.

The pressure of business is so great upon me that I have no time to scratch my head or even to cut my nails; and I wear them so long — God send a remedy for it. I say this, master of my soul, that you may not be surprised if I have not until now sent you word of how I fare, well or ill, in this government, in which I am suffering more hunger than when we two were wandering through the woods and wastes.

My lord the duke wrote to me the other day to warn me that certain spies had got into this island to kill me; but up to the present I have not found out any except a certain doctor who receives a salary in this town for killing all the governors that come here; he is called Doctor Pedro Recio, and is from Tirteafuera; so you see what a name he has to make me dread dying under his hands. This doctor says of himself that he does not cure diseases when there are any, but prevents them coming, and the medicines he uses are diet and more diet, until he brings one down to bare bones; as if leanness was not worse than fever.

In short he is killing me with hunger, and I am dying myself of vexation; for when I thought I was coming to this government to get my meat hot and my drink cool, and take my ease between holland sheets on feather beds, I find I have come to do penance as if I was a hermit; and as I don't do it willingly I suspect that in the end the devil will carry me off.

So far I have not handled any dues or taken any bribes, and I don't know what to think of it; for here they tell me that the governors that come to this island, before entering it have plenty of money either given to them or lent to them by the people of the town, and that this is the usual custom not only here but with all who enter upon governments.

Last night going the rounds I came upon a fair damsel in man's clothes, and a brother of hers dressed as a woman; my head carver has fallen in love with the girl, and has in his own mind chosen her for a wife, so he says, and I have chosen the youth for a son-in-law; to-day we are going to explain our intentions to the father of the pair, who is one Diego de la Llana, a gentleman and an old Christian as much as you please.

I have visited the market places, as your worship advises me, and yesterday I found a stall keeper selling new hazelnuts and proved her to have mixed a bushel of old empty rotten nuts with a bushel of new; I confiscated the whole for the children of the charity school, who will know how to distinguish them well enough, and I sentenced her not to come into the market place for a fortnight; they told me I did bravely. I can tell your worship it is commonly said in this town that there are no people worse than the market women, for they are all barefaced, unconscionable, and impudent, and I can well believe it from what I have seen of them in other towns.

I am very glad my lady the duchess has written to my wife Teresa Panza and sent her the present your worship speaks of; and I will strive to show myself grateful when the time comes; kiss her hands for me, and tell her I say she has not thrown it into a sack with a hole in it, as she will see in the end. I should not like your worship to have any difference with my lord and lady, for if you fall out with them it is plain it must do me harm; and as you give me advice to be grateful it will not do for your worship not to be so yourself to those who have shown you such kindness, and by whom you have been treated so hospitably in their castle.

That about the cat scratching I don't understand; but I suppose it must be one of the ill turns the wicked enchanters are always doing your worship; when we meet I shall know all about it. I wish I could send your worship something; but I don't know what to send, unless it be some very curious clyster pipes, to work with bladders, that they make in this island; but if the office remains with me I'll find out something to send, one way or another. If my wife Teresa Panza writes to me, pay the postage and send me the letter, for I have a very great desire to hear how my house and wife and children are going on. And so, may God deliver your worship from evil-minded enchanters, and bring me well and peace-

fully out of this government, which I doubt, for I expect to take leave of it and my life together, from the way Doctor Pedro Recio treats me.

Your worship's servant,
SANCHO PANZA THE GOVERNOR.

The secretary sealed the letter, and immediately dismissed the courier; and those who were carrying on the joke against Sancho, putting their heads together, arranged how he was to be dismissed from the government. Sancho spent the afternoon in drawing up certain ordinances relating to the good government of what he fancied the island; and he ordained that there were to be no provision hucksters in the State, and that men might import wine into it from any place they pleased, provided they declared the quarter it came from, so that a price might be put upon it according to its quality, reputation, and the estimation it was held in; and he that watered his wine, or changed the name, was to forfeit his life for it. He reduced the prices of all manner of shoes, boots, and stockings, but of shoes in particular, as they seemed to him to run extravagantly high. He established a fixed rate for servants' wages, which were becoming recklessly exorbitant. He laid extremely heavy penalties upon those who sang lewd or loose songs either by day or night. He decreed that no blind man should sing of any miracle in verse, unless he could produce authentic evidence that it was true, for it was his opinion that most of those the blind men sing are trumped up, to the detriment of the true ones. He established and created an alguacil of the poor, not to harass them, but to examine them and see whether they really were so; for many a sturdy thief or drunkard goes about under cover of a make-believe crippled limb or a sham sore. In a word, he made so many good rules that to this day they are preserved there, and are called *The constitutions of the great governor Sancho Panza*. . . .

And now, lo and behold the page who had carried the letters and presents to Teresa Panza, the wife of the governor Sancho, entered the hall; and the duke and duchess were very well pleased to see him, being anxious to know the result of his journey; but when they asked him the page said in reply that he could not give it before so many people or in a few words, and begged their excellencies to be pleased to let it wait for a private opportunity, and in the mean time amuse themselves with these let-

ters; and taking out the letters he placed them in the duchess' hand. One bore by way of address, *Letter for my lady the Duchess So-and-so, of I don't know where;* and the other, *To my husband Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria, whom God prosper longer than me.* The duchess' bread would not bake, as the saying is, until she had read her letter; and having looked over it herself and seen that it might be read aloud for the duke and all present to hear, she read out as follows: —

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO THE DUCHESS.

The letter your highness wrote me, my lady, gave me great pleasure, for indeed I found it very welcome. The string of coral beads is very fine, and my husband's hunting suit does not fall short of it. All this village is very much pleased that your ladyship has made a governor of my good man Sancho; though nobody will believe it, particularly the curate, and Master Nicholas the barber, and the bachelor Samson Carrasco; but I don't care for that, for so long as it is true, as it is, they may all say what they like; though, to tell the truth, if the coral beads and the suit had not come I would not have believed it either; for in this village everybody thinks my husband a numskull, and except for governing a flock of goats, they cannot fancy what sort of government he can be fit for. God grant it, and direct him according as he sees his children stand in need of it. I am resolved with your worship's leave, lady of my soul, to make the most of this fair day, and go to Court to stretch myself at ease in a coach, and make all those I have envying me already burst their eyes out; so I beg your excellence to order my husband to send me a small trifle of money, and to let it be something to speak of, because one's expenses are heavy at the Court; for a loaf costs a real, and meat thirty maravedis a pound, which is beyond everything; and if he does not want me to go let him tell me in time, for my feet are on the fidgets to be off; and my friends and neighbors tell me that if my daughter and I make a figure and a brave show at Court, my husband will come to be known far more by me than I by him, for of course plenty of people will ask, "Who are those ladies in that coach?" and some servant of mine will answer, "The wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria;" and in this way Sancho will become known, and I'll be thought well of, and "to Rome for everything." I am as vexed as vexed can be that they have gathered no acorns this year in our village; for all that I send your highness about half a peck that I went to the wood to gather and pick out one by one myself, and I could find no bigger ones; I wish they were as big as ostrich eggs.

Let not your high mightiness forget to write to me; and I will take care to answer, and let you know how I am, and whatever news there may be in this place, where I remain, praying our Lord to have your highness in his keeping and not to forget me.

Sancha, my daughter, and my son, kiss your worship's hands.

She who would rather see your ladyship than write to you,

Your servant,

TERESA PANZA.

All were greatly amused by Teresa Panza's letter, but particularly the duke and duchess; and the duchess asked Don Quixote's opinion whether they might open the letter that had come for the governor, which she suspected must be very good. Don Quixote said that to gratify them he would open it, and did so, and found that it ran as follows: —

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO HER HUSBAND SANCHO PANZA.

I got thy letter, Sancho of my soul, and I promise thee and swear as a Catholic Christian that I was within two fingers' breadth of going mad, I was so happy. I can tell thee, brother, when I came to hear that thou wert a governor I thought I should have dropped dead with pure joy; and thou knowest they say sudden joy kills as well as great sorrow; and as for Sanchica thy daughter, she leaked from sheer happiness. I had before me the suit thou didst send me, and the coral beads my lady the duchess sent me round my neck, and the letters in my hands, and there was the bearer of them standing by, and in spite of all this I verily believed and thought that what I saw and handled was all a dream; for who could have thought that a goatherd would come to be a governor of islands? Thou knowest, my friend, what my mother used to say, that one must live long to see much; I say it because I expect to see more if I live longer; for I don't expect to stop until I see thee a farmer of taxes or a collector of revenue, which are offices where, though the devil carries off those who make a bad use of them, still they make and handle money. My lady the duchess will tell thee the desire I have to go to the Court; consider the matter and let me know thy pleasure; I will try to do honor to thee by going in a coach.

Neither the curate, nor the barber, nor the bachelor, nor even the sacristan, can believe that thou art a governor, and they say the whole thing is a delusion or an enchantment affair, like everything belonging to thy master Don Quixote; and Samson says he must go in search of thee and drive the government out of thy head and the madness out of Don Quixote's skull; I only laugh, and look at my

string of beads, and plan out the dress I am going to make for our daughter out of thy suit. I sent some acorns to my lady the duchess; I wish they had been gold. Send me some strings of pearls if they are in fashion in that island. Here is the news of the village: La Berrueca has married her daughter to a good-for-nothing painter, who came here to paint anything that might turn up. The council gave him an order to paint his Majesty's arms over the door of the townhall; he asked two ducats, which they paid him in advance; he worked for eight days, and at the end of them had nothing painted, and then said he had no turn for painting such trifling things; he returned the money, and for all that has married on the pretense of being a good workman; to be sure he has now laid aside his paint brush and taken a spade in hand, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro Lobo's son has received the first orders and tonsure, with the intention of becoming a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's granddaughter, found it out, and has gone to law with him on the score of having given her promise of marriage. Evil tongues say she is with child by him, but he denies it stoutly. There are no olives this year, and there is not a drop of vinegar to be had in the whole village. A company of soldiers passed through here; when they left they took away with them three of the girls of the village; I will not tell thee who they are; perhaps they will come back, and they will be sure to find those who will take them for wives with all their blemishes, good or bad. Sanchica is making bone lace; she earns eight maravedis a day clear, which she puts into a money box as a help towards house furnishing; but now that she is a governor's daughter thou wilt give her a portion without her working for it. The fountain in the plaza has run dry. A flash of lightning struck the gibbet, and I wish they all lit there. I look for an answer to this, and to know thy mind about my going to the Court; and so, God keep thee longer than me, or as long, for I would not leave thee in this world without me.

Thy wife,

TERESA PANZA.

The letters were applauded, laughed over, relished, and admired; and then, as if to put the seal to the business, the courier arrived, bringing the one Sancho sent to Don Quixote, and this, too, was read out, and it raised some doubts as to the governor's simplicity. The duchess withdrew to hear from the page about his adventures in Sancho's village, which he narrated at full length without leaving a single circumstance unmentioned. He gave her the acorns, and also a cheese which Teresa had given him as being particularly good and superior

to those of Tronchon. The duchess received it with greatest delight, in which we will leave her, to describe the end of the government of the great Sancho Panza, flower and mirror of all governors of islands.

Of the Troublous End and Termination Sancho Panza's Government came to.

To fancy that in this life anything belonging to it will remain forever in the same state, is an idle fancy; on the contrary, in it everything seems to go in a circle, I mean round and round. The spring succeeds the summer, the summer the fall, the fall the autumn, the autumn the winter, and the winter the spring, and so time rolls with never-ceasing wheel. Man's life alone, swifter than time, speeds onward to its end without any hope of renewal, save it be in that other life which is endless and boundless. Thus saith Cid Hamet the Mahometan philosopher; for there are many that by the light of nature alone, without the light of faith, have a comprehension of the fleeting nature and instability of this present life and the endless duration of that eternal life we hope for; but our author is here speaking of the rapidity with which Sancho's government came to an end, melted away, disappeared, vanished as it were in smoke and shadow. For as he lay in bed on the night of the seventh day of his government, sated, not with bread and wine, but with delivering judgments and giving opinions and making laws and proclamations, just as sleep, in spite of hunger, was beginning to close his eyelids, he heard such a noise of bell ringing and shouting that one would have fancied the whole island was going to the bottom. He sat up in bed and remained listening intently to try if he could make out what could be the cause of so great an uproar; not only, however, was he unable to discover what it was, but as countless drums and trumpets now helped to swell the din of the bells and shouts, he was more puzzled than ever, and filled with fear and terror; and getting up he put on a pair of slippers because of the dampness of the floor, and without throwing a dressing gown or anything of the kind over him he rushed out of the door of his room, just in time to see approaching along a corridor a band of more than twenty persons with lighted torches and naked swords in their hands, all shouting out, "To arms, to arms, señor governor, to

arms! The enemy is in the island in countless numbers, and we are lost unless your skill and valor come to our support."

Keeping up this noise, tumult, and uproar, they came to where Sancho stood dazed and bewildered by what he saw and heard, and as they approached one of them called out to him, "Arm at once, your lordship, if you would not have yourself destroyed and the whole island lost."

"What have I to do with arming?" said Sancho. "What do I know about arms or supports? Better leave all that to my master Don Quixote, who will settle it and make all safe in a trice; for I, sinner that I am, God help me, don't understand these scuffles."

"Ah, señor governor," said another, "what slackness of mettle this is! Arm yourself; here are arms for you, offensive and defensive; come out to the plaza and be our leader and captain; it falls upon you by right to be so, for you are our governor."

"Arm me then, in God's name," said Sancho, and they at once produced two large shields they had come provided with, and placed them upon him over his shirt, without letting him put on anything else, one shield in front and the other behind; and passing his arms through openings they had made, they bound him tight with ropes, so that there he was walled and boarded up as straight as a spindle and unable to bend his knees or stir a single step. In his hand they placed a lance, on which he leant to keep himself from falling, and as soon as they had him thus fixed, they bade him march forward and lead them on and give them all courage; for with him for their guide and lamp and morning star, they were sure to bring their business to a successful issue.

"How am I to march, unlucky being that I am?" said Sancho, "when I can't stir my kneecaps, for these boards I have bound so tight to my body won't let me. What you must do is to carry me in your arms, and lay me across or set me upright in some postern, and I'll hold it either with this lance or with my body."

"On, señor governor!" cried another, "it is fear more than the boards that keeps you from moving; make haste, stir yourself, for there is no time to lose; the enemy is increasing in numbers, the shouts grow louder, and the danger is pressing."

Urged by these exhortations and reproaches the poor governor made an attempt to advance, but fell to the ground with

such a crash that he fancied he had broken himself all to pieces. There he lay like a tortoise inclosed in its shell, or a side of bacon between two kneading troughs, or a boat bottom up on the beach; nor did the gang of jokers feel any compassion for him when they saw him down; so far from that, extinguishing their torches they began to shout afresh and to renew the calls to arms with such energy, trampling on poor Sancho, and slashing at him over the shield with their swords in such a way that, if he had not gathered himself together and made himself small and drawn in his head between the shields, it would have fared badly with the poor governor, as, squeezed into that narrow compass, he lay, sweating and sweating again, and commending himself with all his heart to God to deliver him from his present peril. Some stumbled over him, others fell upon him, and one there was who took up a position on top of him for some time, and from thence as if from a watchtower issued orders to the troops, shouting out, "Here, our side! Here the enemy is thickest! Hold the breach there! Shut that gate! Barricade those ladders! Here with your stinkpots of pitch and resin, and kettles of boiling oil! Block the streets with feather beds!" In short, in his ardor he mentioned every little thing, and every implement and engine of war by means of which an assault upon a city is warded off, while the bruised and battered Sancho, who heard and suffered all, was saying to himself, "O if it would only please the Lord to let the island be lost at once, and I could see myself either dead or out of this torture!" Heaven heard his prayer, and when he least expected it he heard voices exclaiming, "Victory, victory! The enemy retreats beaten! Come, señor governor, get up, and come and enjoy the victory, and divide the spoils that have been won from the foe by the might of that invincible arm."

"Lift me up," said the wretched Sancho, in a woe-begone voice. They helped him to rise, and as soon as he was on his feet he said, "The enemy I have beaten you may nail to my forehead; I don't want to divide the spoils of the foe, I only beg and entreat some friend, if I have one, to give me a sup of wine, for I'm parched with thirst, and wipe me dry, for I'm turning to water."

They rubbed him down, fetched him wine, and unbound the shields, and he seated himself upon his bed, and with fear, agitation, and fatigue he fainted away. Those who had been concerned in the joke were now sorry they had pushed it so

far; however, the anxiety his fainting away had caused them was relieved by his returning to himself. He asked what o'clock it was; they told him it was just daybreak. He said no more, and in silence began to dress himself, while all watched him, waiting to see what the haste with which he was putting on his clothes meant.

He got himself dressed at last, and then, slowly, for he was sorely bruised and could not go fast, he proceeded to the stable, followed by all who were present, and going up to Dapple embraced him and gave him a loving kiss on the forehead, and said to him, not without tears in his eyes, "Come along, comrade and friend and partner of my toils and sorrows; when I was with you and had no cares to trouble me except mending your harness and feeding your little carcass, happy were my hours, my days, and my years; but since I left you, and mounted the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand troubles, and four thousand anxieties have entered into my soul;" and all the while he was speaking in this strain he was fixing the pack saddle on the ass, without a word from any one. Then having Dapple saddled, he, with great pain and difficulty, got up on him, and addressing himself to the major-domo, the secretary, the head carver, and Pedro Recio the doctor, and several others who stood by, he said, "Make way, gentlemen, and let me go back to my old freedom; let me go look for my past life, and raise myself up from this present death. I was not born to be a governor or protect islands or cities from the enemies that choose to attack them. Plowing and digging, vine dressing and pruning, are more in my way than defending provinces or kingdoms. Saint Peter is very well at Rome; I mean each of us is best following the trade he was born to. A reaping hook fits my hand better than a governor's scepter; I'd rather have my fill of gazpacho than be subject to the misery of a meddling doctor who kills me with hunger, and I'd rather lie in summer under the shade of an oak, and in winter wrap myself in a double sheepskin jacket in freedom, than go to bed between holland sheets and dress in sables under the restraint of a government. God be with your worships, and tell my lord the duke that 'naked I was born, naked I find myself, I neither lose nor gain;' I mean that without a farthing I came into this government, and without a farthing I go out of it, very different from the way governors commonly leave other islands. Stand aside and let me go; I have to plaster myself, for I be-

lieve every one of my ribs is crushed, thanks to the enemies that have been trampling over me to-night."

"That is unnecessary, señor governor," said Doctor Recio, "for I will give your worship a draught against falls and bruises that will soon make you as sound and strong as ever; and as for your diet I promise your worship to behave better, and let you eat plentifully of whatever you like."

"You speak late," said Sancho. "I'd as soon turn Turk as stay any longer. Those jokes won't pass a second time. By God, I'd as soon remain in this government, or take another, even if it was offered me between two plates, as fly to heaven without wings. I am of the breed of the Panzas, and they are every one of them obstinate, and if they once say 'odds,' odds it must be, no matter if it is evens, in spite of all the world. Here in this stable I leave the ant's wings that lifted me up into the air for the swifts and other birds to eat me, and let's take to level ground and our feet once more; and if they're not shod in pinked shoes of cordovan, they won't want for rough sandals of hemp; 'every ewe to her like,' and 'let no one stretch his leg beyond the length of the sheet;' and now let me pass, for it's growing late with me."

To this the major-domo said, "Señor governor, we would let your worship go with all our hearts, though it sorely grieves us to lose you, for your wit and Christian conduct naturally make us regret you; but it is well known that every governor, before he leaves the place where he has been governing, is bound first of all to render an account. Let your worship do so for the ten days you have held the government, and then you may go and the peace of God go with you."

"No one can demand it of me," said Sancho, "but he whom my lord the duke shall appoint; I am going to meet him, and to him I will render an exact one; besides, when I go forth naked as I do, there is no other proof needed to show that I have governed like an angel."

"By God, the great Sancho is right," said Doctor Recio, "and it is my opinion we should let him go, for the duke will be beyond measure glad to see him."

They all agreed to this, and allowed him to go, first offering to bear him company and furnish him with all he wanted for his own comfort or for the journey. Sancho said he did not want anything more than a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself; for the distance being so

short there was no occasion for any better or bulkier provant. They all embraced him, and he with tears embraced all of them, and left them filled with admiration not only at his remarks but at his firm and sensible resolution.

SONNETS OF LOPÉ DE VEGA.

TRANSLATED BY LONGFELLOW.

[LOPE DE VEGA (Lope Felix de Vega Carpio), the famous Spanish dramatist and poet, was born at Madrid on the 25th of November, 1562. He went to the Jesuits' college of Madrid and the University of Alcalá, after which he was attached to the service of the Bishop of Avila and the Duke of Alva. In 1588 he joined the Armada, and while at sea wrote the poem entitled "Angelica." He entered the Church about 1612, and took priest's orders (1614). He died at Madrid, August 27, 1635. Vega was the idol of his contemporaries, and his popularity outside of Spain was almost as remarkable. One of the most prolific authors in the history of literature, he wrote, according to a conservative estimate, eighteen hundred three-act plays, besides hundreds of "autos," several long epic poems, prose romances, religious pastorals, dramatic interludes, etc. Of his four hundred and fifty printed plays may be mentioned: "The Star of Seville," his chief work; "The Gardener's Dog"; "Love and Honor"; "Cavalier of Olmedo."]

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD! that with thine amorous, sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber which encompassed me, —
That mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful from the mountains.
Hear, Shepherd! — thou who for thy flock art dying,
O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
O, wait! — to thee my weary soul is crying, —
Wait for me! — Yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt waiting still for me!

TO-MORROW.

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, — that thou didst wait,

Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion! — that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still, "To-morrow."

THE ALGUAZIL: A VISION.

By Don FRANCISCO QUEVEDO.

[Francisco de Quevedo y Villegas, the chief of Spanish satirists, was born at Madrid in 1580, son to the secretary of Philip II.'s fourth wife, Anne of Austria. Early orphaned, and a precocious scholar, he studied all known science and letters at the University of Alcala, and had a great European reputation at twenty-one. Living at court under the corrupt régime of the Duke of Lerma, Philip III.'s master, its license and shamelessness disgusted him into lashing all society in his "Dreams" (1607–1608), followed by "The World as it is" (1612), "Review of Witticisms" (1622), and other like productions. Becoming secretary to Giron, Duke of Osuna, he learned politics, and wrote several political works, the chief being "The Policy of God, and the Government of Christ." The duke's fall in 1620 caused Quevedo's exile to New Castile (Colombia), where he had lands; but on Philip IV.'s accession, in 1621, Olivares recalled him and gave him an office at court, where his vast knowledge, experience in affairs, and wit, made him the literary dictator of Spain and a privileged person, a sort of Voltaire without the ban of Church or State, satirizing everything without curb, and in varied literary forms, prose and verse. Besides this, he wrote a comic novel, "Don Pablo of Segovia," of the class of "Lazarillo" and "Guzman"; a dissertation on Job; translations and verses without number. But in December 1639, an anonymous attack on Olivares, which hastened the minister's ruin but left him three years for vengeance, gained Quevedo a dungeon till the minister's fall in January, 1643; his health was fatally undermined, and he died in 1645. His reputation rests on the "Dreams," visions of visits to hell: Byron signed his "Vision of Judgment" "Quevedo Redivivus."]

As I was going a few days since to a convent in this city to hear mass, I saw a prodigious multitude of people endeavoring

to get in, but I was told the gate was locked. A gentleman informed me, upon inquiring the reason of it, that a demoniac was to be exorcised. This made me as curious as the rest; but I was not more successful than they were, and therefore resolved to go home again. As I went along, an acquaintance met me who belonged to the same convent; and he, perceiving my curiosity, having been told the same news that I had, bade me go with him, and he would gain me admittance. Accordingly, going to a little back door, by showing a ticket he had, we both obtained entrance into the church, and from thence into the vestry. The first thing we beheld was a terrible looking fellow, all in rags, with a tippet about his neck, his hands tied behind his back, and roaring like a bull.

"Heaven preserve us," cried I, at the same time crossing myself, "what is the matter with the man?"

"Why," answered the reverend father who was to perform the operation, "he is possessed with a devil."

"That is an execrable falsehood," exclaimed the spirit that troubled him: "it is not a man possessed with a devil, but a devil possessed with a man: therefore you ought to be more careful of what you say; for it is very obvious, both by the question and answer, that you are a parcel of idiots. For, to tell you the truth, we devils never enter into the body of a catchpoll but by compulsion; and therefore you should not say a catchpoll be-deviled, but a devil be-catchpolled. And to give you your due, you men can deal better with us devils than with the catchpolls; for they make use of the cross to cover their villainy, whereas we do all in our power to avoid it.

"If we are so different in our humors, yet we act pretty much alike in our offices; if we draw men into judgment and condemnation, so do catchpolls; we are desirous of the world's becoming more and more wicked, so are they; nay, and much more so than us, for they maintain their families by it, whereas we do it only for the sake of company. And in this, catchpolls are worse than devils; they prey upon their own species, and worry one another, which we never do. For our parts, we are angels still, though black ones; and were turned into devils only for aspiring at an equality with our Creator: whereas, the corruption of mankind is the generation of a catchpoll. So that, my good father, your labor is to no purpose in plying this wretch with *reliques;* for you may as soon redeem a soul from hell, as a prey out of his hands."

It very much astonished me to find the devil so great a sophister: but notwithstanding all this, the holy man went on with his exorcism; and to stop the spirit's mouth, washed his face with holy water: this made the demoniac ten times madder than before, and set him a roaring so horridly that it deafened the company, and made the very walls shake. "And now," says he, "you may perchance imagine this extravagance to be the effect of your holy water; but let me tell you that mere water would have done the same thing: for your catchpolls hate nothing in the world like water; especially that of a King's-Bench pump."

"Come, come," says the father: "there is no ear nor credit to be given to this rascal; set but his tongue at liberty, and you shall have him fall foul upon the government, and the ministers of justice, for keeping the world in order, and suppressing wickedness, because it spoils his market."

"No more chopping of logic, good Mr. Conjurer," says the devil, "for there is more in it than you are aware of: if you will do a poor devil a good office, give me my dispatch out of this wretched Alguazil; for I am a devil, you must know, of no small note, and shall never be able to endure the jests and affronts that will be put upon me at my return for having kept this rascal company."

"All in good time," replied the father, "thou shalt have thy discharge; that is to say, in pity to this unhappy wretch, and not for thy own sake. But tell me first, what makes thee torment him thus?"

"Nothing in the world," answered the devil, "but a contest betwixt him and me, which was the greater devil of the two."

The reverend father did not at all relish these wild and malicious replies; but to me the dialogue was very pleasant, especially being, by this time, a little familiarized with the demon. "My good father," said I, "here are none but friends, and I may speak to you as my confessor, and the confidant of all the secrets of my soul; I am very desirous, with your leave, to ask the devil a few questions; and who knows but a man may be the better for his answers, though very probably contrary to his intention? Keep him only, in the mean time, from tormenting this poor creature."

The exorcist granted my request, and the spirit went on. "Well," says he, smiling, "the devil shall never want a friend

at court, so long as there is a poet within the walls. And indeed, the poets do us many a good turn, both by pimping and otherwise; but if you," said he, "should not be kind to us" (looking upon me), "you will be thought very ungrateful, considering the honor of your entertainment now in hell."

I asked him then, what store of poets they had.

"Prodigious numbers," says the devil; "so many that we have been forced to make more room for them, nor is there anything in nature so pleasant as a poet in the first year of his probation: he comes laden with letters of recommendation to our superiors, and inquires very gravely for Charon, Cerberus, Rhadamanthus, Æacus, and Minos."

"Well," said I, "but in what manner are they punished?" for I began now to make the poets' case my own.

"Their punishments," replied the devil, "are many, and suited to the trade they drive. Some are condemned to hear other men's works; and this is the plague of the fiddlers too. We have others that are in for a thousand years, and yet still poring upon some old stanza they have made on their mistress. Some again are beating their foreheads with the palms of their hands, and even boring their very noses with hot irons, in rage that they cannot come to a resolution whether they shall say 'face' or 'visage'; whether they shall say 'jail' or 'gaol'; whether 'cony' or 'cunny,' because it comes from *cuniculus*, a 'rabbit.' Others are biting their nails to the quick, and at their wits' end for a rhyme for 'chimney'; and dozing up and down in a brown study, till they drop into some hole at last, and give us trouble enough to get them out again. But they that suffer the most, and fare the worst, are your comic poets, for w—ing so many queens and princesses upon the stage, and coupling ladies of honor with footmen, and noblemen with common jilts, in the winding up of their plays; and for giving the bastinado to Alexander and Julius Cæsar in their interludes and farces. Now I must tell you that we do not lodge these with other poets, but with pettifoggers and attorneys, as common dealers in the mystery of shifting, shuffling, forging, and cheating.

"And now for the discipline of hell: you must know we have incomparable harbingers and quartermasters; insomuch, that let them come in whole caravans, as it happened the other day, every man is in his quarter in a moment.

"There came to us a great many tradesmen; the first of them a poor rogue, that made profession of drawing the long-

bow: and him we were about to put among the armorers, but one of the company moved and carried it, that since he was so good at draft, he might be sent to the clerks and scriveners; a sort of people that will fit you with drafts, good and bad, of all sorts and sizes, and to all purposes. Another called himself a cutter: we asked him, whether in wood or stone? 'Neither,' said he, 'but in cloth and stuff, commonly called a tailor;' — and him we turned over to those that were in for detraction and calumny, and for cutting large thongs cut out of other men's leather. There was a blind fellow would fain have been among the poets, but for likeliness' sake we quartered him among the lovers. After him came a sexton, or, as he styled himself, a burier of the dead; and then a cook that was troubled in conscience for putting off cats for hares: these were dispatched away to the pastrymen. We disposed of about half a dozen crack-brained fools among the astrologers and alchemists. In the number there was one notorious murderer, and him we packed away to the gentlemen of the faculty, the physicians. The broken merchants we kenneled with Judas, for making ill bargains. Corrupt ministers and magistrates, with the thief on the left hand. The embroilers of affairs, and the talebearers, take up with the vintners; and the brokers with the Jews. In short, the policy of hell is admirable, where every man has his place suitable to his rank."

"As I remember," said I, "you were just now speaking of lovers; pray tell, have ye many of them in your dominions? I ask, because I am myself a little subject to the itch of love, as well as poetry."

"Love," says the devil, "is like a great spot of oil, that diffuses itself everywhere, and consequently hell cannot but be sufficiently stocked with that sort of vermin. But let me tell you, we have many kinds of lovers; some dote upon themselves; others upon their pelf; these upon their own discourses; those upon their own actions; and once in an age, perchance, comes a fellow that dotes upon his own wife: but this is a great rarity, for the jades commonly bring their husbands to repentance, and then the devil may throw his cap at them. But above all, for sport, if there can be any in hell, commend me to those gaudy coxcombs, who, by the variety of colors and ribands they wear, —favors, as they call them, — one would swear they were only dressed up for a sample or kind of inventory of all the gewgaws that are to be had at the

mercers. Others you shall have so overcharged with peruque, that you will not easily know the head of a cavalier from the ordinary block of a tire-woman. And some again you would take for carriers, by their packs and bundles of love letters; which being made combustible by the fire and flame they treat of, we are so thrifty of, as to employ upon singeing their own tails, for the saving of better fuel. But, oh! the pleasant postures of the maiden lover, when he is upon the practice of the gentle leer, and embracing the air for his mistress! Others we have that are condemned for fingering, and yet never coming to the scratch: these pass for a kind of buffoon pretenders; ever at the eve, but never at the festival. Some again have ruined themselves, like Judas, for a kiss.

"One story lower is the abode of contented cuckolds; a poisonous place, and strewed all over with the horns of rams and bulls. These are so well read in women, and know their destiny so well beforehand, that they never so much as trouble their heads for the matter.

"Ye come next to the admirers of old women; and these are wretches of so depraved an appetite that if they were not kept tied up, and in chains, the very devils themselves could not resist them. The truth is, whatever you may think of a devil, he is regarded by them as a very Adonis.

"Thus far I have satisfied your curiosity; a word now for your instruction. If you would make an interest in hell, you must give over that roguish way you have got of abusing the devils in your shows, pictures, and emblems: at one time, for instance, we are painted with claws or talons, like eagles or griffins; at another, we are dressed up with tails, like so many hackney-jades with their fly-flaps; and now and then ye shall see a devil with a cockscomb. Now I will not deny but some of us may, indeed, be very well taken for hermits and philosophers. If you can help us in this point, do; and we shall be ready to do you one good turn for another. I was asking Michael Angelo here a while ago, why he drew the devils in his great piece of the 'Last Judgment' with so many monkey faces, and merry-andrew postures. His answer was, that he followed his fancy without any malice in the world, for as then he had never seen any devils, nor indeed did he believe that there were any — but he hath now learned the contrary, to his cost. There is another thing, too, we take extremely ill; which is, that in your ordinary discourses you

are out with your purse presently to every rascal, and call him devil. As for example: 'Do you see how this devil of a tailor has spoiled my clothes?' 'how that devil has made me wait?' 'how that devil has cheated me?' etc. All this is very ill done, and no small disparagement to our quality, to be ranked with tailors: a company of slaves, that serve us in hell only for brushwood, and are obliged to beg hard to be admitted on any condition; though I confess they have possession on their sides, and custom, which is another law: being in possession of theft, and stolen goods, they make much more conscience of keeping your stuffs than your holidays, grumbling and domineering at every turn, if they have not the same respect with the children of the family. Ye have another trick, too, of giving everything to the devil that displeases you, which we cannot but take very unkindly. 'The devil take thee,' says one: an excellent present, I warrant ye; but the devil has somewhat else to do than to take and carry away all that is given him: if they will come of themselves, let them come, and welcome. Another gives that rascal of a valet to the devil; but the devil will have none of your valets, he thanks you for your love: a pack of rogues, that are for the most part worse than devils; and, to say the truth, they are good neither roast nor sodden. 'I give that Italian to the devil,' cries a third: thank you for nothing; for ye shall have an Italian will trick the devil himself, and take him by the nose like mustard. Some, again, will be for giving a Spaniard to the devil; but he has been so cruel whenever he has got footing that we had rather have his room than his company, and make a present to the Grand Signior of his nutmegs."

Here the devil paused: and in the same instant, there happening a slight scuffle betwixt a couple of conceited coxcombs, which should go foremost, I turned to see the matter, and cast my eye upon a certain taxgatherer that had ruined a friend of mine; and, in some sort to revenge myself of this ass in a lion's skin, I asked the devil whether they had not that sort of bloodsuckers among the rest in their dominions, — an informing, projecting generation of men, and the very bane of a kingdom.

"You know little," says he, "if you do not know these vermin to be the right heirs of perdition, and that they claim hell for their inheritance: and yet we are now even upon the point of discarding them; for they are so pragmatical and ungrateful

that there is no bearing them. They are at this present time in consultation about an impost upon the highway to hell; and indeed, payments run so high already, and are so likely to increase too, that it is much feared in the end we shall quite lose our trading and commerce. But if ever they come to put this in execution, we shall be so bold as to treat them next bout, by keeping them on the wrong side of the door, which will be worse than hell to them; for it leaves them no retreat, being expelled Paradise and Purgatory already."

"This race of vipers," said I, "will never be quiet, till they tax the way to Heaven itself."

"Oh," replied the devil, "that had been done long since, if they had found it worth their trouble; but they have had a factor abroad these ten years, that is glad to wipe his nose on his sleeve still, for want of a handkerchief."

"But pray, upon what do they design to levy these new impositions?"

"For that," answered the devil, "there is a gentleman of the trade at your elbow can tell you all": pointing to my old friend the publican.

This drew the eyes of the whole company upon him, and put him so out of countenance, that he plucked down his hat over his face, clapped his tail between his legs, and went his way, with which we were all of us well enough pleased; and then the devil continued.

"Well," said he, laughing, "my voucher is departed, you see; but I think I can say as much to this point as himself. The impositions now to be set on foot are upon barenecked ladies, patches, mole-skins, Spanish paper, and all the unnecessary part of the effeminate world; upon your capes *à-la-mode*, excess in apparel, collations, rich furniture, your cheating and blasphemy, your gaining ordinaries, and in general, upon whatsoever serves to advance our empire: so that, without a friend at court, or some good magistrate to help us out at a dead lift, and stick to us, we may even shut up our shop, for you will find hell a very desert."

"Well," said I, "methinks I see nothing in all this but what is very reasonable; for to what purpose serves it, but to corrupt good manners, stir up ill appetites, provoke and encourage all sorts of debauchery, destroy all that is good and honorable in human society, and chalk out, in effect, the ready way to the devil! I heard you mention something just now of magistrates: I hope there are no judges in hell?"

"You may as well imagine," cried the spirit, "that there are no devils there: let me tell you, friend of mine, your corrupt judges are the great spawners that supply our lake; for what are those millions of catchpolls, proctors, attorneys, clerks, and barristers, that come sailing to us every day in shoals, but the fry of such judges? Nay, sometimes, in a lucky year, for cheating, forging, and forswearing, we can hardly find room to put them in."

"Do you mean to infer from hence now," said I, "that there is no justice upon earth?"

"Very right," quoth the devil, "for Astræa, which is the same thing, is long since fled to heaven. Do not you know the story?"

"Indeed," replied I, "I do not."

"Then," quoth the devil, "I will tell it you: —

"'It once happened, that Truth and Justice came together to take up their quarters upon earth; but the one being naked, and the other very severe and plain-dealing, they could not meet with anybody that would receive them. At last, when they had wandered a long time, like vagabonds, in the open air, Truth was glad to take up her lodging with a mute; and Justice, perceiving that though her name was much used as a cloak to knavery, yet that she herself was in no esteem, took up a resolution of returning to heaven. Before she departed, she bid adieu, in the first place, to all courts, palaces, and great cities, and went into the country, where she met with some few poor simple cottagers; but Malice and Persecution at last discovered her, and she was banished thence too. She next presented herself in many places, and people asked her what she was: she answered them, "Justice"; for she would not lie for the world. "Justice!" cried they, "we know nothing of her: tell her, here is nothing for her, and shut the door." Upon these repulses she took wing, and away she went to heaven, hardly leaving so much as the bare print of her footsteps behind. Her name, however, is not yet forgotten; and she is pictured with a sceptre in her hand, and still called Justice.'

"But give her what name you please, she makes as good a figure in hell as a tailor; and, for sleight of hand, puts down all the jilts, cheats, picklocks, and trepanners in the world: to say the truth, avarice is grown to that height, that men employ all the faculties of soul and body to rob and deceive. The lecher, does not he steal away the honor of his mistress, though

with her consent? The attorney picks your pocket, and shows you a law for it. The comedian gets your money and your time by reciting other men's labors; the lover cozens you with his eyes; the eloquent man with his tongue; the valiant with his arms; the musician with his voice and fingers; the astrologer with his calculations; the apothecary with sickness and health; the surgeon with blood; and the physician with death itself. In some sort or other they are all cheats: but the catchpoll, in the name of Justice, abuses you with his whole man; he watches you with his eyes, follows you with his feet, seizes with his hands, accuses with his tongue; and in fine, put it in your Litany, 'From catchpolls as well as devils, good Lord, deliver us.'"

"What is the reason," cried I, "that you have not coupled women with the thieves? for they are both of a trade."

"Not a word of women, as you love me," replied the devil; "for we are so tired out with their importunities, so deafened with the eternal clack of their tongues, that we start at the very thought of them: and to speak sincerely, hell were no ill winter quarters, if it were not so overstocked with that sort of cattle. Since the death of the witch of Endor, it has been all their business to improve themselves in subtlety and malice, and to set us together by the ears among ourselves. Nay, some of them are so bold as to tell us, that when we have done our worst, they give us a Rowland for our Oliver. Only this comfort we have, that they are a cheaper plague to us than they are to you; for we have no public walks, concerts, or playhouses in our territories, where they can go astray." . . .

"I am very well satisfied," said I, "with all your answers; but pray, once again, what store of beggars have you in hell? poor people, I mean."

"Poor?" cried the devil: "who are they?"

"Those," said I, "that have no possessions in the world."

"How can that be," quoth he, "that those should be damned that have nothing in the world, when men are only damned for what they possess? To tell you the truth, I find none of their names in our books, which is no wonder; for he that has nothing to trust to, shall be left by the devil himself, in time of need. To deal plainly with you, where have you greater devils than your flatterers, false friends, lewd company, and envious persons? than a son, a brother, or a relation that lies in wait for your life to get your fortune; that mourns over

you in your sickness, and already wishes that the devil had you? Now the poor have nothing of this: they are neither flattered nor envied; nor befriended, nor accompanied; there is no gaping for their possessions: and in short, they are a sort of people that live well, and die better; and there are some of them that would not exchange their rags for royalty itself. They are at liberty to go and come when they please, be it war or peace; free from cares, taxes, and public duties. They fear no judgments or executions, but live as inviolable as if their persons were sacred. They take no thought for to-morrow; but setting a just value on their hours, they are good husbands of the present: considering that what is past is as good as dead, and what is to come uncertain. But they say, 'When the devil preaches, the world is near an end.'"

"The divine hand is in this," cried the reverend father that performed the exorcism: "thou art the father of lies, and yet deliverest truths able to mollify and convert a heart of stone."

"Do not you mistake yourself," said the devil, "to suppose that your conversion is my business. I speak these truths to aggravate your guilt, and that you may not plead ignorance another day, when you shall be called to answer for your transgressions. It is true, most of you shed tears at parting; but it is the apprehension of death, and not true repentance, that works upon you; for you are all a pack of hypocrites: or if at any time you entertain those reflections, your trouble is, that your body will not be able to answer your appetites; and then you pretend to pick a quarrel with the sin that forsakes you."

"Thou art an impostor," replied the exorcist, "for there are many righteous souls that draw their sorrow from another fountain. But I perceive you have a mind to amuse us, and make us lose time; and perchance, your own hour is not yet come, to quit the body of this miserable creature: however, I conjure thee, in the name of the Most High, to leave tormenting him, and to hold thy peace."

The devil obeyed; and the good father, turning to us, "My friends," says he, "though I verily believe that it is the devil who has talked to us all the while, through the organs of this miserable wretch, yet he that sincerely considers what has been said may profit by the discourse. Wherefore, without considering whence it came, remember that Saul, although a wicked prince, prophesied; and that honey has been extracted

from the mouth of a lion. Withdraw, then, and I shall make it my prayer, as it is my hope, that this terrifying and wonderful spectacle may lead you to a true sight of your errors, and at last make you forsake them and turn to the paths of righteousness and equity."

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

Related by Himself.

[Captain John Smith, English colonist and author, was born at Willoughby, Lincolnshire, January, 1579; saw active military service in the Netherlands; and while fighting against the Turks in the Hungarian army was captured and sold into slavery. He succeeded in making his escape, and in 1606 joined an expedition for the colonization of Virginia. While on a voyage up the James River he was taken captive by Indians, and only saved from death by the pleading of Pocahontas, the beautiful daughter of the Indian chieftain Powhatan. Smith afterwards explored Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries; was elected president of the Colonial Council, and went back to London about 1609. The remainder of his life was spent in vain endeavors to procure financial support for the establishment of a colony in New England. He died in London, June 21, 1632. Among his writings are: "A True Relation," "A Description of New England," "General History of Virginia," and "True Travels."]

The battell of Rotenton; a pretty stratagem of fireworkes by Smith.

Rodoll not knowing how to draw the enemie to battell, raised his Armie, burning and spoyling all where he came, and returned againe towards Rebrinke in the night; as if he had fled upon the generall rumour of the Crym-Tartars coming, which so inflamed the Turkes of a happy victory, they urged Jeremy against his will to follow them. Rodoll seeing his plot fell out as he desired, so ordered the matter, that having regained the streights, he put his Army in order, that had beene neere two dayes pursued, with continuall skirmishes in his Reare, which now making head against the enemie, that followed with their whole Armie in the best manner they could, was furiously charged with six thousand Hydukes, Wallachians, and Moldavians, led by three Colonells, Oversall, Dubras, and Caleb, to entertaine the time till the rest came up; Veltus and

Nederspolt with their Regiments entertained them with the like courage, till the Zanzacke Hammesbeg, with six thousand more, came with a fresh charge, which Meldritch and Budemdorfe, rather like enraged lions than men, so bravely encountred, as if in them only had consisted the victory; Meldritchs horse being slaine under him the Turks pressed what they could to have taken him prisoner, but being remounted, it was thought with his owne hand he slew the valiant Zanzacke, whereupon his troopes retyring, the two proud Bashawes, Aladin and Zizimmus, brought up the front of the body of their battell. Veltus and Nederspolt having breathed, and joyning their troopes with Becklefield and Zarvana, with such an incredible courage charged the left flancke of Zizimmus, as put them all in disorder, where Zizimmus the Bashaw was taken prisoner, but died presently upon his wounds. Ieremie seeing now the maine battell of Rodoll advance, being thus constrained, like a valiant Prince in his front of the Vantgard, by his example so brauely encouraged his souldiers, that Rodoll found no great assurance of the victorie. Thus being joyned in this bloudy massacre, that there was scarce ground to stand upon, but upon the dead carkasses, which in lesse than an hower were so mingled, as if each Regiment had singled out other. — The admired Aladin that day did leave behinde him a glorious name for his valour, whose death many of his enemies did lament after the victory, which at that instant fell to Rodoll. It was reported Ieremie was also slaine, but it was not so, but fled with the remainder of his Armie to Moldavia, leaving five and twenty thousand dead in the field, of both Armies. And thus Rodoll was seated againe in his Soueraignty, and Wallachia became subject to the Emperour.

But long he rested not to settle his new estate, but there came newes that certaine Regiments of stragling Tartars were foraging those parts towards Moldavia. Meldritch with thirteene thousand men was sent against them, but when they heard it was the Crym-Tartar and sonnes, with an Army of thirty thousand; and Ieremie, that had escaped with fourteene or fifteen thousand, lay in ambush for them about Langanaw, he retired towards Rottenton, a strong garrison for Rodoll; but they were so environed with these hellish numbers, they could make no great haste for skirmishing with their scouts, forragers, and small parties that still encountred them. But one night amongst the rest, having made passage through a wood,

with an incredible expedition, cutting trees thwart each other to hinder their passage, in a thicke fogge early in the morning, unexpectedly they met two thousand loaded with pillage, and two or three hundred horse and cattell; the most of them were slaine and taken prisoners, who told them where Ieremie lay in the passage, expecting the Crym-Tartar that was not farre from him. Meldritch intending to make his passage perforce, was advised of a pretty stratagem by the English Smith, which presently he thus accomplished; for having accommodated two or three hundred truncks with wilde fire, upon the heads of lances, and charging the enemie in the night, gave fire to the truncks, which blazed forth such flames and sparkles, that it so amazed not onely their horses but their foot also, that by the meanes of this flaming encounter, their owne horses tirned tailes with such fury, as by their violence overthrew Ieremy and his Army, without any losse at all to speak of to Meldritch. But of this voctory long they triumphed not; for being within three leagues of Rottenton, the Tartar with neere forty thousand so beset them, that they must either fight, or be cut in peeces flying. Here Busca and the Emperour had their desire; for the Sunne no sooner displayed his beames, than the Tartar his colours; where at midday he stayed awhile, to see the passage of a tyrannicall and treacherous imposture, till the earth did blush with the bloud of honesty, that the Sunne for shame did hide himselfe from so monstrous sight of a cowardly calamity. — It was a most brave sight to see the banners and ensignes streaming in the aire, the glittering of Armour, the variety of colours, the motion of plumes, the forrests of lances, and the thicknesse of shorter weapons, till the silent expedition of the bloudy blast from the murdering Ordnance, whose roaring voice is not so soone heard, as felt by the aymed at object, which made among them a most lamentable slaughter.

How Captaine Smith was sent prisoner thorow the Blacke and Dissabacca Sea in Tartaria; the description of those Seas, and his usage.

This Noble Gentlewoman tooke sometime occasion to shew him to some friends, or rather to speake with him, because shee could speake Italian, would feigne her selfe sick when she

should goe to the Banians, or weepe over the graves, to know how Bogall tooke him prisoner; and if he were as the Bashaw writ to her, a Bohemian Lord conquered by his hand, as hee had many others, which ere long hee would present her, whose ransomes should adorne her with the glorie of his conquests.

But when she heard him protest he knew no such matter, nor ever saw Bogall till he bought him at Axopolis, and that hee was an English-man, onely by his adventures made a Captaine in those Countreyes. To trie the truth, shee found means to finde out many could speake English, French, Dutch, and Italian, to whom relating most part of these former passages he thought necessarie, which they so honestly reported to her, she tooke (as it seemed) much compassion on him; but having no use for him, lest her mother should sell him, she sent him to her brother, the Tymor Bashaw of Nalbrits, in the Countrey of Cambia, a Province in Tartaria.

Here now let us remember his passing in this speculative course from Constantinople by Sander, Screwe, Panassa, Musa, Lastilla, to Varna, an ancient Citie upon the Blacke Sea. In all which journey, having little more libertie, than his eyes judgment since his captivitie, he might see the Townes with their short Towers, and a most plaine, fertile, and delicate Countrey, especially that most admired place of Greece, now called Romania, but from Varna, nothing but the Blacke Sea water, till he came to the two Capes of Taur and Pergilos, where hee passed the Straight of Niger, which (as he conjectured) is some ten leagues long, and three broad, betwixt two low lands, the Channell is deepe, but at the entrance of the Sea Dissabacca, there are many great Osieshoulds, and many great blacke rockes, which the Turkes said were trees, weeds, and mud, throwen from the in-land Countryes, by the inundations and violence of the Current, and cast there by the Eddy. They sayled by many low Iles, and saw many more of those muddy rockes, and nothing else, but salt water, till they came betwixt Susax and Curuske, only two white townes at the entrance of the river Bruapo appeared: In six or seven dayes saile, he saw foure or five seeming strong castles of stone, with flat tops and battlements about them, but arriving at Cambia, he was (according to their custome) well used. The river was there more than halfe a mile broad. The Castle was of a large circumference, fourteene or fifteene foot thick, in the

foundation some six foot from the wall, is a Pallizado, and then a ditch of about fortie foot broad full of water. On the west side of it is a Towne all of low flat houses, which as he conceived could bee of no great strength, yet it keepes all them barbarous Countreyes about it in admiration and subjection. After he had stayed there three days, it was two dayes more before his guides brought him to Nalbrits, where the Tymor then was resident, in a great vast stonie Castle with many great Courts about it, environed with high stone wals, where was quartered their Armes, when they first subjected those Countreyes, which only live to labour for those tyrannicall Turkes.

To her unkinde brother, this kinde ladie writ so much for his good usage, that hee halfe suspected, as much as she intended; for shee told him, he should there but sojourne to learne the language, and what it was to be a Turke, till time made her Master of her selfe. But the Tymor her brother diverted all this to the worst of crueltie, for within an houre after his arrivall, he caused his Drub-man to strip him naked, and shave his head and beard so bare as his hand, a great ring of iron, with a long stalke bowed like a sickle, rivetted about his neckle, and a coat made of Vlgries haire, guarded about with a peece of undrest skinne. There were many more Christian slaves, and neere an hundred Forsados of Turkes and Moores, and he being the last, was slave of slaves to them all. Among these slavish fortunes there was no great choice; for the best was so bad, a dog could hardly have lived to endure, and yet for all their paines and labours no more regarded than a beast.

The Turkes diet; the Slaves diet; the attire of the Tartars; and manner of Warres and Religions, etc.

The Tymor and his friends fed upon Pillaw, which is boiled Rice and Garnances, with little bits of mutton or Buckones, which is rosted peeces of Horse, Bull, Vlgrie, or any beasts. Samboyses and Muselbits are great dainties, and yet but round pies, full of all sorts of flesh they can get chopped with variety of herbs. Their best drink is Coffa, of a graine they call Coava, boiled with water, and Sherbecke, which is only honey and water; Mares milke, or the milke of any beast, they hold restorative: but all the Comminaltie drinke pure water. Their bread is made of this Coava, which is kinde of blacke wheat, and

Cuskus a small white seed like Millia in Biskay: but our common victuall, the entrailes of Horse and Vlgries; of this cut in small peeces, they will fill a great Cauldron, and being boiled with Cuskus, and put in great bowles in the forme of chafling-dishes, they sit round about it on the ground, after they have raked it thorow so oft as they please with their foule fists, the remainder was for the Christian slaves. Some of this broth they would temper with Cuskus pounded, and putting the fire off from the hearth, powre there a bowle full, then cover it with coales till it be baked, which stewed with the remainder of the broth, and some small peeces of flesh, was an extraordinary daintie.

The better sort are attired like Turkes, but the plaine Tartar hath a blacke sheepe skinne over his backe, and two of the legs tied about his necke; the other two about his middle, with another over his belly, and the legs tied in the like manner behinde him: then two more made like a paire of bases, serveth him for breeches; with a little close cap to his skull of blacke felt, and they use exceeding much of this felt, for carpets, for bedding, for Coats, and Idols. Their houses are much worse than your Irish, but the In-land Countreyes have none but Carts and Tents, which they ever remove from Countrey to Countrey, as they see occasion, driving with them infinite troopes of blacke sheepe, Cattell and Vlgries, eating all up before them, as they goe.

For the Tartars of Nagi, they have neither Towne, nor house, corne, nor drinke; but flesh and milke. The milke they keep in great skinnes like Burracho's, which though it be never so sower, it agreeth well with their strong stomackes. They live all in Hordias, as doth the Crim-Tartars, three or foure hundred in a company, in great Carts fifteene or sixteene foot broad, which is covered with small rods, wattled together in the forme of a birds nest turned upwards, and with the ashes of bones tempered with oile, Camels haire, and a clay they have, they lome them so well, that no weather will pierce them, and yet verie light. Each Hordia hath a Murse, which they obey as their King. Their Gods are infinite. One or two thousand of those glittering white Carts drawen with Camels, Deere, Buls, and Vlgries, they bring round in a ring, where they pitch their Campe; and the Murse, with his chiefe alliances, are placed in the midst. — They doe much hurt when they can get any Stroggs, which are great boats used upon the

river Volga, (which they call Edle) to them that dwell in the Countrey of Perolog, and would doe much more, were it not for the Muscovites Garrisons that there inhabit.

How captaine Smith escaped captivity; slew the Bashaw of Nalbrits in Cambia; his passage to Russia, Transilvania, and the middest of Europe to Affrica.

All the hope he had ever to be delivered from this thraldome was only the love of Tragabigzanda, who surely was ignorant of his bad usage; for although he had often debated the matter with some Christians, that had beene there a long time slaves, they could not finde how to make an escape, by any reason of possibility; but God beyond mans expectation or imagination helpeth his servants, when they least thinke of helpe, as it hapned to him. So long he lived in this miserable estate, as he became a thresher at a grange in a great field, more than a league from the Tymors house; the Bashaw as he oft used to visit his granges, visited him, and tooke occasion so to beat, spurne, and revile him, that forgetting all reason, he beat out the Tymors braines with his threshing bat, for they have no flailes; and seeing his estate could be no worse than it was, clothed himselfe in his clothes, hid his body under the straw, filled his knapsacke with corne, shut the doores, mounted his horse, and ranne into the desart at all adventure; two or three dayes thus fearfully wandring he knew not whither, and well it was he met not any to aske the way; being even as taking leave of this miserable world, God did direct him to the great way or Castragan, as they call it, which doth crosse these large territories, and generally knowne among them by these marks.

In every crossing of this great way is planted a post, and in it so many bobs with broad ends, as there be wayes, and every bob the figure painted on it, that demonstrateth to what part that way leadeth; as that which pointeth towards the Cryms Country, is marked with a halfe Moone, if towards the Georgians and Persia, a blacke man, full of white spots, if towards China, the picture of the Sunne, if towards Muscovia, the signe of a Crosse, if towards the habitation of any other Prince, the figure whereby his standard is knowne. To his dying spirits thus God added some comfort to this melancholy

journey, wherein if he had met any of that wilde generation, they had made him their slave, or knowing the figure engraven in the iron about his necke, (as all slaves have) he had beene sent backe againe to his master; sixteene dayes he travelled in this feare and torment, after the Crosse, till he arrived at Æcopolis, upon the river Don, a garrison of the Muscovites. The governour after due examination of those his hard events, tooke off his irons, and so kindly used him, he thought himselfe new risen from death, and the good Lady Callamata largely supplied all his wants.

Smith and the Virginia Indians.

The Salvages having drawne from George Cassen whether Captaine Smith was gone, prosecuting that opportunity they followed him with 300. bowmen, conducted by the King of Pamavnkee, who in divisions searching the turnings of the river, found Robinson and Emry by the fire side, those they shot full of arrowes and slew. Then finding the Captaine, as is said, they used the Salvage that was his guide as his sheld (three of them being slaine and divers other so gauld) all the rest would not come neere him. Thinking thus to have returned to his boat, regarding them, as he marched, more then his way, slipped up to the middle in an oasie creeke and his Salvage with him, yet durst they not come to him till being neere dead with cold, he threw away his armes. Then according to their composition they drew him forth and led him to the fire, where his men were slaine. Diligently they chafed his benumbed limbs. He demanding for their Captaine, they shewed him Opechankanough, King of Pamavnkee, to whom he gave a round Ivory double compass Dyall. Much they marvailed at the playing of the Fly and Needle, which they could see so plainely, and yet not touch it, because of the glasse that covered them. But when he demonstrated by that Globe-like Jewell, the roundnesse of the earth, and skies, the spheare of the Sunne, Moone, and Starres, and how the Sunne did chase the night round about the world continually; the greatnesse of the Land and Sea, the diversitie of Nations, varietie of complexions, and how we were to them Antipodes, and many other such like matters, they all stood as amazed with admiration. Notwithstanding, within an houre after they tyed him to a tree, and as many as could stand about him pre-

pared to shoot him, but the King holding up the Compass in his hand, they all laid downe their Bowes and Arrowes, and in a triumphant manner led him to Orapaks, where he was after their manner kindly feasted, and well used.

Their order in conducting him was this; Drawing themselves all in fyle, the King in the middest had all their Peeces and Swords borne before him. Captaine Smith was led after him by three great Salvages, holding him fast by each arme: and on each side six went in fyle with their Arrowes nocked. But arriving at the Towne (which was but onely thirtie or fortie hunting houses made of Mats, which they remove as they please, as we our tents) all the women and children staring to behold him, the souldiers first all in fyle performed the forme of a Bissom so well as could be; and on each flanke, officers as Serieants to see them keepe their orders. A good time they continued this exercise, and then cast themselves in a ring, dauncing in such severall Postures, and singing and yelling out such hellish notes and screeches; being strangely painted, every one his quiver of Arrowes, and at his backe a club; on his arme a Fox or an Otters skinne, or some such matter for his vambrace; their heads and shoulders painted red, with Oyle and Pocones mingled together, which Scarlet-like colour made an exceeding handsome shew, his Bow in his hand, and the skinne of a Bird with her wings abroad dryed, tyed on his head, a peece of copper, a white shell, a long feather, with a small rattle growing at the tayles of their snaks tyed to it, or some such like toy. All this while Smith and the King stood in the middest guarded, as before is said, and after three dances they all departed. Smith they conducted to a long house, where thirtie or fortie tall fellowes did guard him, and ere long more bread and venison was brought him then would have served twentie men, I thinke his stomacke at that time was not very good; what he left they put in baskets and tyed over his head. About midnight they set the meate againe before him, all this time not one of them would eate a bit with him, till the next morning they brought him as much more, and then did they eate all the old, and reserved the new as they had done the other, which made him thinke they would fat him to eat him. Yet in this desperate estate to defend him from the cold, one Maocassater brought him his gowne, in requitall of some beads and toyes Smith had given him at his first arrivall in Virginia.

Two dayes after a man would have slaine him (but that the guard prevented it) for the death of his sonne, to whom they condicted him to recover the poore man then breathing his last. Smith told them that at James towne he had a water would doe it, if they would let him fetch it, but they would not permit that; but made all the preparations they could to assault James towne, craving his advice, and for recompence he should have life, libertie, land, and women. In part of a Table booke he writ his minde to them at the Fort, what intended, how they should follow that direction to affright the messengers, and without fayle send him such things as he writ for. And an Inventory with them. The difficultie and danger, he told the Salvages, of the Mines, great gunnes, and other Engins exceedingly affrighted them, yet according to his request they went to James towne, in as bitter weather as could be of frost and snow, and within three dayes returned with an answer.

But when they came to James towne, seeing men sally out as he had told them they would, they fled; yet in the night they came againe to the same place where he had told them they should receive an answer, and such things as he had promised them, which they found accordingly, and with which they returned with no small expedition, to the wonder of them all that heard it, that he could either divine, or the paper could speake: then they led him to the Youthtanunds, the Mattapanients, the Payankatanks, the Nantaughtacunds, and Onawmanients, upon the rivers of Rapahanick, and Patawomek, over all those rivers, and backe againe by divers other severall Nations, to the Kings habitation at Pamavnkee, where they entertained him with most strange and fearefull Coniurations;

> As if neare led to hell,
> Amongst the Devils to dwell.

Not long after, early in a morning a great fire was made in a long house, and a mat spread on the one side, as on the other; on the one they caused him to sit, and all the guard went out of the house, and presently came skipping in a great grim fellow, all painted over with coale, mingled with oyle; and many Snakes and Wesels skins stuffed with mosse, and all their tayles tyed together, so as they met on the crowne of his head in a tassell; and round about the tassell was as a Coronet of feathers, the skins hanging round about his head, backe, and shoulders, and in a manner covered his face; with a hellish voyce and a

rattle in his hand. With most strange gestures and passions he began his invocation, and environed the fire with a circle of meale; which done, three more such like devils came rushing in with the like antique tricks, painted halfe blacke, halfe red: but all their eyes were painted white, and some red stroakes like Mutchato's, along their cheekes: round about him those fiends daunced a pretty while, and then came in three more as ugly as the rest; with red eyes, and white stroakes over their blacke faces, at last they all sat downe right against him; three of them on the one hand of the chiefe Priest, and three on the other. Then all with their rattles began a song, which ended, the chiefe Priest layd downe five wheat cornes: then strayning his armes and hands with such violence that he sweat, and his veynes swelled, he began a short Oration: at the conclusion they all gave a short groane; and then layd downe three graines more. After that, began their song againe, and then another Oration, ever laying downe so many cornes as before, til they had twice incirculed the fire; that done, they tooke a bunch of little stickes prepared for that purpose, continuing still their devotion, and at the end of every song and Oration, they layd downe a sticke betwixt the divisions of Corne. Till night, neither he nor they did either eate or drinke, and then they feasted merrily, with the best provisions they could make. Three dayes they used this Ceremony; the meaning whereof they told him, was to know if he intended them well or no. The circle of meale signified their Country, the circles of corne the bounds of the Sea; and the stickes his Country. They imagined the world to be flat and round, like a trencher, and they in the middest. After this they brought him a bagge of gunpowder, which they carefully preserved till the next spring, to plant as they did their corne; because they would be acquainted with the nature of that seede. Opitchapam the Kings brother invited him to his house, where, with as many platters of bread, foule, and wild beasts as did inviron him, he bid him wellcome; but not any of them would eate a bit with him, but put up all the remainder in Baskets. At his returne to Opechancanoughs, all the Kings women, and their children, flocked about him for their parts, as a due by Custome, to be merry with such fragments.

But his waking mind in hydeous dreames did oft see wondrous shapes
Of bodies strange, and huge in growth, and of stupendious makes.

At last they brought him to Meronocomoco, where was Powhatan their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim Courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had beene a monster; till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire upon a seat like a bedsted, he sat covered with a great robe, made of Rarowcun skinnes, and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 18 or 19 yeares, and along on each side the house, two rowes of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of Birds; but every one with something: and a great chayne of white beads about their necks. At his entrance before the King, all the people gave a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, in stead of a Towell to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beate out his braines, Pocahontas the Kings dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her arms, and laid her owne upon his to save him from death: whereat the Emperour was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the King himselfe will make his owne robes, shooes, bowes, arrowes, pots; plant, hunt, or doe any thing so well as the rest.

They say he bore a pleasant shew,
But sure his heart was sad.
For who can pleasant be, and rest,
That lives in feare and dread.
And having life suspected, doth
It still suspected lead.

Two dayes after, Powhatan having disguised himselfe in the most fearfullest manner he could, caused Capt. Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there upon a mat by the fire to be left alone. Not long after from behinde a mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefullest noyse he ever heard; then Powhatan more like a devill then a man, with some two hundred more as blacke as himselfe, came

unto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should goe to James towne, to send him two great gunnes, and a gryndstone, for which he should give him the Country of Capahowosick, and for ever esteeme him as his sonne Nantaquoud. So to James towne with 12 guides Powhatan sent him. That night they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every houre to be put to one death or other: for all their feasting. But almightie God (by his divine providence) had mollified the hearts of those sterne Barbarians with compassion. The next morning betimes they came to the Fort, where Smith having used the Salvages with what kindnesse he could, he shewed Rawhunt, Powhatans trusty servant, two demi-Culverings and a mill-stone to carry Powhatan: they found them somewhat too heavie; but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with Isickles, the yce and branches came so tumbling downe, that the poore Salvages ran away halfe dead with feare. But at last we regained some conference with them, and gave them such toyes; and sent to Powhatan, his women, and children such presents, and gave them in generall full content. Now in James Towne they were all in combustion, the strongest preparing once more to run away with the Pinnace; which with the hazzard of his life, with Sakre falcon and musket shot, Smith forced now the third time to stay or sinke. Some no better then they should be, had plotted with the President, the next day to have put him to death by the Levitticall law, for the lives of Robinson and Emry, pretending the fault was his that had led them to their ends: but he quickly tooke such order with such Lawyers, that he layd them by the heeles till he sent some of them prisoners for England. Now ever once in foure or five dayes, Pocahontas with her attendants brought him so much provision, that saved many of their lives, that els for all this had starved with hunger.

The next night being lodged at Kecoughtan; six or seaven dayes the extreame winde, rayne, frost and snow caused us to keepe Christmas among the Salvages, where we were never more merry, nor fed on more plentie of good Oysters, Fish, Flesh, Wild foule, and good bread; nor never had better fires in England, then in the dry smoaky houses of Kecoughtan: but departing thence, when we found no houses we were not curi-

ous in any weather to lye three or foure nights together under the trees by a fire, as formerly is sayd. An hundred fortie eight foules the President, Anthony Bagnall, and Serieant Pising did kill at three shoots. At Kiskiack the frost and contrary winds forced us three or foure dayes also (to suppresse the insolency of those proud Salvages) to quarter in their houses, yet guard our Barge, and cause them give us what we wanted; though we were but twelve and himselfe, yet we never wanted shelter where we found any houses. The 12 of January we arrived at Werowocomoco, where the river was frozen neare halfe a myle from the shore; but to neglect no time, the President with his Barge so far had approached by breaking the ice, as the ebbe left him amongst those oasie shoules, yet rather then to lye there frozen to death, by his owne example he taught them to march neere middle deepe, a flight shot through this muddy frozen oase. When the Barge floated, he appoynted two or three to returne her aboord the Pinnace. — Where for want of water in melting the ice, they made fresh water, for the river there was salt. But in this march Mr. Russell, (whom none could perswade to stay behinde) being somewhat ill, and exceeding heavie, so overtoyled himselfe as the rest had much adoe (ere he got ashore) to regaine life into his dead benummed spirits. Quartering in the next houses we found, we sent to Powhatan for provision, who sent us plentie of bread, Turkies, and Venison; the next day having feasted us after his ordinary manner, he began to aske us when we would be gone: fayning he sent not for us, neither had he any corne, and his people much lesse: yet for fortie swords he would procure us fortie Baskets. The President shewing him the men there present that brought him the message and conditions, asked Powhatan how it chanced he became so forgetfull; thereat the King concluded the matter with a merry laughter, asking for our Commodities, but none he liked without gunnes and swords, valuing a Basket of Corne more precious than a Basket of Copper; saying he could rate his Corne, but not the Copper.

Captaine Smith seeing the intent of this subtill Salvage began to deale with him after this manner. "Powhatan, though I had many courses to have made my provision, yet beleeving your promises to supply my wants, I neglected all to satisfie your desire: and to testifie my love, I sent you my men for your building, neglecting mine owne. What your people had you have ingrossed, forbidding them our trade: and now

you thinke by consuming the time, we shall consume for want, not having to fulfill your strange demands. As for swords and gunns, I told you long agoe I had none to spare, and you must know those I have can keepe me from want: yet steale or wrong you I will not, nor dissolve that friendship we have mutually promised, except you constraine me by our bad usage."

The King having attentively listened to this Discourse, promised that both he and his Country would spare him what he could, the which within two dayes they should receive. "Yet Captaine Smith," sayth the King, "some doubt I have of your comming hither, that makes me not so kindly seeke to relieve you as I would; for many doe informe me, your coming hither is not for trade, but to invade my people, and possesse my Country, who dare not come to bring you Corne, seeing you thus armed with your men. To free us of this feare, leave aboord your weapons, for here they are needlesse, we being all friends, and forever Powhatans."

With many such discourses they spent the day, quartering that night in the Kings houses. The next day he renewed his building, which hee little intended should proceede. For the Dutch men finding his plentie, and knowing our want, and perceiving his preparations to surprise us, little thinking we could escape both him and famine; (to obtaine his favour) revealed to him so much as they knew of our estates and projects, and how to prevent them. One of them being of so great a spirit, judgement, and resolution, and a hireling that was certaine of his wages for his labour, and ever well used both he and his Countrymen; that the President knew not whom better to trust; and not knowing any fitter for that imployment, had sent him as a spy to discover Powhatans intent, then little doubting his honestie, nor could ever be certaine of his villany till neare halfe a yeare after.

Whilst we expected the coming in of the Country, we wrangled out of the King ten quarters of Corne for a copper Kettell, the which the President perceiving him much to affect, valued it at a much greater rate; but in regard of his scarcity he would accept it, provided we should have as much more the next yeare, or els the Country of Monacan. — Wherein each seemed well contented.

PHILASTER.

By BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

[Beaumont and Fletcher: Two famous Elizabethan dramatists who were so closely associated in their lives and labors that their names have become indissolubly united. They lived in the same house not far from the Globe Theater on the Bankside, sharing all things in common, and from 1606 until 1616 wrote in combination a large number of dramas, the most notable being "The Maid's Tragedy," "Philaster," "A King and No King," "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," "Cupid's Revenge." Beaumont and Fletcher were very popular with their contemporaries, and Dryden informs us that in his time their plays were performed oftener than those of Shakespeare.

Francis Beaumont was born at Grace-Dieu, Leicestershire, in 1584, the son of a judge of Common Pleas. At twelve he entered Oxford, and in 1600 was admitted a member of Lincoln's Inn, but does not seem to have pursued his legal studies. He made the acquaintance of Ben Jonson at the Mermaid Tavern, and wrote commendatory verses to some of his dramas. He died at the early age of thirty-two, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

John Fletcher was born at Rye, Sussex, December, 1579. He was for some time a student of Bennet College (now Corpus), Cambridge, where he acquired a reputation for classical erudition. From that time until his meeting with Beaumont in 1606 nothing definite is known of his life. He died of the plague in London, August, 1625, and was buried in the Church of St. Savior's. Besides the plays above mentioned Fletcher wrote with Massinger, Rowley, and others, "The Knight of Malta," "Thierry and Theodoret," "The Spanish Curate," "The Fair Maid of the Inn," "The Two Noble Kinsmen" (in which Shakespeare probably had a share). He was sole author of "The Faithful Shepherdess"; "The Humorous Lieutenant," and "Rule a Wife and have a Wife."]

Enter Philaster.

Philaster —

Oh, that I had been nourished in these woods
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digged myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks
Whereon she dwells, that might have strewed my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbors, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue! This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bellario —

Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;

Nothing assaults me here. [*Aside*] See, my grieved lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body! — Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak:
You that are grieved can pity; hear, my lord!

Philaster —
Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bellario —
Oh, my noble lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing), so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger!

Philaster —
Is it thou? begone!
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bellario —
Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for them!
The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Philaster —
Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fallen again to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st when first
I took thee up:
Curse on the time! If thy commanding tears
Can work on any other, use thy art;
I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take?
That I may shun thee, for thine eyes are poison
To mine, and I am loath to grow in rage:
This way, or that way?

Bellario —
Any will serve; but I will choose to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter on one side Dion, *and on the other two* Woodmen.

Dion —
This is the strangest sudden chance! You, Woodmen!

First Woodman — My Lord Dion?

Dion — Saw you a lady come this way on a sable horse studded with stars of white?

Second Woodman — Was she not young and tall?

Dion — Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?

Second Woodman — Faith, my lord, we saw none.

[*Exeunt* Woodmen.

Dion — Plague of your questions then!

Enter CLEREMONT.

What, is she found?

Cleremont — Nor will be, I think.

Dion — Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little, but the whole court must be in arms.

Cleremont — There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us. Some say, her horse ran away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: but, questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter KING, THRASILINE, *and* Attendants.

King —
Where is she?

Cleremont —
Sir, I cannot tell.

King —
How's that?
Answer me so again!

Cleremont —
Sir, shall I lie?

King —
Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that.
I say again, where is she? Mutter not! —
Sir, speak you; where is she?

Dion —
Sir, I do not know.

King —
Speak that again so boldly, and, by Heaven,
It is thy last! — You, fellows, answer me;
Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your King:
I wish to see my daughter; show her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To show her me! What! am I not your King?
If ay, then am I not to be obeyed?

Dion —
Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

King —
Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor, that dar'st confine thy King to things
Possible and honest! show her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!
Dion —
Indeed I cannot,
Unless you tell me where she is.
King —
You have betrayed me; you have let me lose
The jewel of my life. Go, bring her to me,
And set her here before me: 'tis the King
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of heaven. Speak, can it not?
Dion —
No.
King —
No! cannot the breath of kings do this?
Dion —
No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.
King —
Is it so? Take heed!
Dion —
Sir, take you heed how you dare the powers
That must be just.
King —
Alas! what are we kings!
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,
To be served, flattered, and adored, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder,
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings?
I have sinned, 'tis true, and here stand to be punished
Yet would not thus be punished: let me choose
My way, and lay it on!

Dion [*aside*] — He articles with the gods. Would somebody would draw bonds for the performance of covenants betwixt them!

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, *and* MEGRA.

King —
What, is she found?
Pharamond —
No; we have ta'en her horse;

He galloped empty by. There is some treason.
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her?

Galatea —
She did command me.

King —
Command! you should not.

Galatea —
'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my King.

King —
You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt;
But I will have her.

Pharamond —
If I have her not,
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.

Dion [*aside*] —
What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket?

Pharamond —
I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
A cook, and a tailor.

King [*aside*] —
I see
The injuries I have done must be revenged.

Dion —
Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

King —
Run all, disperse yourselves. The man that finds her,
Or (if she be killed), the traitor, I'll make him great.

Dion [*aside*] — I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.

Pharamond —
Come, let us seek.

King —
Each man a several way;
Here I myself.

Dion —
Come, gentlemen, we here.

Cleremont —
Lady, you must go search too.

Megra —
I had rather be searched myself. [*Exeunt severally.*

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Arethusa.

Arethusa —

Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head:
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O'er mountains, through brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will ease me: I am sick. [*Sits down.*

Enter Bellario.

Bellario [*aside*] —

Yonder's my lady. Heaven knows I want
Nothing, because I do not wish to live;
Yet I will try her charity. — Oh, hear,
You that have plenty! from that flowing store
Drop some on dry ground. — See, the lively red
Is gone to guard her heart! I fear she faints. —
Madam, look up! — She breathes not. — Open once more
Those rosy twins, and send unto my lord
Your latest farewell! — Oh, she stirs. — How is it,
Madam? speak comfort.

Arethusa —

'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I prithee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter Philaster.

Philaster —

I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing. —
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it h[illegible]!

Bellario —

My lord, help, help
The princess!

Arethusa —

I am well: forbear.

Philaster [*aside*] —

Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kissed by scorpions, or adore the eyes

Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good god look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone,
Lasting to ages in the memory
Of this damned act!—Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quenched with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals and beds
Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!

Arethusa—

Dear Philaster, leave
To be enraged, and hear me.

Philaster—

I have done,
Forgive my passion. Not the calmèd sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturbed than I: I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
[*Offers his drawn sword.*
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you and this your boy may live and reign
In lust without control. Wilt thou, Bellario?
I prithee kill me; thou art poor, and mayst
Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am dead,
Thy way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sirs, feel my pulse, whether you have known
A man in a more equal tune to die.

Bellario—

Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time!
So does your tongue.

Philaster—

You will not kill me, then?

Arethusa—

Kill you!

Bellario—

Not for a world.

Philaster—

I blame not thee,
Bellario: thou hast done but that which gods
Would have transformed themselves to do. Begone,
Leave me without reply; this is the last

Of all our meetings. [*Exit* Bellario.] Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
Or suffer.

Arethusa —

If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousies in the other world; no ill there?

Philaster —

No.

Arethusa —

Show me, then, the way.

Philaster —

Then guide my feeble hand,
You that have power to do it, for I must
Perform a piece of justice! — If your youth
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Arethusa —

I am prepared.

EVADNE'S VENGEANCE.

By BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

(From "The Maid's Tragedy.")

Scene I. — *A Room in the Palace. Enter* Evadne *and* a Gentleman *of the Bedchamber.*

Evadne —

Sir, is the King a-bed?

Gentleman —

Madam, an hour ago.

Evadne —

Give me the key, then, and let none be near;
'Tis the King's pleasure.

Gentleman —

I understand you, madam; would 'twere mine!
I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship.

Evadne —

You talk, you talk.

Gentleman —

'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the King
Will wake, and then, methinks —

Evadne —

Saving your imagination, pray, good night, sir.

Gentleman —

A good night be it, then, and a long one, madam.
I am gone. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. — *The Bedchamber.* *The* KING *discovered in Bed, asleep.* *Enter* EVADNE.

Evadne —

The night grows horrible; and all about me
Like my black purpose. Oh, the conscience
Of a lost virgin, whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things dismal as the depth of hell
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be flesh,
If she have blood, and can fear. 'Tis a daring
Above that desperate fool's that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight: 'tis so many sins,
An age cannot repent 'em; and so great,
The gods want mercy for. Yet I must through 'em:
I have begun a slaughter on my honor,
And I must end it there. — He sleeps. Good Heavens!
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast,
That hath so long transgressed you? I must kill him,
And I will do it bravely: the mere joy
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I must not
Thus tamely do it, as he sleeps — that were
To rock him to another world: my vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments:
I'll shape his sins like Furies, till I waken
His evil angel, his sick conscience,
And then I'll strike him dead. King, by your leave:
[*Ties his arms to the bed.*
I dare not trust your strength; your grace and I
Must grapple upon even terms no more.
So, if he rail me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough. — My lord the King!
My lord! — He sleeps, as if he meant to wake
No more. — My lord! — Is he not dead already?
Sir! My lord!

King —

Who's that?

Evadne —

Oh, you sleep soundly, sir!

King —

My dear Evadne,
I have been dreaming of thee: come to bed.

Evadne —

I am come at length, sir; but how welcome?

King —

What pretty new device is this, Evadne?
What, do you tie me to you? By my love,
This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and kiss me;
I'll be thy Mars; to bed, my queen of love:
Let us be caught together, that the gods
May see and envy our embraces.

Evadne —

Stay, sir, stay;
You are too hot, and I have brought you physic
To temper your high veins.

King —

Prithee, to bed, then; let me take it warm;
There thou shalt know the state of my body better.

Evadne —

I know you have a surfeited foul body;
And you must bleed. [*Draws a knife*

King —

Bleed!

Evadne —

Ay, you shall bleed. Lie still; and if the devil,
Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This steel
Comes to redeem the honor that you stole,
King, my fair name; which nothing but thy death
Can answer to the world.

King —

How's this, Evadne?

Evadne —

I am not she; nor bear I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be called a woman:
I am a tiger; I am anything
That knows not pity. Stir not: if thou dost,
I'll take thee unprepared, thy fears upon thee,
That make thy sins look double, and so send thee
(By my revenge, I will!) to look those torments
Prepared for such black souls.

King —

Thou dost not mean this; 'tis impossible;
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

Evadne —

No, I am not:
I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such hells here. I was once fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou, foul canker,
(Stir not) didst poison me. I was a world of virtue,
Till your cursed court and you (Hell bless you for 't)
With your temptations on temptations
Made me give up mine honor; for which, King,
I am come to kill thee.

King —

No!

Evadne —

I am.

King —

Thou art not!
I prithee speak not these things: thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.

Evadne —

Peace, and hear me.
Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy
To those above us; by whose lights I vow,
Those blessèd fires that shot to see our sin,
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too; which, being past my steel,
My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shameless villain;
A thing out of the overcharge of nature,
Sent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague,
Upon weak catching women; such a tyrant,
That for his lust would sell away his subjects,
Ay, all his Heaven hereafter!

King —

Hear, Evadne,
Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy King.

Evadne —

Thou art my shame! Lie still; there's none about you,
Within your cries; all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul man,
Thus I begin my vengeance! [*Stabs him*

King —

Hold, Evadne!
I do command thee hold.

Evadne —

I do not mean, sir,

To part so fairly with you; we must change
More of these love tricks yet.

King —

What bloody villain
Provoked thee to this murder?

Evadne —

Thou, thou monster!

King —

Oh!

Evadne —

Thou kept'st me brave at court, and w—d me, King;
Then married me to a young noble gentleman,
And w—d me still.

King —

Evadne, pity me!

Evadne —

Hell take me, then! This for my lord Amintor.
This for my noble brother! and this stroke
For the most wronged of women! [*Stabs him.*

King —

Oh! I die. [*Dies.*

Evadne —

Die all our faults together! I forgive thee. [*Exit.*

POEMS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Aspatia's Song.

By BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

(From "The Maid's Tragedy.")

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Lines on the Tombs in Westminster.

By BEAUMONT.

Mortality, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones;
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royal'st seed
That the earth did e'er suck in,
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried,
"Though gods they were, as men they died:"
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings:
Here's a world of pomp and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

Melancholy.

By FLETCHER.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
  Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
  But only melancholy;
  O sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

THE DUCHESS' WOOING.

By JOHN WEBSTER.

(From "The Duchess of Malfi.")

[Flourished first part of seventeenth century; personal biography entirely unknown. Besides much collaboration, he wrote singly "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfi" (his two best), "The Devil's Law Case," "A City Pageant," "Appius and Virginia," and perhaps others.]

Ferdinand —

You are my sister:
This was my father's poniard, do you see?
I'd be loth to see't look rusty, 'cause 'twas his.
I would have you give o'er these chargeable revels;
A visor and a mask are whispering rooms
That were never built for goodness. — Fare ye well. . . .

Duchess —

Shall this move me? If all my royal kindred
Lay in my way unto this marriage,
I'd make them my low footsteps; and even now,
Even in this hate, as men in some great battles,
By apprehending danger, have achieved
Almost impossible actions (I have heard soldiers say so),
So I through frights and threatenings will assay
This dangerous venture. — Cariola,
To thy known secrecy I have given up
More than my life — my fame.

Cariola —

Both shall be safe;
For I'll conceal this secret from the world
As warily as those that trade in poison
Keep poison from their children.

Duchess —

Thy protestation
Is ingenious [ingenuous] and hearty: I believe it.
Is Antonio come?

Cariola —

He attends you.

Duchess —

Good, dear soul,
Leave me; but place thyself behind the arras,
Where thou mayst overhear us. Wish me good speed;
For I am going into a wilderness
Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clew
To be my guide. [CARIOLA *goes behind the arras.*

Enter ANTONIO.

I sent for you: sit down;
Take pen and ink, and write: are you ready?

Antonio —
Yes.

Duchess —
What did I say?

Antonio —
That I should write somewhat.

Duchess —
O, I remember.
After these triumphs and this large expense,
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire
What's laid up for to-morrow.

Antonio —
So please your beauteous excellence.

Duchess —
Beauteous!
Indeed, I thank you: I look young for your sake;
You have ta'en my cares upon you.

Antonio —
I'll fetch your grace
The particulars of your revenue and expense.

Duchess —
O, you are
An upright treasurer: but you mistook;
For when I said I meant to make inquiry
What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean
What's laid up yonder for me.

Antonio —
Where?

Duchess —
In heaven.
I am making my will (as 'tis fit princes should,
In perfect memory), and, I pray, sir, tell me,
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with procured
That violent distraction?

Antonio —
O, much better.

Duchess —
If I had a husband now, this care were quit:
But I intend to make you overseer.
What good deed shall we first remember? say.

Antonio —

Begin with that first good deed began i' the world
After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage:
I'd have you first provide for a good husband;
Give him all.

Duchess —

All!

Antonio —

Yes, your excellent self.

Duchess —

In a winding sheet?

Antonio —

In a couple.

Duchess —

Saint Winifred,[1] that were a strange will!

Antonio —

'Twere stranger if there were no will in you
To marry again.

Duchess —

What do you think of marriage?

Antonio —

I take't, as those that deny purgatory,
It locally contains or heaven or hell;
There's no third place in't.

Duchess —

How do you affect it?

Antonio —

My banishment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus.

Duchess —

Pray, let's hear it.

Antonio —

Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a-cockhorse
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling.

[1] "A noble British maiden of the seventh century. Prince Cradocus fell in love with her; but she would not accept his suit, and he cut off her head, which rolled to the foot of a hill: it stopped there, and a spring gushed up. Saint Bueno picked up the head and put it back on her shoulders: Winifred came to life, and lived fifteen years thereafter. The fame of her holiness spread: a shrine was built at the spring, and during many centuries that shrine, Holywell, in Flintshire, was the resort of pilgrims. Her day in the Saints' Calendar is November 3. Cradocus was swallowed up by the earth's opening immediately after he severed her head from its trunk."

Duchess —
Fie, fie, what's all this?
One of your eyes is bloodshot; use my ring to't,
They say 'tis very sovereign: 'twas my wedding ring,
And I did vow never to part with it
But to my second husband.
Antonio —
You have parted with it now.
Duchess —
Yes, to help your eyesight.
Antonio —
You have made me stark blind.
Duchess —
How?
Antonio —
There is a saucy and ambitious devil
Is dancing in this circle.
Duchess —
Remove him.
Antonio —
How?
Duchess —
There needs small conjuration, when your finger
May do it: thus; is it fit?
[*She puts the ring upon his finger: he kneels.*
Antonio —
What said you?
Duchess —
Sir,
This goodly roof of yours is too low built;
I cannot stand upright in't nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher: raise yourself;
Or, if you please, my hand to help you: so.
[*Raises him.*
Antonio —
Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,
That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms,
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.
Conceive not I am so stupid but I aim
Whereto your favors tend: but he's a fool
That, being acold, would thrust his hands i' the fire
To warm them.
Duchess —
So, now the ground's broke,

You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.

Antonio —

O my unworthiness!

Duchess —

You were ill to sell yourself:
This darkening of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use i' the city; their false lights
Are to rid bad wares of: and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete man
(I speak it without flattery), turn your eyes,
And progress through yourself.

Antonio —

Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest: I have long served virtue,
And ne'er ta'en wages of her.

Duchess —

Now she pays it.
The misery of us that are born great!
We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us;
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates, so we
Are forced to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag
You have left me heartless; mine is in your bosom:
I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do tremble:
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,
To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident:
What is't distracts you? This is flesh and blood, sir;
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster
Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man!
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow
That claims you for her husband, and, like a widow,
I use but half a blush in't.

Antonio —

Truth speak for me;
I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.

Duchess —

I thank you, gentle love;
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,
Being now my steward, here upon your lips
I sign your *Quietus est*. This you should have begged now:

I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon.

Antonio —

But for your brothers?

Duchess —

Do not think of them:
All discord without this circumference
Is only to be pitied, and not feared;
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.

Antonio —

These words should be mine.
And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it
Would not have savored flattery.

Duchess —

Kneel. [CARIOLA *comes from behind the arras.*

Antonio —

Ha!

Duchess —

Be not amazed; this woman's of my counsel:
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
Per verba presenti is absolute marriage.
[*She and* ANTONIO *kneel.*
Bless, Heaven, this sacred gordian, which let violence
Never untwine!

Antonio —

And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,
Be still in motion!

Duchess —

Quickening, and make
The like soft music!

Antonio —

That we may imitate the loving palms,
Best emblem of a peaceful marriage,
That never bore fruit, divided!

Duchess —

What can the church force more?

Antonio —

That fortune may not know an accident,
Either of joy or sorrow, to divide
Our fixèd wishes!

Duchess —

How can the church build faster?
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the church

That must but echo this. — Maid, stand apart:
I now am blind.

Antonio —

What's your conceit in this?

Duchess —

I would have you lead your fortune by the hand
Unto your marriage bed:
(You speak in me this, for we now are one:)
We'll only lie, and talk together, and plot
To appease my humorous kindred; and if you please,
Like the old tale in Alexander and Lodowick,
Lay a naked sword between us, keep us chaste.
O, let me shroud my blushes in your bosom,
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets!

[*Exeunt* DUCHESS *and* ANTONIO.

Cariola —

Whether the spirit of greatness or of woman
Reign most in her, I know not; but it shows
A fearful madness: I owe her much of pity. [*Exit.*

LOVE'S VITALITY.

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON.

[1563–1631.]

SINCE there's no hope, come, let us kiss and part, —
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free;
Shake hands together, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet in any place again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now, at the last gasp of Love's failing breath,
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes, —
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou yet mightst him recover!

A "CHARACTER."

By Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

[Sir Thomas Overbury's terrible end, one of the leading *causes célèbres* of English history, has at once caused and overshadowed the remembrance of his literary work. He was a squire's son, born in 1581; took B.A. at Queen's College, Oxford, in 1598, and made the "grand tour," coming back reputed a finished gentleman, witty and brilliant. Robert Carr, a young page of the Earl of Dunbar, becoming intimate with him in Scotland, followed him to London, became James I.'s favorite and Viscount Rochester, had Overbury knighted and did him other favors, while Overbury counseled Carr and stood between him and popular hatred. But Rochester fell into an adulterous intrigue with the promiscuous Lady Essex, and wished to get her divorced and marry her; Overbury advised against it, saying she would do for a mistress but not a wife; Rochester told her of it, and in revenge she tried to have Overbury assassinated, and at length had Rochester arrest him on a trifling pretext and throw him into the Tower, where he was poisoned by her contrivance, dying September 15, 1613; and Rochester (now Earl of Somerset) married the woman. The truth leaked out, and James had them prosecuted; they were condemned, but pardoned, though left in permanent disgrace and obscurity. Overbury's best-known work is the "Characters" (1614), in imitation of Theophrastus; he wrote also "The Wife," a poem, and "Crumms Fallen from King James's Table."]

A Meere Common Lawyer

Is THE best shadow to make a discreet one shew the fairer. Hee is a *materia prima* informed by reports, actuated by statutes, and hath his motion by the favorable intelligence of the court. His law is alwayes furnisht with a commission to arraigne his conscience: but upon judgement given, he usually sets it at large. Hee thinks no language worth knowing but his *Barragouin*. Onely for that point he hath beene a long time at warres with Priscian for a northerne province. He imagines that by super excellency his profession onely is learning, and that it's a prophanation of the temple to his Themis dedicated, if any of the liberall arts be there admitted to offer strange incense to her. For indeed he is all for mony. Seven or eight yeares squires him out, some of his nation lesse standing: and ever since the night of his call, he forgot much what he was at dinner. The next morning his man (in *actua* or *potentia*) injoyes his pickadels. His landresse is then shrewdly troubled in fitting him a ruffe; his perpetuall badge. His love-letters of the last yeare of his gentlemanship are stuft with discontinuances, remitters, and uncore prists: but now be-

ing enabled to speake in proper person, hee talks of a French-hood, in stead of a joynture, wages his law, and joynes issue. Then he begins to sticke his letters in his ground chamber-window; that so the superscription may make his squire-ship transparent. His herauldry gives him place before the minister, because the law was before the gospell. Next tearme he walkes his hoopsleeve gowne to the hall; there it proclaimes him. He feeds fat in the reading, and till it chances to his turne, dislikes no house order so much, as that the month is so contracted to a fortnight. 'Mongst his countrey neighbours, he arrogates as much honor for being reader of an Inne of Chancery, as if it had beene of his owne house. For they, poore soules, take law and conscience, Court and Chancery for all one. He learn'd to frame his cases from putting riddles, and imitating Merlins prophecies, and to set all the crosse-row together by the eares. Yet his whole law is not able to decide Lucans one old controversie 'twixt Tau and Sigma. He accounts no man of his cap and coat idle, but who trots not the circuit. Hee affects no life or quality for it selfe, but for gaine; and that at least, to the stating him in a justice of peace-ship, which is the first quickning soule superadded to the elementary and inanimate forme of his new title. His tearmes are his wives vacations. Yet she then may usurpe divers court-daies, and hath her returnes *in mensem*, for writs of entry: often shorter. His vacations are her termers. But in assise time (the circuit being long) he may have a tryall at home against him by *nisi prius*. No way to heaven he thinkes, so wise, as through Westminster Hall; and his clarkes commonly through it visit both heaven and hell. Yet then hee oft forgets his journeyes end, although hee looke on the Starre-Chamber. Neither is he wholly destitute of the arts. Grammar hee hath enough to make termination of those words which his authority hath endenizon'd. Rhetoricke some; but so little, that its thought a concealement. Logicke enough to wrangle. Arithmetic enough for the ordinals of his yeare books; and number-roles: but he goes not to multiplication; there's a statute against it. So much geometrie, that he can advise in a *perambulatione facienda*, or a *rationalibus divisis*. In astronomy and astrology he is so far seene, that by the Dominicall letter, he knows the holy dayes, and finds by calculation that Michaelmas terme will be long and dirty. Marry hee knowes so much in musicke, that he affects only the most and cunningest discords; rarely a perfect

concord, especially song, except in fine. His skill in perspective endeavors much to deceive the eye of the law, and gives many false colours. He is specially practised in necromancy, (such a kind as is out of the statute of Primo) by raising many dead questions. What sufficiency he hath in criticisme, the foule copies of his speciall pleas will tell you.

Many of the same coat, which are much to be honoured, partake of divers of his indifferent qualities: but so, that discretion, vertue, and sometimes other good learning, concurring and distinguishing ornaments to them, make them as a foyle to set their worth on.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

By Sir HENRY WOTTON.

[Sir Henry Wotton was born in Kent, 1568, educated at Winchester and Oxford; resided on the Continent 1590–1598, then became secretary to Essex, and an envoy on various important missions; in 1624 provost of Eton College. He wrote poems and pamphlets, "The Elements of Architecture," and "The State of Christendom."]

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

POEMS BY GEORGE WITHER.

[George Wither, a poet of enormous volume, who lives indestructibly by a few short pieces, was born in Hampshire, England, in 1588, and graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford; heir of a wealthy squire, and educated as a lawyer, but engaging in letters instead. He was a firm Puritan, and raised a troop of horse for the Civil War, in which he became major, and came near being executed on capture; after the Restoration he was sent to the Tower, impeached, and narrowly escaped execution again. He died in 1667. His best considerable work is the "Shepherd's Hunting." He was a fertile hymnologist; he wrote satirical poems and pamphlets, which more than once landed him in prison; but the sweetness and grace of his short secular poems preserve his memory.]

The Author's Resolution in a Sonnet.

(From "Fidelia.")

Shall I, wasting in despaire,
Dye, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with car
'Cause another's Rosie are?
Be she fairer than the Day,
Or the flowry Meads in May,
If she thinke not well of me,
What care I *how* faire she be?

Shall my seely heart be pin'd
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposèd Nature
Joynèd with a lovely feature?
Be she Meeker, Kinder than
Turtledove or Pellican:
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's Vertues move
Me to perish for her Love?
Or her well deservings knowne
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that Goodness blest
Which may merit name of best:
If she be not such to me,
What care I how Good she be?

'Cause her *Fortune* seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that beares a Noble mind,
If not outward helpes she find,
Thinks what with them he wold do,
That without them dares her woo;
And unlesse that *Minde* I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or Good, or Kind, or Faire,
I will ne'er the more despaire:
If she love me (this beleeve)
I will Die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorne and let her goe;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

A Christmas Carol.

So now is come our joyfulst feast;
Let every man be jolly,
Each room with ivy leaves is drest
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let Sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labor;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor.
Young men and maids and girls and boys
Give life to one another's joys,
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun,
Their hall of music soundeth;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things here aboundeth.
The country folk themselves advance,
For Crowdy-mutton's come out of France,
And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Swash hath fetched his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With droppings of the barrel.
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their arrants,
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants.
But now they find them with good cheer,
And what they want, they take in beer;
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
The poor, that else were undone;
Some landlords spend their money worse,
On lust and pride at London.
There the roysters they do play,
Drab and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day;
And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
  The prisoner's heart is eased,
The debtor drinks away his cares,
  And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow, care will kill a cat,
  And therefore let's be merry.

Hark, how the wags abroad do call
  Each other forth to rambling!
Anon you'll see them in the hall,
  For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark, how the roofs with laughters sound!
Anon they'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depth have found,
  And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
  About the street are singing,
The boys are come to catch the owls,
  The wild mare in is bringing.
Our kitchen boy hath broke his box,
And to the dealing of the ox
Our honest neighbors come by flocks,
  And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheep-cotes have,
  And mate with everybody;
The honest now may play the knave,
  And wise men play at Noddy.
Some Youths will now a mumming go;
Some others play at Rowlandhoe,
And twenty other game boys mo,
  Because they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry days
  Should we I pray be duller?
No, let us sing our roundelays
  To make our mirth the fuller;
And whilest thus inspired we sing
Let all the streets with echoes ring:
Woods, and hills, and everything
  Bear witness we are merry.

BASIA.

By THOMAS CAMPION.

[Born about 1550, died 1619. A highly cultivated and fashionable London physician, lyric poet, and songwright of high quality.]

Turn back, you wanton flyer,
And answer my desire
With mutual greeting.
Yet bend a little nearer, —
True beauty still shines clearer
In closer meeting!
Hearts with hearts delighted
Should strive to be united,
Each other's arms with arms enchaining, —
Hearts with a thought,
Rosy lips with a kiss still entertaining.

What harvest half so sweet is
As still to reap the kisses
Grown ripe in sowing?
And straight to be receiver
Of that which thou art giver,
Rich in bestowing?
There is no strict observing
Of times' or seasons' swerving,
There is ever one fresh spring abiding; —
Then what we sow with our lips
Let us reap, love's gains dividing.

LONGING FOR DIVINE UNION.

By THOMAS CAMPION.

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast.
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise;
Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapor dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the Blessèd only see —
Oh, come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee!

THE SONG OF TAVY.

By WILLIAM BROWNE.

[1591 to about 1643; Devonshire; wrote "Britannia's Pastorals" (1613-1616), "The Shepherd's Pipe" (1614), and others.]

As CAREFUL merchants do expecting stand
(After long time and merry gales of wind)
Upon the place where their brave ship must land,
So wait I for the vessel of my mind.

Upon a great adventure is it bound,
Whose safe return will valued be at more
Than all the wealthy prizes which have crowned
The golden wishes of an age before,

Out of the East jewels of wealth she brings.
Th' unvalued diamond of her sparkling eye
Wants in the treasure of all Europe's kings;
And were it mine, they nor their crowns should buy.

The sapphires ringèd on her panting breast
Run as rich veins of ore about the mold,
And are in sickness with a pale possest
So true, for them I should disvalue gold.

The melting rubies on her cherry lip
Are of such power to hold; that as one day
Cupid flew thirsty by, he stooped to sip,
And fastened there could never get away.

The sweets of Candie are no sweets to me,
When hers I taste; nor the perfumes of price,
Robbed from the happy shrubs of Araby,
As her sweet breath, so powerful to entice.

Oh hasten then, and if thou be not gone
Unto that wishèd traffic through the main,
My powerful sighs shall quickly drive thee on,
And then begin to draw thee back again.

If in the mean rude waves have it opprest
It shall suffice, I ventured at the best.

SEPARATISM AND THE SCROOBY CHURCH.[1]

By EDWARD EGGLESTON.

(From "The Beginners of a Nation.")

[Edward Eggleston: An American Methodist clergyman (1856–79), editor, historian, and novelist; born in Vevay, Ind., December 10, 1837. He edited the *Sunday School Teacher*, *Independent*, *Hearth and Home*, and other papers; and wrote the novels: "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" (1871), and "The Hoosier Schoolboy" (1883), "The End of the World" (1872), "The Mystery of Metropolisville" (1873), "The Circuit Rider" (1874), "Roxy" (1878), "The Graysons" (1887), "The Faith Doctor" (1891), with others, and collections of short stories, besides several popular works on United States history, especially in the colonial times. **Died in 1902.**]

Puritanism [was] the party of a stern and conservative orthodoxy, as opposed to the newer Arminianism which spread so quickly among the High-Church clergy. Standing for ultra Protestantism, for good morals, for an ascetic Sabbath, for a high, dogmatic orthodoxy, Puritanism could not but win the allegiance of the mass of the English people, and especially of the middle class.

To the great brotherhood of Puritans who formed a party within the church there was added a little fringe of Separatists or "Brownists," as they were commonly called, who did not stop with rejecting certain traits of the Anglican service, but spurned the church itself. Upon these ultraists fell the merciless hand of persecution. They were imprisoned, hanged, exiled. They were mostly humble people, and were never numerous; but by their superior boldness in speech and writing, by their attempts to realize actual church organizations on apostolic models, they rendered themselves considerable if not formidable. From this advance guard and forlorn hope of Puritanism, inured to hardship and the battle front, came at length the little band of New England pioneers who made a way into the wilderness over the dead bodies of half their company. The example of these contemned Brownists led to the Puritan settlement of New England. Their type of ecclesiastical organization ultimately dominated the Congregationalism of New England and the nonconformity of the mother country. For these reasons, if for no other, Brownism, however obscure it may have been, is not a negligible element in history.

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The great body of the Puritans seem to have agreed with Bishop Hall that it was "better to swallow a ceremony than to rend a church," and they agreed with him in regarding Separatism as criminal. They were, indeed, too intent on reforming the Church of England to think of leaving it. They made no scruple of defying ecclesiastical regulations when they could, but in the moral code of that day schism was the deadliest of sins.

In the earliest part of Elizabeth's reign, before the beginning of the rule of Whitgift and the High Commission Courts, Puritan divines slighted or omitted the liturgy in many parishes. This became more common after the rise of Cartwright and the Presbyterian movement, about 1570. For example, in the town of Overston, in 1573, there was no divine service according to the Book of Common Prayer, "but insteade thereof two sermons be preached" by men whom the bishop had refused to license. The village of Whiston was also a place of Puritan assemblage, "where it is their joye," writes the Bishop of Peterborough, "to have manie owte of divers parishes, principallie owte of Northampton towne and Overston aforesaid, with other townes thereaboute, there to receive the sacramentes with preachers and ministers to their owne liking, and contrarie to the forme prescribed by the publique order of the realme." Thomas Rogers says, "The brethren (for so did they style them-selves) would neither pray, nor say service, nor baptize, nor celebrate the Lord's Supper, nor marry, nor bury, nor do any other ecclesiastical duty according to law."

At this time some of the Puritan divines held high positions in the church. Whittingham, who had been on the Puritan side of the quarrels in Frankfort, and who had received only a Genevan ordination, succeeded in holding his deanery of Durham until his death in 1579. In 1563 Dr. Turner was sneering at bishops as "white coats" and "tippett gentlemen," while himself Dean of Durham.

But Elizabeth after a while filled the bishoprics with men to her liking, whose heavy hands made the lot of Puritans in the church harder and harder. Many ministers were silenced, but there were many who, by evasion or by straining their consciences, held their benefices. Some Puritan clergymen, when they were to preach, preferred "to walk in the churchyard until sermon time rather than be present at public prayer." Some Puritan laymen had their own way of conforming to the

church. "There is a sort of Semi-Separatist," says Pagitt, as late as 1646, "that will heare our Sermons but not our Common-prayers; and of these you may see every Sunday in our streets sitting and standing about our doores; who, when Prayers are done, rush into our Churches to hear our Sermons."

The growth of Separatist churches was due to two causes. An almost incredible reverence for the letter of the Scriptures had taken the place of older superstitions. There was a strong tendency to revert to the stern spirit of the Old Testament and to adopt the external forms of the New. Religious idealists saw a striking contrast between the discipline of the primitive and almost isolated bands of enthusiastic believers in the apostolic time and the all-inclusive parishes of the hierarchical state church. And in that age of externalism the difference in organic form between the Anglican church and the little synagogues of Christian seceders founded by Paul in the Levant weighed heavily upon the minds of earnest people. It did not occur to them that this primitive organization was probably brought over from the neighboring Jewish congregations from which the converts had withdrawn, and that there might not be any obligation to imitate it under different skies and in a remote age. The Separatist was an idealist. "He lives by the aire," said an opponent, "and there he builds Castles and Churches; none on earth will please him; . . . he must finde out Sir Thomas More's Utopia, or rather Plato's Community, and bee an Elder there." But Separatism was undoubtedly promoted by persecution. Bradford says that the sufferings inflicted on them by the bishops helped some of the Puritans "to see further into things by the light of the word of God. How not only these base and beggerly ceremonies were unlawfull, but also that the lordly and tiranous power of the prelats ought not to be submitted unto." Drawn thus by the letter of the biblical record, while stung by the cruel oppression and galled by the opposition of the constituted authorities to what they deemed the truth divine, it is not strange that religious enthusiasts began to long for societies organized like those of the apostolic age, from which the profane should be excluded by a strict discipline.

The beginning of Separatism has been commonly attributed to Robert Browne, a contentious and able advocate of Separatist doctrines. After a brief and erratic career as an advocate

of these opinions, and after suffering the penalty of his zeal and proving the sincerity of his belief in thirty-two different prisons, in some of which he could not see his hand at noonday, Browne at length began to waver — now inclined to return to the church, now recoiling toward dissent. Worn out in nerves by controversy and persecution, this eccentric man was so alarmed by a solemn sentence of excommunication from a bishop, that he repented and made peace with the English church. He accepted a benefice, but employed a curate to preach for him. Browne lingered on to an unhonored age, imperious and contentious, not able to live with his wife, and held in no reverence by churchmen, while he was despised by Separatists. He died at eighty, in Northampton jail, to which he had been carried on a feather bed laid in a cart. The old man had been committed to prison this thirty-third time in his life for striking a constable who sought to collect a rate.

Separatism in some form existed before Browne's zeal made it a thorn in the side of the bishops. Something like a separation existed in 1567. In 1571 there was an independent church of which we know little but the pastor's name. Bradford even dates independency back to the reign of Mary. In truth, the rise of this sect, from which came the earliest New England colony, appears to be lost in obscurity. Significant movements are usually cradled in rustic mangers, to which no learned magi think it worth their while to journey. The beginning of Separatism was probably in the little conventicles held by devout Puritans who, in the words of one of their own writers, "met together to sing a psalm or to talk of God's word." But Browne, so far as we know, was one of the earliest to organize independent churches, with officers named and classified after those of the petty hierarchies of the early Christian congregations, or rather according to such deductions regarding them as he was able to make from the Epistles of Paul. Separatism, though it owed something to Browne's activity, was not founded by him. Browne's labors began about 1581, and his fiery career as a Brownist had lasted only four or five years when he began to vacillate. A great part of this time was spent in exile, much of it in prison, and very little of it about London. But before 1587 London seems to have been the center of the Separatists, from which they had "sparsed their companies into severall partes of the Realme."

It seems that their rise in London came from the devout

meetings of those who had begun to repudiate the Church of England as antichristian. Without any officers or organization apparently, these people, when we first get sight of them, were wont to assemble in the summer time in the fields about London, sitting down upon a bank while the Bible was expounded now by one and now by another of the company. In the winter it was their custom to spend the whole Sunday together from five o'clock in the morning, eating dinner in company and paying for it by a collection. They responded in prayer only by spontaneous groans or sobs, much after the fashion of the early Quakers, Methodists, and other enthusiasts of a later time. If one of their members returned to a parish assembly, they pronounced him an apostate and solemnly delivered him over to Satan until he should repent.

When they began to organize themselves formally into a church the London Separatists in their turn resorted to the apostolic epistles. These had already been treated like the magician's bottle that is made to yield white wine or red at pleasure. From them whatsoever form of discipline was desired by Anglican, Presbyterian, or Brownist had been derived, and now a still different discipline was deduced, a mean betwixt Presbyterian and Brownist theories. This is known now as Barrowism. It was the form of church government brought by the Pilgrims to Plymouth, and substantially that which prevailed in New England throughout the seventeenth century.

The London Separatists suffered miserably from persecution. Many of them languished and died in prison. Barrow and Greenwood, their leaders, were hanged at Tyburn. A part of them migrated to Amsterdam, while the rest maintained a furtive church in London. Those in Amsterdam, having no lingering abuses of the English church to reform, set every man's conscience to watch his neighbor's conduct. Having seceded from the communion of the Church of England on account of scandals, they were scandalized with the least variation from their rigorous standard by any of their own church members, and they were soon torn asunder with dissensions as the result of this vicariousness of conscience. The innocent vanity of the pastor's wife who could never forego a "toppish" hat and high-heeled shoes was the principal stumbling-block.

Though Separatism had been almost extirpated from England by the close of Elizabeth's reign, there remained even yet

one vigorous society in the north which was destined to exert a remarkable influence on the course of history.

On the southern margin of Yorkshire the traveler alights to-day at the station of Bawtry. It is an uninteresting village, with a rustic inn. More than a mile to the southward, in Nottinghamshire, lies the pleasant but commonplace village of Scrooby. About a mile to the north of Bawtry is Austerfield, a hamlet of brick cottages crowded together along the road. It has a picturesque little church built in the middle ages, the walls of which are three feet thick. This church will seat something more than a hundred people nowadays by the aid of a rather modern extension. In the seventeenth century it was smaller, and there was no ceiling. Then one could see the rafters of the roof while shuddering with cold in the grottolike interior. The country around is level and unpicturesque.

But one is here in the cradle of great religious movements. In Scrooby and in Austerfield were born the Pilgrims who made the first successful settlement in New England. A little to the east lies Gainsborough, from which migrated to Holland in 1606 the saintly Separatist John Smyth, who gave form to a great Baptist movement of modern times. A few miles to the northeast of Bawtry, in Lincolnshire, lies Epworth, the nest from which the Wesleys issued more than a hundred years later to spread Methodism over the world. Religious zeal seems to have characterized the people of this region even before the Reformation, for the country round about Scrooby was occupied at that time by an unusual number of religious houses.

The little Austerfield church and the old church at Scrooby are the only picturesque or romantic elements of the environment, and on these churches the Pilgrims turned their backs as though they had been temples of Baal. In the single street of Austerfield the traveler meets the cottagers of to-day, and essays to talk with them. They are heavy and somewhat stolid, like most other rustic people in the north country, and an accent to which their ears are not accustomed amuses and puzzles them. No tradition of the Pilgrims lingers among them. They have never heard that anybody ever went out of Austerfield to do anything historical. They listen with a bovine surprise if you speak to them of this exodus, and they refer you to the old clerk of the parish, who will know about it. The venerable clerk is a striking figure, not unlike that

parish clerk painted by Gainsborough. This oracle of the hamlet knows that Americans come here as on a pilgrimage, and he tells you that one of them, a descendant of Governor Bradford, offered a considerable sum for the disused stone font at which Bradford the Pilgrim was baptized. But the traveler turns away at length from the rustic folk of Austerfield and the beer drinkers over their mugs in the inn at Bawtry, and the villagers at Scrooby, benumbed by that sense of utter commonplaceness which is left on the mind of a stranger by such an agricultural community. The Pilgrims, then, concerning whom poems have been written, and in whose honor orations without number have been made, were just common country folk like these, trudging through wheat fields and along the muddy clay highways of the days of Elizabeth and James. They were just such men as these and they were not. They were such as these would be if they were vivified by enthusiasm. We may laugh at superfluous scruples in rustic minds, but none will smile at brave and stubborn loyalty to an idea when it produces such steadfast courage as that of the Pilgrims.

And yet, when the traveler has resumed his journey, and recalls Scrooby and Bawtry and Austerfield, the stolid men and gossiping women, the narrow pursuits of the plowman and the reaper, and remembers the flat, naked, and depressing landscape, he is beset by the old skepticism about the coming of anything good out of Nazareth. Nor is he helped by remembering that at the time of Bradford's christening at the old stone font the inhabitants of Austerfield are said to have been "a most ignorant and licentious people," and that earlier in that same century John Leland speaks of "the meane townlet of Scrooby."

But Leland's description of the village suggests the influence that caused Scrooby and the wheat fields thereabout to send forth, in the beginning of the seventeenth century and of a new reign, men capable of courage and fortitude sufficient to make them memorable, and to make these three townlets places of pilgrimage in following centuries.

"In the meane townlet of Scrooby, I marked two things," — it is Leland who writes, — "the parish church not big but very well builded; the second was a great manor place, standing within a moat, and longing to the Archbishop of York." This large old manor place he describes with its outer and inner court. In this manor place, about half a century after

Leland saw it, there lived William Brewster. He was a man of education, who had been for a short time in residence at Cambridge; he had served as one of the under secretaries of state for years; had been trusted beyond all others by Secretary Davison, his patron; and, when Elizabeth disgraced Davison, in order to avoid responsibility for the death of Mary of Scotland, Brewster had been the one friend who clung to the fallen secretary as long as there was opportunity to do him service. Making no further effort to establish himself at court, Brewster went after a while "to live in the country in good esteeme amongst his freinds and the good gentle-men of those parts, espetially the godly and religious." His abode after his retirement was the old manor place now destroyed, but then the most conspicuous building at Scrooby. It belonged in his time to Sir Samuel Sandys, the elder brother of Sir Edwin Sandys, whose work as the master spirit in the later history of the Virginia Company has already been recounted. At Scrooby Brewster succeeded his father in the office of "Post," an office that obliged him to receive and deliver letters for a wide district of country, to keep relays of horses for travelers by post on the great route to the north, and to furnish inn accommodations. In the master of the post at Scrooby we have the first of those influences that lifted a group of people from this rustic region into historic importance. He had been acquainted with the great world, and had borne a responsible if not a conspicuous part in delicate diplomatic affairs in the Netherlands. At court, as at Scrooby, he was a Puritan, and now in his retirement his energies were devoted to the promotion of religion. He secured earnest ministers for many of the neighboring parishes. But that which he builded the authorities tore down. Whitgift was archbishop, and the High Commission Courts were proceeding against Puritans with the energy of the Spanish Inquisition. "The godly preachers" about him were silenced. The people who followed them were proscribed, and all the pains and expense of Brewster and his Puritan friends in establishing religion as they understood it were likely to be rendered futile by the governors of the church. "He and many more of those times begane to looke further into things," says Bradford. Persecution begot Separatism. The theory was the result of conditions, as new theories are wont to be.

Here, as elsewhere, the secession appears to have begun with meetings for devotion. By this supposition we may

reconcile two dates which have been supposed to conflict, conjecturing that in 1602, when Brewster had lived about fifteen years in the old manor house, his neighbors, who did not care to attend the ministry of ignorant and licentious priests, began to spend whole Sundays together, now in one place and now in another, but most frequently in the old manor house builded within a moat, and reached by ascending a flight of stone steps. Here, Brewster's hospitality was dispensed to them freely. They may or may not have been members of the Separatist church at Gainsborough, as some have supposed. It was not until 1606 that these people formed the fully organized Separatist church of Scrooby. It was organized after the Barrowist pattern that had originated in London — it was after a divine pattern, according to their belief. Brewster, the nucleus of the church, became their ruling elder.

It was in these all-day meetings at the old manor house that the Separatist rustics of Scrooby were molded for suffering and endeavor. The humble, modest, and conscientious Brewster was the king post of the new church — the first and longest enduring of the influences that shaped the character of these people in England, Holland, and America. Brewster could probably have returned to the court under other auspices after Davison's fall, but as master of the post at Scrooby, then as a teacher and as founder of a printing office of prohibited English books in Leyden, and finally as a settler in the wilderness, inuring his soft hands to rude toils, until he died in his cabin an octogenarian, he led a life strangely different from that of a courtier. But no career possible to him at court could have been so useful or so long remembered.

But Brewster was not the master spirit. About the time the Separatists of Scrooby completed their church organization, in 1606, there came to it John Robinson. He had been a fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and a beneficed clergyman of Puritan views. He, too, had been slowly propelled to Separatist opinion by persecution. For fourteen years before the final migration he led the Pilgrims at Scrooby and Leyden. Wise man of affairs, he directed his people even in their hard struggle for bread in a foreign country. He was one of the few men, in that age of debate about husks and shells, who penetrated to those teachings concerning character and conduct which are the vital and imperishable elements of religion. Even when assailed most roughly in debate he was magnani-

mous and forbearing. He avoided the bigotry and bitterness of the early Brownists, and outgrew as years went on the narrowness of rigid Separatism. He lived on the best terms with the Dutch and French churches. He opposed rather the substantial abuses than the ceremonies of the Church of England, and as life advanced he came to extend a hearty fellowship and communion to good men in that church. Had it been his lot to remain in the national church and rise, as did his opponent, Joseph Hall, to the pedestal of a bishopric or to other dignity, he would have been one of the most illustrious divines of the age, — wanting something of the statesmanly breadth of Hooker, but quite outspreading and overtopping the Whitgifts, Bancrofts, and perhaps even the Halls. Robert Baillie, who could say many hard things against Separatists, is forced to confess that "Robinson was a man of excellent parts, and the most learned, polished, and modest spirit that ever separated from the Church of England;" and long after his death the Dutch theologian Hornbeeck recalls again and again his integrity, learning, and modesty.

Shall we say that when subjected to this great man's influence the rustics of Scrooby and Bawtry and Austerfield were clowns no longer? Perhaps we shall be truer to the probabilities of human nature if we conclude that Robinson was able to mold a few of the best of them to great uses, and that these became the significant digits which gave value to the ciphers.

THE WILD ROSE OF PLYMOUTH.

By JONES VERY.

[1813–1880.]

Upon the Plymouth shore the wild rose blooms,
As when the Pilgrim lived beside the bay,
And scents the morning air with sweet perfumes,
Though new this hour, more ancient far than they;
More ancient than the wild, yet friendly race
That roved the land before the Pilgrims came,
And here for ages found a dwelling place,
Of whom our histories tell us but a name!
Though new this hour, out from the past it springs,
Telling this summer morning of earth's prime;

And happy visions of the future brings,
That reach beyond, e'en to the verge of time,
Wreathing earth's children in one flowery chain
Of love and beauty, ever to remain.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

By FELICIA D. HEMANS.

[Felicia Dorothea Browne, afterwards Hemans: born 1793, died 1835.]

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

The Landing of the Pilgrims

From the painting by Charles Lucey

There was a woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
  They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found—
  Freedom to worship God.

BETTY ALDEN AND HER COMPANIONS.[1]

By JANE G. AUSTIN.

[JANE GOODWIN AUSTIN, American novelist, was born in Worcester, Mass., February 25, 1831; died in Boston, March 30, 1894. Her books are: "Fairy Dreams" (1860), "Moonfolk" (1874), "Mrs. Beauchamp Brown" (1880), "A Nameless Nobleman" (1881), "The Desmond Hundred" (1882), "Nantucket Scraps" (1882), "Standish of Standish" (1889), "Betty Alden" (1891), "David Alden's Daughter and Other Stories" (1892).]

How Mistress Alice Bradford introduced her Sister Priscilla Carpenter to Plymouth Society.

"GOODMAN, I've heavy news for you; so set your mind to bear it as best you may."

"Nay, goodwife, your winsome face is no herald of bad news, and certes, I'll not cross the bridge until it comes in sight."

"Well, then, since words won't daunt you, here's a fact, sir! We are to have a merrymaking, and gather all the young folk of the village, and Master Bradford will have to lay off the governor's mantle of thought and worry, that he may be jocund with the rest."

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"Nay, then, Alice, 'tis indeed heavy news!" And the governor pulled a long face, and looked mock miserable with all his might. "And is it a dispensation not to be gainsaid? Is there good cause that we should submit ourselves to an affliction that might, as it would seem, be spared?"

"Well, dear, you know that my sister Pris has come ——"

"Do you tell me so! Now *there* is news in very deed! And how did Mistress Priscilla Carpenter reach these parts?"

"Now, Will! if you torment me so, I'll e'en call in Priscilla Alden to take my part. *She'll* give you quip or crank, I'll warrant me."

"Nay, nay, wife, I'll be meek and good as your cosset lamb, so you'll keep me under your own hand. Come now, let us meet this enemy face to face. What is it all?"

Alice, who, tender soul that she was, loved not even playful and mock contention, sighed a little, and folding her hands in her lap gently said: —

"It is all just as thou pleasest, Will, but my thought was to call together all the young people and make a little feast to bring those acquainted with Pris, who, poor maid, has found it a trifle dull and straitened here, after leaving her merry young friends in England."

"Ever thinking of giving pleasure to others even at cost of much toil to thyself, sweetheart!" And the governor, placing a hand under his wife's round chin, raised her face and kissed it tenderly again and again, until the soft pink flushed to the roots of the fair hair.

"Do as thou wilt, darling, in this and everything, and call upon me for what thy men and maids cannot accomplish."

"Nay, I've help enough. Christian Penn is equal to two women, and sister Pris herself is very notable. Then Priscilla Alden will kindly put her hand to some of the dainty dishes, and she is a wonder at cooking, as you know."

"Yes, she proved it in — early days," interrupted Bradford, the smile fading off his face. "Had it not been for her skill in putting a savory touch to the coarsest food, I believe some of our sick folk would have died, — I am sure Dame Brewster would."

"Oh, you poor souls! How you suffered, and I there in England eating and drinking of the best, and — oh, Will, you should have married good dear Priscilla to reward her care of what I held so carelessly."

"Wonderful logic, madam! I should, to reward Mistress Molines for her care, have married her, when she loved another man, and I another woman, which latter was to thus be punished for carelessness in a matter she knew naught about!"

And with a tender little laugh, the governor pressed another kiss upon his wife's smooth cheek, before he went out to his fields, while she flew at once to her kitchen and set the domestic engine throbbing at double quick time. Then she stepped up the hill to John Alden's house, and found Priscilla, her morning work already done, washing and dressing her little Betty, while John and Jo watched the operation with unflagging interest.

"Come and help you, Alice? I shall be gay and glad to do it, dear, just as soon as Betty is in her cradle, and I have told Mary-à-Becket what to do about the noon meat. John, you and Jo run up the hill to the captain's, and ask Mistress Standish if Alick and Myles may come down and play with you in front of the governor's house so I may keep an eye on you."

"Two fine boys, those of Barbara's," said the governor's wife, and then affectionately, "yet no finer than your sturdy little knaves."

"Oh, ours are well enough for little yeomen, but the captain says his Alick is heir to a great estate, and is a gentleman born!" And the two young women laughed good-naturedly, while Priscilla laid her baby in the cradle, and Alice turned toward the door saying, "Well, I must be at home to mind the maids."

"And I'll be there anon. I trust you've good store of milk and cream. We did well enow without it for four years, but now we've had it for a while, one might as well be dead as lack it."

"I've plenty, and butter beside, both Dutch and fresh," replied Alice from outside the door, and in another ten minutes the wide kitchen recently added to William Bradford's house on the corner of Leyden Street and the King's Highway, now called Main Street, hummed again with the merry sounds of youthful voices, of the whisking of eggs, and grinding of spices, and stirring of golden compounds in wooden bowls, and chopping suet, and stoning raisins, and slicing citron, and the clatter of pewter dishes, which, by the way, with wooden ware were nearly all the "pottery" the Pilgrims possessed, hypothetical teapots and china cups to the contrary; for,

since we all know that tea and coffee were never heard of in England until about the year 1666, and the former herb was sold for many years after at from ten to fifteen dollars per pound (Pepys in 1671 mentions it as a strange and barbaric beverage just introduced), it is improbable that either tea, teapot, or teacups ever reached America until after Mary Allerton, the last survivor of the "Mayflower," rested upon Burying Hill.

All that day and part of the next the battle raged in the Bradford kitchen, for delicate appetites were in those times rather a defect than a grace, and hospitality largely consisted in first providing great quantities and many varieties of food, and then overpressing the guests to partake of it. An "afternoon tea" with diaphanous bread and butter, wafer cakes, and Cambridge salts, as the only solid refreshment, would have seemed to Alice Bradford and her guests either a comic pretense or a niggardly insult; and very different was the feast to which as many as could sat down at a very early hour of the evening of the second day.

The company was large, for in the good Old Colony fashion it included both married and single persons, and would, if possible, have made no distinctions of age or position; but this catholicity had in the growth of the colony become impossible, and Mistress Bradford's invitations were, with much searching of spirit and desire to avoid offense, confined principally to young persons, married and unmarried, likely to become associates of her sister Priscilla, a fair-haired, sweet-lipped, and daintily colored lass, reproducing Dame Alice's own early charms.

"The Brewster girls must come, although I cannot yet be reconciled to Fear's having married Isaac Allerton, and calling herself mother to Bart, and Mary and Remember — great grown girls!" exclaimed the hostess in consultation with her husband, and he pleasantly replied: —

"Oh, well, dame, we must not hope to guide all the world by our own wisdom; and certes, if Fear's marriage is a little incongruous, her sister Patience is well and fitly mated with Thomas Prence. It does one good to see such a comely and contented pair of wedded sweethearts."

"True enough, Will, and your thought is a rebuke to mine."

"Nay, wife, 'tis you that teach me to be charitable."

And the two, come together to reap in the glorious St.

Martin's summer of their days the harvest sown amid the chill tears of spring, looked in each other's eyes with a smile of deep content. The woman was the first to set self aside, and cried: —

"Come, come, Sir Governor! To business! Mistress Allerton, and her *daughters*, Mary and Remember, Bartholomew, and the Prences, Constance Hopkins with Nicholas Snow, whom she will marry, the Aldens, the captain and his wife ——"

"He is hardly to be ranked with the young folk, is he?"

"No, dear, no more than Master Allerton, or, for that matter, the governor and his old wife; but there, there, no more waste of time, sir! Who else is to come, and who to be left at home?"

"Nay, wife, I'm out of my depth already and will e'en get back to firm land, which means I leave all to your discretion. Call Barbara and Priscilla Alden to council, and let me know in time to put on my new green doublet and hose, for I suppose I am to don them."

"Indeed you are, and your ruffles and your silk stockings that I brought over. I will not let you live altogether in hodden gray, since even the Elder goes soberly fine on holidays."

"Well, well, I leave it all to you, and must betake myself to the woods. Good-by for a little."

"Good-by, dear."

And as the governor with an ax on his shoulder strode away down Market Street and across the brook to Watson's Hill, Dame Alice, a kerchief over her head, once more ran up the hill to Priscilla Alden's.

As the great gun upon the hill boomed out the sunset hour, and Captain Standish himself carefully covered it from the dews of night, Alice Bradford stood in the great lower room of her house and looked about her. All was done that could be done to put the place in festal array, and although the fair dame sighed a little at the remembrance of her stately home in Duke's Place, London, with its tapestries and carvings and carpets and pictures, she bravely put aside the regret, and affectionately smoothed and patted the fine damask "cubboard cloth" covering the lower shelf of the sideboard, or, as she called it, the "buffet," at one side of the room, and placed and replaced the precious properties set out thereon: —

A silver wine cup, a porringer that had been her mother's, nine silver teaspoons, and, crown of all, four genuine Venetian

wineglasses, tall and twisted of stem, gold-threaded and translucent of bowl, fragile and dainty of shape, and yet, like their as dainty owner, brave to make the pilgrimage from the home of luxury and art to the wilderness, where a shelter from the weather and a scant supply of the coarsest food was all to be hoped for.

But Dame Bradford, fingering her Venice glasses, and softly smiling at the touch, murmured to herself and to them, "'Tis our exceeding gain."

"What, Elsie, not dressed!" cried Priscilla Carpenter's blithe voice, as that young lady, running down the stairs leading to her little loft chamber, presented herself to her sister's inspection with a smile of conscious deserving.

"My word, Pris, but you are fine!" exclaimed Dame Alice, examining with an air of unwilling admiration the young girl's gay apparel and ornaments. It was indeed a pretty dress, consisting of a petticoat of cramoisie satin, quilted in an elaborate pattern of flowers, leaves, and birds; an open skirt of brocade turned back from the front, and caught high upon the hips with great bunches of cramoisie ribbons; a "waistcoat" of the satin, and a little open jacket of the brocade. Around the soft white throat of the wearer was loosely knotted a satin cravat of the same dull red tint with the skirt, edged with a deep lace, upon which Alice Bradford at once laid a practiced finger.

"Pris, that *jabot* is of Venice point! Where did you get it?"

"Ah! That was a present from ——"

"Well, from whom?"

"Nay, never look so cross on't, my lady sister! Might not I have a sweetheart as well as you?"

"Priscilla, I'm glad you're here rather than with those gay friends of yours in London. I suppose Lady Judith Carr or her daughters gave you these clothes, did they not?"

"Well, I earned them hard enough putting up with all my lady's humors and the girls' jealous fancies," pouted Pris. "I was glad enough when you and brother Will wrote and offered me a home, — not but what Lady Judith was good to me and called me her daughter; but, Elsie, 'twas not they who gave me the laced cravat, 'twas — 'twas ——"

"Well, out with it, little sister! Who was it, if not our mother's old friend?"

"Why, Elsie, 'twas a noble gentleman that I met with them

down at Bath, and — sister — he is coming over here to marry me right soon."

"Nay, then, but that's news indeed! And what may be his name, pet?"

"Sir Christopher Gardiner, and he's a Knight of the Holy Sepulcher."

And Pris, fondling the lace of her cravat, smiled proudly into her sister's astonished face; but before either could speak, Barbara Standish and Priscilla Alden appeared at the open door, the latter exclaiming in her blithe voice: —

"What, Alice, still in your workaday kirtle! Barbara and I came thus betimes to see if aught remained that we might do before the folk gather."

"Thank you, both; I — I — nay, then, I'm a little put about, dear friends; I hardly know, — well, well! Priscilla Carpenter, come you into my bedroom and help me do on my clothes, and if you two will look about and see what is ready and what is lacking, I shall be more than grateful. Come, Pris!"

"Something has chanced more than we know about!" suggested Priscilla Alden, as the bedroom door closed behind the sisters.

"Likely. But 'tis their affair and not ours," replied Barbara, quietly. "Now let us see. Would you set open the case holding the twelve ivory-handled knives?"

"Yes, they're a rarity, and some of the folk may not have seen them. Alice says that in London they put a knife to every man's trencher now, and nobody uses his own sheath knife as has been the wont."

"You tell me so! Well, one knife's enough for Myles and me, yes, and the boys to boot. But then I cut the meat in morsels, and spread the bread with butter, or ever it goes on the table."

"Of course; so we all do, I suppose. Well there, all is ready now, and here come the folk; there's Patty Brewster, or Patience Prence as she must now be called, and along with her Fear Allerton and Remember and Mary — her daughters indeed! Marry come up! *I* might have had Isaac Allerton for myself, but ——"

"And there is Constance Hopkins, and Nicholas Snow," interrupted Barbara, who was a deadly foe to gossip, "and John and Elizabeth Howland; then there's Stephen Dean with

Betsey Ring, and Edward Bangs and Lyddy Hicks, and Mary Warren and Robert Bartlett, three pair of sweethearts together, and here they all are at the door."

But as the more lively Priscilla ran to open it, the governor's hearty voice was heard without, crying : —

"Welcome! Welcome, friends! I was called out for a moment, but have come home just in the nick of time and brought the captain with me."

"Now I do hope Myles has put on his ruff, and his other doublet that I laid out," murmured Barbara in Priscilla's ear. "When the governor and he get together, the world's well lost for both of them."

"Nay, he's all right, and a right proper man, as he always was," returned Priscilla, with a quick glance at the square figure and commanding head of the Captain of Plymouth, as he entered the room and smiled in courtly fashion at Dame Bradford's greeting.

"And here's your John, a head and shoulders above all the rest," added Barbara, good-naturedly, as Alden, the Saxon giant, strode into the room and looked fondly across it at his wife.

Another half hour and all were gathered about the three long tables improvised from boards and barrels, but all covered with the fine napery brought from Holland by Alice Bradford, who had the true housewife's love of elegant damask, and during Edward Southworth's life was able to indulge it, laying up such store of table damask, of fine Holland "pillowbers," and "cubboard cloths," towels of Holland, of dowlas, and of lockorum, and sheets of various qualities from "fine Holland" to tow (the latter probably spun and woven at home), that the inventory of her personal estate is as good reading to her descendants as a cookery book to a hungry man.

Plenty of trenchers both of pewter and wood lined the table, and by each lay a napkin and a spoon, but neither knives nor forks, the latter implements not having yet been invented, except in the shape of a powerful trident to lift the boiled beef from the kettle, while table knives, as Priscilla Alden had intimated, were still regarded as curious implements of extreme luxury. A knife of a different order, sometimes a clash knife, sometimes a sheath knife, or even a dagger, was generally carried by each man, and used upon certain *pièces de resistance*, such as boar's head, a roasted peacock, a shape of brawn, a

powdered and cloved and browned ham, or such other triumphs of the culinary art as must be served whole.

Such dishes were carried around the table, and every guest, taking hold of the morsel he coveted with his napkin, sliced it off with his own knife, displaying the elegance of his table manners by the skill with which he did it. But as saffron was a favorite condiment of the day, and pearline was not yet invented, one sighs in contemplating the condition of these napkins, and ceases to wonder at the store of them laid up by thrifty housekeepers.

Ordinarily, however, the meat was divided into morsels before appearing on the table, and thus was easily managed with the spoon, — *or* with the fingers.

Between each two plates stood a pewter or wooden basin of clam chowder, prepared by Priscilla Alden, who was held in Plymouth to possess a magic touch for this and several other dishes.

From these each guest transferred a portion to his own plate, except when two supped merrily from the same bowl in token of friendly intimacy. This first course finished and the bowls removed, all eyes turned upon the governor, who rose in his place at the head of the principal table, where were gathered the more important guests, and, looking affectionately up and down the board, said : —

"Friends, it hardly needs that I should say that you are welcome, for I see none that are ever less than welcome beneath this roof ; but I well may thank you for the cheer your friendly faces bring to my heart to-night, and I well may pray you, of your goodness, to bestow upon my young sister here the same hearty kindness you have ever shown to me and mine." A murmur of eager assent went round the board, and the governor smiled cordially, as he grasped in both hands the great two-handled loving cup standing before him, — a grand cup, a noble cup, of the measure of two quarts, of purest silver, beautifully fashioned, and richly carved, as tradition said, by the hand of Benvenuto Cellini himself ; so precious a property that Katharine White, daughter of an English bishop, was proud to bring it as almost her sole dowry to John Carver, her husband. With him it came to the New World, and was used at the Feast of Treaty between the colonists and Massasoit, chief of the native owners of the soil. Katharine Carver, dying broken-hearted six weeks after her husband, bequeathed

the cup to William Bradford, his successor in the arduous post of Governor of the Colony, and from him it passed down into that Hades of lost and all but forgotten treasures, which may, for aught we know, become the recreation ground for the spirits of antiquarians.

Filled to the brim with generous Canary, a pure and fine wine in those days, it crowned the table, and William Bradford, steadily raising it to his lips, smiled gravely upon his guests, adding to his little speech of welcome: —

"I pledge you my hearty good will, friends!" then drank sincerely yet modestly, and giving one handle to Myles Standish, who sat at his left hand, he retained his hold at the other side while the captain drank, and in turn gave one handle to Mistress Winslow, who came next; and so, all standing to honor the pledge of love and good will, the cup passed round the board and came to Elder Brewster, at the governor's right hand; but he, having drunk, looked around with his paternal smile and said: —

"There is yet enough in the loving cup, friends, for each one to wet his lips, if nothing more, and I propose that we do so with our hearty welcome and best wishes to Mistress Priscilla Carpenter."

Once more the cup went gayly round, and reached the Elder so dry that he smiled, as he placed it to his lips, with a bow toward Pris savoring more of his early days in the court of Queen Bess than of New England's solitudes.

"And now to work, my friends, to work!" cried the governor. "I for one am famished, sith my dame was so busy at noontide with that wonderful structure yonder that she gave me naught but bread and cheese."

Everybody laughed, and Alice Bradford colored like a red, red rose, yet bravely answered: —

"The governor will have his jest, but I hope my raised pie will suffer roundly for its interference with his dinner."

"Faith, dame, but we'll all help to punish it," exclaimed Stephen Hopkins, gazing fondly at the elaborate mass of pastry representing, not inartistically, a castle with battlements and towers, and a floating banner of silk bearing an heraldic device. "Standish! we call upon you to lead us to the assault!"

"Nay, if Captain Standish is summoned to the field, my fortress surrenders without even a parley," said Alice Bradford, as she gracefully drew the little banner from its place,

and, laying it aside, removed a tower, a bastion, and a section of the battlement from the doomed fortress, and, loading a plate with the spoils of its treasury, planted the banner upon the top, and sent it to the captain, who received it with a bow and a smile, but never a word.

"Speak up, man!" cried Hopkins, boisterously. "Make a gallant speech in return for the courtesy of so fair a castellaine."

"Mistress Bradford needs no speech to assure her of my devoir," replied the captain, simply, and the governor added: —

"Our captain speaks more by deeds than words, and Gideon is his most eloquent interpreter. You have not brought him to-day, Captain."

"No; Gideon sulks in these days of peace, and seldom stirs abroad."

"Long may he be idle!" exclaimed the Elder, and a gentle murmur around the board told that the women at least echoed the prayer.

But Hopkins, seated next to Mistress Bradford, and watching her distribution of the pie, cared naught for war or peace until he secured a trencher of its contents, and presently cried: —

"Now, by my faith, I did not know such a pye as this could be concocted out of Yorkshire! 'Tis perfect in all its parts: fowl, and game, and pork, and forcemeat, and yolks of eggs, and curious art of spicery, and melting bits of pastry within, and stout-built walls without; in fact, there is naught lacking to such a pye as my mother used to make before I had the wit to know such pyes sing not on every bush."

"You're Yorkshire, then, Master Hopkins?" asked John Howland, who with his young wife, once Elizabeth Tilley, sat opposite.

"Yes, I'm Yorkshire, root and branch, and you're Essex, and the captain and the governor Lancashire, but all shaken up in a bag now, and turned into New Englanders, and since the Yorkshire pye has come over along with us I'm content for one."

A general laugh indorsed this patriotic speech, but Myles Standish, toying with the silken banner of the now sacked and ruined fortress, said in Bradford's ear: —

"All very well for a man who has naught to lose in the old country. But for my part I mean to place at least my oldest son in the seat of his fathers."

The governor smiled, and then sighed. "Nor can I quite forget the lands of Austerfield held by Bradfords and Hansons for more than one century, and the path beside the Idle, where Brewster and I walked and talked in the days of my first awakening to the real things of life ——"

"Real things of life, say you, Governor?" broke in Hopkins' strident voice; "well, if there is aught more real in its merit than this roasted suckling, I wish that I might meet with it."

And seizing with his napkin the hind leg of the little roasted pig presented to him by Christian Penn, the old campaigner deftly sliced it off with his sheath knife and devoured it in the most inartificial manner possible.

It was probably about this epoch that our popular saying, "Fingers were made before forks," took shape and force.

To the chowder, and the "pye," and the roasted suckling succeeded a mighty dish of succotash, that compound of dried beans, hulled corn, salted beef, pork, and chicken which may be called the charter dish of Plymouth; then came wild fowl dressed in various ways, a great bowl of "sallet," of Priscilla Alden's composition, and at last various sweet dishes, still served at the end of a meal, although soon after it was the mode to take them first.

"Oh, dear, when will the dignitaries stop eating and drinking and making compliments to each other?" murmured Priscilla Carpenter to Mary Warren at the side table where the girls and lads were grouped together, enjoying themselves as much as their elders, albeit in less ceremonious fashion.

"There! Your sister has laid down her napkin, and is gazing steadfastly at the governor, with 'Get up and say Grace' in her eye," replied Mary, nudging Jane Cooke to enforce silence; whereat that merry maid burst into a giggle, joined by Sarah and Elizabeth Warren, and Mary Allerton, and Betsey Ring, while Edward Bangs, and Robert Bartlett, and Sam Jenney, and Philip De la Noye, and Thomas Clarke, and John Cooke chuckled in sympathy, yet knew not what at.

A warning yet very gentle glance from Dame Bradford's eyes stifled the noise, and nearly did as much for its authors, who barely managed to preserve sobriety, while the governor returned thanks to the Giver of all good; so soon, however, as the elder party moved away, the painfully suppressed giggle burst into a storm of merriment, which as it subsided, was renewed in fullest vigor by Sarah Warden's bewildered inquiry,—

"What *are* we all laughing at?"

"Never mind, we'll laugh first, and find the wherefore at our leisure," suggested Jane Cooke, and so the dear old foolish fun that seems to spring up in spontaneous growth where young folk are gathered together, and is sometimes scorned and sometimes coveted by their elders, went on, and, after the tables were cleared, took form in all sorts of old English games, not very intellectual, not even very refined, but as satisfactory to those who played as Buried Cities, and Twenty Questions, and Intellectual Salad, and capping Browning quotations are to the children of culture and æsthetics. . . .

At ten o'clock the company broke up, and with many a blithe good night, and assurance of the pleasure they had enjoyed, betook themselves to their own homes.

Thus, then, was Priscilla Carpenter introduced into Plymouth society.

THE GOLDEN REIGN OF WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

(From "Knickerbocker's History of New York.")

[WASHINGTON IRVING was the son of an Orkney Islands emigrant merchant, and born in New York city, April 3, 1783. He studied law but found literature more congenial, and after a visit to Europe undertook with James K. Paulding the publication of *Salmagundi*, a humorous magazine; and in 1809 brought out "The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," as pure a fantasy as if laid in fairy-land, but its pictures of Dutch life are still accepted by most as authentic. It placed him at once at the head of American letters. Entering into a commercial partnership with his brothers, in 1815 he went to Europe, and remained abroad for seventeen years, traveling widely. About 1817 the house failed, and he devoted himself to literature for a subsistence. He became secretary of the American embassy (1829); Minister to Spain (1842); and after his return, four years later, passed the rest of his days at Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson river, near Tarrytown, N.Y., where he died Nov. 28, 1859. His other works are: "The Sketch Book" (1820), "Bracebridge Hall" (1822), "Tales of a Traveller" (1824), "Life and Voyages of Columbus" (1828), "Conquest of Granada" (1829), "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus" (1831), "The Alhambra" (1832), "Astoria" (1836), "Adventures of Captain Bonneville" (1837), "Life of Goldsmith" (1849), "Mahomet and his Successors" (1850), "Wolfert's Roost" (1855), "Life of Washington" (1855–1859).]

GRIEVOUS and very much to be commiserated is the task of the feeling historian who writes the history of his native land. If it fall to his lot to be the sad recorder of calamity or crime, the mournful page is watered with his tears — nor can he recall

the most prosperous and blissful era, without a melancholy sigh at the reflection that it has passed away forever! I know not whether it be owing to an immoderate love for the simplicity of former times, or to that certain tenderness of heart incident to all sentimental historians; but I candidly confess that I cannot look back on the happier days of our city, which I now describe, without a sad dejection of the spirits. With a faltering hand do I withdraw the curtain of oblivion that veils the modest merit of our venerable ancestors, and as their figures rise to my mental vision, humble myself before the mighty shades.

Such are my feelings when I revisit the family mansion of the Knickerbockers, and spend a lonely hour in the chamber where hang the portraits of my forefathers, shrouded in dust, like the forms they represent. With pious reverence do I gaze on the countenances of those renowned burghers who have preceded me in the steady march of existence — whose sober and temperate blood now meanders through my veins, flowing slower and slower in its feeble conduits, until its current shall soon be stopped forever!

These, say I to myself, are but frail memorials of the mighty men who flourished in the days of the patriarchs; but who, alas, have long since moldered in that tomb towards which my steps are insensibly and irresistibly hastening! As I pace the darkened chamber, and lose myself in melancholy musings, the shadowy images around me almost seem to steal once more into existence — their countenances to assume the animation of life — their eyes to pursue me in every movement! Carried away by the delusions of fancy, I almost imagine myself surrounded by the shades of the departed, and holding sweet converse with the worthies of antiquity! Ah, hapless Diedrich! born in a degenerate age, abandoned to the buffetings of fortune — a stranger and a weary pilgrim in thy native land — blest with no weeping wife, nor family of helpless children; but doomed to wander neglected through those crowded streets, and elbowed by foreign upstarts from those fair abodes where once thy ancestors held sovereign empire!

Let me not, however, lose the historian in the man, nor suffer the doting recollections of age to overcome me, while dwelling with fond garrulity on the virtuous days of the patriarchs — on those sweet days of simplicity and ease, which nevermore will dawn on the lovely island of Manna-hata!

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of — which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all sage magistrates and rulers.

The surname of Twiller is said to be a corruption of the original *Twijfler*, which in English means *doubter*, a name admirably descriptive of his deliberative habits. For, though he was a man shut up within himself like an oyster, and of such a profoundly reflective turn that he scarcely ever spoke except in monosyllables, yet did he never make up his mind on any doubtful point. This was clearly accounted for by his adherents, who affirmed that he always conceived every object on so comprehensive a scale, that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it, so that he always remained in doubt, merely in consequence of the astonishing magnitude of his ideas!

There are two opposite ways by which some men get into notice — one by talking a vast deal and thinking a little, and the other by holding their tongues, and not thinking at all. By the first, many a vaporing, superficial pretender acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts — by the other, many a vacant dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be complimented by a discerning world with all the attributes of wisdom. This, by the way, is a mere casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. On the contrary, he was a very wise Dutchman, for he never said a foolish thing — and of such invincible gravity, that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the course of a long and prosperous life. Certain, however, it is, there never was a matter proposed, however simple, and on which your common narrow-minded mortals would rashly determine at the first glance, but what the renowned Wouter put on a mighty, mysterious, vacant kind of look, shook his capacious head, and, having smoked for five minutes with redoubled earnestness, sagely observed that "he had his doubts about the matter" — which in process of time gained him the character of a man slow in belief, and not easily imposed on.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was as regularly formed, and nobly proportioned, as though it had been molded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His body was of an oblong form, particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs, though exceeding short, were sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a robustious beer barrel, standing on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, perfectly unfurrowed or deformed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in the hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four and twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller — a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories, by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet,

into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a scepter, he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmin and amber, which had been presented to a Stadtholder of Holland, at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would absolutely shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects — and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

It is with infinite difficulty I have been enabled to collect these biographical anecdotes of the great man under consideration. The facts respecting him were so scattered and vague, and divers of them so questionable in point of authenticity, that I have had to give up the search after many, and decline the admission of still more, which would have tended to heighten the coloring of his portrait.

I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the person and habits of the renowned Van Twiller, from the consideration that he was not only the first, but also the best, governor that ever presided over this ancient and respectable province; and so tranquil and benevolent was his reign that I do not find throughout the whole of it a single instance of any offender being brought to punishment — a most indubitable sign of a merciful governor, and a case unparalleled, excepting in the reign of the illustrious King Log, from whom, it is hinted, the renowned Van Twiller was a lineal descendant.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen, that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been solemnly installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast, from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of one Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amster-

dam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he fraudulently refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings — or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt, as he shoveled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth — either as a sign that he relished the dish, or comprehended the story — he called unto him his constable, and pulling out of his breeches pocket a huge jackknife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal ring of the great Haroun Alraschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator, or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks, to understand. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and with marvelous gravity and solemnity pronounced — that having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other — therefore it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced — therefore Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt — and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration — and the office of constable fell into such decay, that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in

dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter — being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

In treating of the early governors of the province, I must caution my readers against confounding them, in point of dignity and power, with those worthy gentlemen who are whimsically denominated governors in this enlightened republic — a set of unhappy victims of popularity, who are in fact the most dependent, henpecked beings in the community: doomed to bear the secret goadings and corrections of their own party, and the sneers and revilings of the whole world beside; — set up, like geese at Christmas holidays, to be pelted and shot at by every whipster and vagabond in the land. On the contrary, the Dutch governors enjoyed that uncontrolled authority vested in all commanders of distant colonies or territories. They were in a manner absolute despots in their little domains, lording it, if so disposed, over both law and gospel, and accountable to none but the mother country; which it is well known is astonishingly deaf to all complaints against its governors, provided they discharge the main duty of their station — squeezing out a good revenue. This hint will be of importance, to prevent my readers from being seized with doubt and incredulity, whenever, in the course of this authentic history, they encounter the uncommon circumstance of a governor acting with independence, and in opposition to the opinions of the multitude.

To assist the doubtful Wouter in the arduous business of legislation, a board of magistrates was appointed, which presided immediately over the police. This potent body consisted of a schout or bailiff, with powers between those of the present mayor and sheriff — five burgermeesters, who were equivalent to aldermen, and five schepens, who officiated as scrubs, subdevils, or bottle holders to the burgermeesters, in the same manner as do assistant aldermen to their principals at the present day; it being their duty to fill the pipes of the lordly burgermeesters — hunt the markets for delicacies for corporation dinners, and to discharge such other little offices of kindness as were occasionally required. It was, moreover, tacitly

understood, though not specifically enjoined, that they should consider themselves as butts for the blunt wits of the burgermeesters, and should laugh most heartily at all their jokes; but this last was a duty as rarely called in action in those days as it is at present, and was shortly remitted, in consequence of the tragical death of a fat little schepen — who actually died of suffocation, in an unsuccessful effort to force a laugh at one of the burgermeester Van Zandt's best jokes.

In return for these humble services, they were permitted to say *yes* and *no* at the council board, and to have that enviable privilege, the run of the public kitchen — being graciously permitted to eat, and drink, and smoke, at all snug junketings and public gormandizings, for which the ancient magistrates were equally famous with their modern successors. The post of schepen, therefore, like that of assistant alderman, was eagerly coveted by all your burghers of a certain description, who have a huge relish for good feeding, and an humble ambition to be great men in a small way — who thirst after a little brief authority, that shall render them the terror of the almshouse and the bridewell — that shall enable them to lord it over obsequious poverty, vagrant vice, outcast prostitution, and hunger-driven dishonesty — that shall give to their beck a houndlike pack of catchpoles and bumbailiffs — tenfold greater rogues than the culprits they hunt down! — My readers will excuse this sudden warmth, which I confess is unbecoming of a grave historian — but I have a moral antipathy to catchpoles, bumbailiffs, and little great men.

The ancient magistrates of this city corresponded with those of the present time no less in form, magnitude, and intellect, than in prerogative and privilege. The burgomasters, like our aldermen, were generally chosen by weight — and not only the weight of the body, but likewise the weight of the head. It is a maxim practically observed in all honest, plain-thinking, regular cities, that an alderman should be fat — and the wisdom of this can be proved to a certainty. That the body is in some measure an image of the mind, or rather that the mind is molded to the body, like melted lead to the clay in which it is cast, has been insisted on by many philosophers, who have made human nature their peculiar study — for as a learned gentleman of our own city observes, "there is a constant relation between the moral character of all intelligent creatures,

and their physical constitution — between their habits and the structure of their bodies." Thus we see that a lean, spare, diminutive body is generally accompanied by a petulant, restless, meddling mind — either the mind wears down the body, by its continual motion; or else the body, not affording the mind sufficient houseroom, keeps it continually in a state of fretfulness, tossing and worrying about from the uneasiness of its situation. Whereas your round, sleek, fat, unwieldy periphery is ever attended by a mind like itself, tranquil, torpid, and at ease; and we may always observe that your well-fed, robustious burghers are in general very tenacious of their ease and comfort; being great enemies to noise, discord, and disturbance — and surely none are more likely to study the public tranquillity than those who are so careful of their own. Who ever hears of fat men heading a riot, or herding together in turbulent mobs? — no — no — it is your lean, hungry men, who are continually worrying society, and setting the whole community by the ears.

The divine Plato, whose doctrines are not sufficiently attended to by philosophers of the present age, allows to every man three souls — one immortal and rational, seated in the brain, that it may overlook and regulate the body — a second consisting of the surly and irascible passions, which, like belligerent powers, lie encamped around the heart — a third mortal and sensual, destitute of reason, gross and brutal in its propensities, and enchained in the belly, that it may not disturb the divine soul by its ravenous howlings. Now, according to this excellent theory, what can be more clear than that your fat alderman is most likely to have the most regular and well-conditioned mind. His head is like a huge spherical chamber, containing a prodigious mass of soft brains, whereon the rational soul lies softly and snugly couched, as on a feather bed; and the eyes, which are the windows of the bedchamber, are usually half closed, that its slumberings may not be disturbed by external objects. A mind thus comfortably lodged, and protected from disturbance, is manifestly most likely to perform its functions with regularity and ease. By dint of good feeding, moreover, the mortal and malignant soul, which is confined in the belly, and which, by its raging and roaring, puts the irritable soul in the neighborhood of the heart in an intolerable passion, and thus renders men crusty and quarrelsome when hungry, is completely pacified, silenced, and put to rest — whereupon a host of

honest good-fellow qualities and kind-hearted affections, which had lain perdue, slyly peeping out of the loopholes of the heart, finding this Cerberus asleep, do pluck up their spirits, turn out one and all in their holiday suits, and gambol up and down the diaphragm — disposing their possessor to laughter, good humor, and a thousand friendly offices towards his fellow-mortals.

As a board of magistrates, formed on this model, think but very little, they are less likely to differ and wrangle about favorite opinions — and as they generally transact business upon a hearty dinner, they are naturally disposed to be lenient and indulgent in the administration of their duties. Charlemagne was conscious of this, and, therefore (a pitiful measure, for which I can never forgive him) ordered in his cartularies that no judge should hold a court of justice, except in the morning, on an empty stomach — a rule which, I warrant, bore hard upon all the poor culprits in his kingdom. The more enlightened and humane generation of the present day have taken an opposite course, and have so managed that the aldermen are the best-fed men in the community ; feasting lustily on the fat things of the land, and gorging so heartily oysters and turtles, that in process of time they acquire the activity of the one, and the form, the waddle, and the green fat of the other. The consequence is, as I have just said, these luxurious feastings do produce such a dulcet equanimity and repose of the soul, rational and irrational, that their transactions are proverbial for unvarying monotony — and the profound laws which they enact in their dozing moments, amid the labors of digestion, are quietly suffered to remain as dead letters, and never enforced, when awake. In a word, your fair, round-bellied burgomaster, like a full-fed mastiff, dozes quietly at the house door, always at home, and always at hand to watch over its safety — but as to electing a lean, meddling candidate to the office, as has now and then been done, I would as lief put a greyhound to watch the house, or a race horse to drag an ox wagon.

The burgomasters then, as I have already mentioned, were wisely chosen by weight, and the schepens, or assistant aldermen, were appointed to attend upon them, and help them eat ; but the latter, in the course of time, when they had been fed and fattened into sufficient bulk of body and drowsiness of brain, became very eligible candidates for the burgomasters' chairs, having fairly eaten themselves into office, as a mouse eats

his way into a comfortable lodgment in a goodly, blue-nosed, skimmed-milk, New England cheese.

Nothing could equal the profound deliberations that took place between the renowned Wouter and these his worthy compeers, unless it be the sage divans of some of our modern corporations. They would sit for hours smoking and dozing over public affairs, without speaking a word to interrupt that perfect stillness so necessary to deep reflection. Under the sober sway of Wouter Van Twiller, and these his worthy coadjutors, the infant settlement waxed vigorous apace, gradually emerging from the swamps and forests, and exhibiting that mingled appearance of town and country customary in new cities, and which at this day may be witnessed in the city of Washington — that immense metropolis, which makes so glorious an appearance on paper.

It was a pleasing sight, in those times, to behold the honest burgher, like a patriarch of yore, seated on the bench at the door of his whitewashed house, under the shade of some gigantic sycamore or overhanging willow. Here would he smoke his pipe of a sultry afternoon, enjoying the soft southern breeze, and listening with silent gratulation to the clucking of his hens, the cackling of his geese, and the sonorous grunting of his swine; that combination of farmyard melody which may truly be said to have a silver sound, inasmuch as it conveys a certain assurance of profitable marketing.

The modern spectator, who wanders through the streets of this populous city, can scarcely form an idea of the different appearance they presented in the primitive days of the Doubter. The busy hum of multitudes, the shouts of revelry, the rumbling equipages of fashion, the rattling of accursed carts, and all the spirit-grieving sounds of brawling commerce, were unknown in the settlement of New Amsterdam. The grass grew quietly in the highways — the bleating sheep and frolicsome calves sported about the verdant ridge where now the Broadway loungers take their morning stroll — the cunning fox or ravenous wolf skulked in the woods where now are to be seen the dens of Gomez and his righteous fraternity of money brokers — and flocks of vociferous geese cackled about the fields where now the great Tammany wigwam and the patriotic tavern of Martling echo with the wranglings of the mob.

In these good times did a true and enviable equality of rank and property prevail, equally removed from the arrogance of

wealth, and the servility and heartburnings of repining poverty — and what in my mind is still more conducive to tranquillity and harmony among friends, a happy equality of intellect was likewise to be seen. The minds of the good burghers of New Amsterdam seemed all to have been cast in one mold, and to be those honest, blunt minds which, like certain manufactures, are made by the gross, and considered as exceedingly good for common use.

Thus it happens that your true dull minds are generally preferred for public employ, and especially promoted to city honors, — your keen intellects, like razors, being considered too sharp for common service. I know that it is common to rail at the unequal distribution of riches, as the great source of jealousies, broils, and heartbreakings; whereas, for my part, I verily believe it is the sad inequality of intellect that prevails, that embroils communities more than anything else; and I have remarked that your knowing people, who are so much wiser than anybody else, are eternally keeping society in a ferment. Happily for New Amsterdam, nothing of the kind was known within its walls — the very words of learning, education, taste, and talents were unheard of — a bright genius was an animal unknown, and a bluestocking lady would have been regarded with as much wonder as a horned frog or a fiery dragon. No man, in fact, seemed to know more than his neighbor, nor any man to know more than an honest man ought to know, who has nobody's business to mind but his own; the parson and the council clerk were the only men that could read in the community, and the sage Van Twiller always signed his name with a cross.

Thrice happy and ever to be envied little burgh! existing in all the security of harmless insignificance — unnoticed and unenvied by the world, without ambition, without vainglory, without riches, without learning, and all their train of carking cares — and as of yore, in the better days of man, the deities were wont to visit him on earth and bless his rural habitations, so we are told, in the sylvan days of New Amsterdam, the good St. Nicholas would often make his appearance in his beloved city, of a holiday afternoon, riding jollily among the tree tops, or over the roofs of the houses, now and then drawing forth magnificent presents from his breeches pockets, and dropping them down the chimneys of his favorites. Whereas in these degenerate days of iron and brass, he never shows us the light

of his countenance, nor ever visits us, save one night in the year; when he rattles down the chimneys of the descendants of the patriarchs, confining his presents merely to the children, in token of the degeneracy of the parents.

Such are the comfortable and thriving effects of a fat government. The province of the New Netherlands, destitute of wealth, possessed a sweet tranquillity that wealth could never purchase. There were neither public commotions, nor private quarrels; neither parties, nor sects, nor schisms; neither persecutions, nor trials, nor punishments; nor were there counselors, attorneys, catchpoles, or hangmen. Every man attended to what little business he was lucky enough to have, or neglected it if he pleased, without asking the opinion of his neighbor. In those days, nobody meddled with concerns above his comprehension, nor thrust his nose into other people's affairs; nor neglected to correct his own conduct, and reform his own character, in his zeal to pull to pieces the characters of others — but in a word, every respectable citizen ate when he was not hungry, drank when he was not thirsty, and went regularly to bed when the sun set, and the fowls went to roost, whether he were sleepy or not; all which tended so remarkably to the population of the settlement, that I am told every dutiful wife throughout New Amsterdam made a point of enriching her husband with at least one child a year, and very often a brace — this superabundance of good things clearly constituting the true luxury of life, according to the favorite Dutch maxim, that "more than enough constitutes a feast." Everything, therefore, went on exactly as it should do; and in the usual words employed by historians to express the welfare of a country, "the profoundest *tranquillity* and *repose* reigned throughout the province."

Manifold are the tastes and dispositions of the enlightened literati, who turn over the pages of history. Some there be whose hearts are brimful of the yeast of courage, and whose bosoms do work, and swell and foam, with untried valor, like a barrel of new cider, or a trainband captain, fresh from under the hands of his tailor. This doughty class of readers can be satisfied with nothing but bloody battles and horrible encounters; they must be continually storming forts, sacking cities, springing mines, marching up to the muzzles of cannon, charging bayonet through every page, and reveling in gun-

powder and carnage. Others, who are of a less martial but equally ardent imagination, and who, withal, are a little given to the marvelous, will dwell with wondrous satisfaction on descriptions of prodigies, unheard-of events, hairbreadth escapes, hardy adventures, and all those astonishing narrations that just amble along the boundary line of possibility. A third class, who, not to speak slightly of them, are of a lighter turn, and skim over the records of past times, as they do over the edifying pages of a novel, merely for relaxation and innocent amusement, do singularly delight in treasons, executions, Sabine rapes, Tarquin outrages, conflagrations, murders, and all the other catalogue of hideous crimes that, like cayenne in cookery, do give a pungency and flavor to the dull detail of history — while a fourth class, of more philosophic habits, do diligently pore over the musty chronicles of time, to investigate the operations of the human kind, and watch the gradual changes in men and manners effected by the progress of knowledge, the vicissitudes of events, or the influence of situation.

If the three first classes find but little wherewithal to solace themselves in the tranquil reign of Wouter Van Twiller, I entreat them to exert their patience for a while, and bear with the tedious picture of happiness, prosperity, and peace, which my duty as a faithful historian obliges me to draw; and I promise them that as soon as I can possibly light upon anything horrible, uncommon, or impossible, it shall go hard, but I will make it afford them entertainment. This being promised, I turn with great complacency to the fourth class of my readers, who are men, or, if possible, women, after my own heart: grave, philosophical, and investigating; fond of analyzing characters, of taking a start from first causes, and so hunting a nation down, through all the mazes of innovation and improvement. Such will naturally be anxious to witness the first development of the newly hatched colony, and the primitive manners and customs prevalent among its inhabitants, during the halcyon reign of Van Twiller, or the Doubter.

I will not grieve their patience, however, by describing minutely the increase and improvement of New Amsterdam. Their own imaginations will doubtless present to them the good burghers, like so many painstaking and persevering beavers, slowly and surely pursuing their labors — they will behold the prosperous transformation from the rude log hut to the stately Dutch mansion, with brick front, glazed win-

dows, and tiled roof, from the tangled thicket to the luxuriant cabbage garden, and from the skulking Indian to the ponderous burgomaster. In a word, they will picture to themselves the steady, silent, and undeviating march to prosperity, incident to a city destitute of pride or ambition, cherished by a fat government, and whose citizens do nothing in a hurry.

The sage council, as has been mentioned in a preceding chapter, not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city — the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their peculiar charge, and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor; the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front; and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind; — the most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife — a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new-year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was ofttimes worn out by the very precautions

taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water — insomuch that a historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids — but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or what is worse, a willful misrepresentation.

The grand parlor was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights — always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom — after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace — the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the goede vrouw on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for

a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches — grisly ghosts, horses without heads — and hairbreadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish — in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoeks — a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs — with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper teakettle, which would have made the pygmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup — and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an

improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth — an ingenious expedient which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting — no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones — no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets — nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements, of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, *yah Mynheer* or *yah yah Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving, in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed — Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles Nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present — if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

OVERREACH OVERREACHED.

By PHILIP MASSINGER.

(From "A New Way to pay Old Debts.")

[PHILIP MASSINGER, English dramatist, was baptized at St. Thomas', Salisbury, November 24, 1583. He studied at Oxford, but quitted the university without taking a degree, and repaired to London about 1606. Little is known of his personal history beyond the fact that he wrote many plays both independently and in conjunction with Field, Dekker, Fletcher, and others; with Fletcher he was associated from 1613 to 1625. He was found dead in bed in his house at Southwark, March 1640. He wrote fifteen plays unaided — tragedies, tragi-comedies, and comedies — such as "The Bondman," "Duke of Milan," "Parliament of Love," "Maid of Honor," "City Madam," and "A New Way to pay Old Debts," which last keeps his name familiar through the powerful part of Sir Giles Overreach. Of his plays written in collaboration with other dramatists, the best are: "The Honest Man's Fortune," "The Fatal Dowry," "Sir John Van Olden Barnavelt," and "The Virgin Martyr."]

Enter SIR GILES OVERREACH, *with distracted looks, driving in* MARRALL *before him, with a box.*

Overreach —
I shall *sol fa* you, rogue!
Marrall —
Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?
Overreach —
Cause, slave! why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.
Marrall —
I may yet cry quittance,
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [*Aside.*
Overreach [*to Lady Allworth*] —
Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady?
And the lord her husband? are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honor,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make courtesies,
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favor.
Lady Allworth —
When I know, Sir Giles,

Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But, in the mean time, as I am myself,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honor is.

Overreach —
When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better. — Nephew.

Wellborn —
Sir.

Overreach —
No more!

Wellborn —
'Tis all I owe you.

Overreach —
Have your redeemed rags
Made you thus insolent?

Wellborn —
Insolent to you!
Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself?

Overreach —
His fortune swells him:
'Tis rank, he's married. [*Aside.*

Lady Allworth —
This is excellent!

Overreach —
Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buzz
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen marriage,
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozened;
I name no parties.

Wellborn —
Well, sir, and what follows?

Overreach —
Marry, this; since you are peremptory. Remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds: put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragged in your lavender robes to the jail: you know me,
And therefore do not trifle.

Wellborn —
Can you be

So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? was this the courtesy
You did me "in pure love, and no ends else"?

Overreach —

End me no ends! engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger
And revel in bawdy taverns.

Wellborn —

And beg after;
Mean you not so?

Overreach —

My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?

Wellborn —

No, indeed you shall not,
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;
Your great looks fright not me.

Overreach —

But my deeds shall.
Outbraved! [*Both draw.*

Lady Allworth —

Help, murder! murder! [*Enter* Servants.

* * * * * * *

Marrall —

Now put him to
The showing of the deed. [*Aside to* WELLBORN.

Wellborn —

This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full,
Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law (howe'er you have no conscience),
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Overreach —

I in thy debt! O impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land,
That hath continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here, inclosed,
The deed that does confirm it mine?

Marrall —

Now, now!

Wellborn —

I do acknowledge none; I ne'er passed over
Any such land: I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.

Lady Allworth —

In my judgment,
He does advise you well.

Overreach —

Good! good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favor.

Lady Allworth —

Never: do not hope it.

Wellborn —

Let despair first seize me.

Overreach —

Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
[*Opens the box and displays the bond.*
Thy ears to the pillory, see! here's that will make
My interest clear — ha!

Lady Allworth —

A fair skin of parchment.

Wellborn —

Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How! thunderstruck?
Not a syllable to insult with? My wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes
Your interest clear?

Overreach —

I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turned into dust! — the rest of my deeds whole
As when they were delivered, and this only

Made nothing! do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is;
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.

Wellborn —

To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

Overreach —

Marrall!

Marrall —

Sir!

Overreach —

Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony
Help with an oath or two: and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear anything, to dash
This cunning sleight: besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses: the deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and delivered
When thou wert present, will make good my title.
Wilt thou not swear this? [*Aside to* MARRALL.

Marrall —

I! no, I assure you:
I have a conscience not seared up like yours;
I know no deeds.

Overreach —

Wilt thou betray me?

Marrall —

Keep him
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue,
To his no little torment.

Overreach —

Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!

Marrall —

Yes, and uncase you too.
"The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise," your "football" or
"The unprofitable lump of flesh," your "drudge,"
Can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride, and, with these gabions guarded,

Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay, pulverize, the walls you think defend you.
Lady Allworth —
How he foams at the mouth with rage!
Wellborn —
To him again.
Overreach —
O that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear thee
Joint after joint!
Marrall —
I know you are a tearer,
But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
Come nearer to you; when I have discovered,
And made it good before the judge, what ways,
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with
An army of whole families, who yet alive,
And but enrolled for soldiers, were able
To take in Dunkirk.
Wellborn —
All will come out.
Lady Allworth —
The better.
Overreach —
But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,
These swords that keep thee from me should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.
Lovell —
Heaven's hand is in this;
One bandog worry the other! [*Aside.*
Overreach —
I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous:
There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.
Wellborn —
I think so:
You dare do any ill, yet want true valor
To be honest, and repent.
Overreach —
They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

Enter GREEDY *and* PARSON WILLDO.

Shall find no harbor here: — after these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Willdo —

Married! yes, I assure you.

Overreach —

Then vanish all sad thoughts! there's more gold for thee.
My doubts and fears are in the titles drowned
Of my honorable, my right honorable daughter.

Greedy —

Here will be feasting! at least for a month,
I am provided: empty guts, croak no more.
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes.

Overreach —

Instantly be here? [*Whispering to* WILLDO.
To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot against me,
And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemned me,
Think on't and tremble: — [*Loud music*] — they come! I hear the music.
A lane there for my lord!

Wellborn —

This sudden heat
May yet be cooled, sir.

Overreach —

Make way there for my lord!

Enter ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET.

Margaret —

Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason, [*Kneeling.*
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fastened: not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.

Overreach —

How!

Allworth —

So I assure you; all the rites of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past. Alas! sir,

Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it;
And, for right honorable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.

Overreach —
Devil! are they married?

Willdo —
Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them joy!

Overreach —
Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.

Willdo —
They are married.

Overreach —
Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these: — my brain turns!

Willdo —
Why this rage to me?
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?
"Marry her to this gentleman."

Overreach —
It cannot —
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not;
That I, that in all passages I touched
At worldly profit have not left a print
Where I have trod for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gulled by children,
Baffled and fooled, and all my hopes and labors
Defeated and made void.

Wellborn —
As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle.

Overreach —
Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.

[*Attempts to kill* MARGARET.

Lovell [*coming forward*] —
Hold, for your own sake!
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,

And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be crossed.

Overreach —

Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valor
Dares show itself where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.

Lovell —

I am ready.

Lady Allworth —

Stay, sir,
Contest with one distracted!

Wellborn —

You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Overreach —

Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemmed in —
Thus!
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place:
Alone I can do nothing; but I have servants
And friends to second me; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good!) or leave
One throat uncut, — if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions! [*Exit.*

Marrall —

Is't not brave sport?

Greedy —

Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en away my stomach;
I do not like the sauce.

Allworth —

Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity; what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.

Lady Allworth —

His threats move me
No scruple, madam.

Marrall —

Was it not a rare trick,

An it please your worship, to make the deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.

Wellborn —
I do believe thee;
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance?

Marrall —
They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax —
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement
To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Wellborn —
You are a rascal! he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward
Or favor from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's; thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.

Greedy —
I'll commit him,
If you'll have me, sir.

Wellborn —
That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly begone.

Order (*the Steward*) —
Take this kick with you.

Amble (*the Usher*) —
And this.

Furnace (*the Cook*) —
If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.

Marrall —
This is the haven
False servants still arrive at. [*Exit.*

Reënter Overreach.

Lady Allworth —
Come again!
Lovell —
Fear not, I am your guard.
Wellborn —
His looks are ghastly.
Willdo —
Some little time I have spent, under your favors,
In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,
And look to yourselves.
Overreach —
Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,
[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*
I'll fall to execution. — Ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment seat: now they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of Fate,
I will be forced to hell like to myself.
Though you were legions of accursèd spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.
[*Rushes forward and flings himself on the ground.*
Wellborn —
There's no help;
Disarm him first, then bind him.
Greedy —
Take a *mittimus*,
And carry him to Bedlam.
Lovell —
How he foams!
Wellborn —
And bites the earth!

Willdo —
Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.
Margaret —
O my dear father! [*They force* OVERREACH *off.*

THE POWERS OF THE AIR.

BY ROBERT BURTON.

(From the "Anatomy of Melancholy.")

[ROBERT BURTON was a scholar and bookworm, born in Leicestershire in 1576, who took orders for a living, but spent all his life at his alma mater, Christ Church, Oxford, where he died in 1640; a mathematician and philologist, and curious about astrology, but whose life was in reading, of which the "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1621) is a digest.]

A DIGRESSION OF THE NATURE OF SPIRITS, BAD ANGELS, OR DEVILS, AND HOW THEY CAUSE MELANCHOLY.

AS FOR those orders of good & bad Devils, which the Platonists hold, [it] is altogether erroneous, & those Ethnicks' *boni & mali Genii* are to be exploded. These heathen writers agree not in this point among themselves, as *Dandinus* notes, *an sint mali non conveniunt*, some will have all spirits good or bad to us by a mistake: as if an ox or horse could discourse, he would say the butcher was his enemy because he kill'd him, the grazier his friend because he fed him; an hunter preserves and yet kills his game, and is hated nevertheless of his game; *nec piscatorem piscis amare potest*, &c. But *Iamblicus*, *Psellus*, *Plutarch*, & most Platonists acknowledge bad, *& ab eorum maleficiis cavendum*, for they are enemies of man-kind, & this *Plato* learned in Egypt, that they quarreled with *Jupiter*, and were driven by him down to hell. That which *Apuleius*, *Xenophon*, & *Plato* contend of *Socrates*' *Dæmonium* is most absurd; that which *Plotinus* of his, that he had likewise *Deum pro Dæmonio:* and that which Porphyry concludes of them all in general, if they be neglected in their sacrifice they are angry; nay more, as *Cardan* in his *Hyperchen* will, they feed on men's souls, *elementa sunt plantis elementum, animalibus plantæ, hominibus*

animalia, erunt & homines aliis, non autem diis, nimis remota est eorum natura à nostrâ, quapropter dæmonibus: and so, belike, that we have so many battles fought in all ages, countries, is to make them a feast, and their sole delight. But to return to that I said before, if displeased, they fret and chafe (for they feed, belike, on the souls of beasts, as we do on their bodies), & send many plagues amongst us; but, if pleased, they do much good; is as vain as the rest, & confuted by *Austin, l.* 9, *c.* 8, *de Civ. Dei; Eusеb. l.* 4, *præpar. Evan. c.* 6; & others. Yet thus much I find, that our Schoolmen & other Divines make 9 kinds of bad Spirits, as *Dionysius* hath done of Angels.

In the first rank are those false gods of the Gentiles, which were adored heretofore in several Idols, and gave Oracles at *Delphi*, and elsewhere; whose Prince is *Beelzebub*. The second rank is of Liars, and Equivocators, as *Apollo Pythias*, and the like. The third are those vessels of anger, inventors of all mischief; as that *Theuth* in *Plato; Esay* calls them vessels of fury; their Prince is *Belial*. The fourth are malicious revenging Devils; and their Prince is *Asmodæus*. The fifth are cozeners, such as belong to Magicians and Witches; their Prince is *Satan*. The sixth are those aerial devils that corrupt the air, & cause plagues, thunders, fires, *&c.*, spoken of in the *Apocalypse*, and *Paul* to the *Ephesians* names them the Princes of the air; *Meresin* is their Prince. The seventh is a destroyer, Captain of the Furies, causing wars, tumults, combustions, uproars, mentioned in the *Apocalypse*, [ix. 11], and called *Abaddon*. The eighth is that accusing or calumniating Devil, whom the Greeks call Διάβολος, that drives men to despair, The ninth are those tempters in several kinds, and their Prince is *Mammon*.

Psellus makes six kinds, yet none above the Moon. *Wierus*, in his *Pseudomonarchiâ Dæmonis*, out of an old book, makes many more divisions and subordinations, with their several names, numbers, offices, &c. But *Gazæus* cited by *Lipsius* will have all places full of Angels, Spirits, and Devils, above and beneath the Moon, ætherial and aerial, which *Austin* cites out of *Varro, l.* 7, *de Civ. Dei, c.* 6. *The celestial Devils above & aerial beneath*, or, as some will, gods above, *Semidei* or half Gods beneath, *Lares, Heroes, Genii*, which climb higher, if they lived well, as the *Stoicks* held, but grovel on the ground as they were baser in their lives, nearer to the earth: & are *Manes, Lemures, Lamiæ*, &c. They will have no place void,

but all full of Spirits, Devils, or some other inhabitants ; *plenum cœlum, aer, aqua, terra, & omnia sub terrâ*, saith *Gazæus* ; though *Anthony Rusca*, in his book *de Inferno, lib.* 5, *C.* 7, would confine them to the middle Region, yet they will have them everywhere. Not so much as an hair breadth empty in heaven, earth, or waters, above or under the earth. The air is not so full of flies in summer, as it is at all times of invisible devils : this *Paracelsus* stiffly maintains, and that they have every one their several *Chaos ;* others will have infinite worlds, and each world his peculiar Spirits, Gods, Angels, and Devils, to govern and punish it.

> Singula nonnulli credunt quoque sidera posse
> Dici orbes, terramque appellant sidus opacum,
> Cui minimus divûm præsit. —
>
> [Some persons think that every star's a world,
> And call this earth of ours an opaque star,
> Presided over by the least of gods.]

Gregorius Tholosanus makes seven kinds of ætherial Spirits or Angels, according to the number of the seven Planets, Saturnine, Jovial, Martial [etc.], of which *Cardan* discourseth, *lib.* 20, *de subtil.* he calls them *substantias primas, Olympicos dæmones Trithemius, qui præsunt Zodiaco, &c.* and will have them to be good Angels above, Devils beneath the Moon, their several names and offices he there sets down, and, which *Dionysius* of Angels, will have several spirits for several countries, men, offices, &c., which live about them, & as so many assisting powers cause their operations ; will have in a word innumerable, as many of them as there be stars in the skies. *Marcilius Ficinus* seems to second this opinion, out of *Plato*, or from himself, I know not (still ruling their inferiors, as they do those under them again, all subordinate, and the nearest to the earth rule us, whom we subdivide into good and bad Angels, call Gods or Devils, as they help or hurt us, and so adore, love, or hate), but it is most likely from *Plato*, for he, relying wholly on *Socrates, quem mori potius quam mentiri voluisse scribit* [who (he writes) would rather die than tell a lie], out of *Socrates* authority alone, made nine kinds of them : which opinion, belike, *Socrates* took from *Pythagoras*, & he from *Trismegistus*, he from *Zoroaster*, first God, secondly Ideæ ; 3. Intelligences, 4. Arch-Angels, 5. Angels, 6. Devils, 7. Heroes, 8. Principalities,

9. Princes: of which some were absolutely good, as Gods, some bad, some indifferent *inter deos & homines*, as heroes and *dæmones*, which ruled men, and were called *genii*, or, as *Proclus* and *Iamblicus* will, the middle betwixt God and men, Principalities and Princes, which commanded & swayed Kings and countries, and had several places in the Spheres, perhaps, for as every Sphere is higher, so hath it more excellent inhabitants: which, belike, is that *Galilæus à Galilæo* and *Kepler* aims at in his *Nuncio Siderio*, when he will have *Saturnine* and *Jovial* inhabitants: and which *Tycho Brahe* doth in some sort touch or insinuate in one of his Epistles: but these things *Zanchius* justly explodes, *cap.* 3, *lib.* 4, *P. Martyr. in* 4. *Sam.* 28. So that, according to these men, the number of ætherial Spirits must needs be infinite: for if that be true that some of our Mathematicians say: if a stone could fall from the starry heaven, or eighth sphere, and should pass every hour an hundred miles, it would be 65 years, or more, before it would come to ground, by reason of the great distance of heaven from earth, which contains, as some say, 170 millions 803 miles, besides those other heavens, whether they be crystalline or watery, which *Maginus* adds, which peradventure hold as much more, how many such spirits may it contain? And yet, for all this. *Thomas*, *Albertus*, and most hold that there be far more Angels than Devils.

But be they more or less, *Quod supra nos nihil ad nos.* Howsoever, as *Martianus* foolishly supposeth, *Ætherii Dæmones non curant res humanas*, they care not for us, do not attend our actions, or look for us, those ætherial spirits have other worlds to reign in belike, or business to follow.

Their Offices, Operations, Study.

How far their power doth extend, it is hard to determine; what the Ancients held of their effects, force, and operations, I will briefly shew you. *Plato in Critias*, and after him his followers, gave out that these spirits or devils *were men's governors and keepers, our lords and masters, as we are of our cattle. They govern Provinces and Kingdoms by oracles, auguries*, dreams, rewards and punishments, prophecies, inspirations, sacrifices, and religious superstitions, varied in as many forms as there be diversity of spirits; they send wars, plagues, peace, sickness, health, dearth, plenty, *adstantes hic jam nobis, spectantes &*

arbitrantes, &c., as appears by those histories of *Thucydides*, *Livy*, *Dionysius Halicarnasseus*, with many others that are full of their wonderful stratagems, and were therefore by those *Roman* and *Greek* Commonwealths adored and worshiped for gods, with prayers and sacrifices, &c. In a word, *nihil magis quærunt quam metum & admirationem hominum;* and, as another hath it, *dici non potest, quam impotenti ardore in homines dominium, & divinos cultus, maligni spiritus affectent.* *Trithemius*, in his book, *de septem secundis*, assigns names to such Angels as are Governors of particular Provinces, by what authority I know not, and gives them several jurisdictions. *Asclepiades* a *Grecian*, *Rabbi Achiba*, the Jew, *Abraham Avenezra*, and *Rabbi Azariel*, Arabians (as I find them cited by *Cicogna*), farther add that they are not our Governors only, *sed ex eorum concordiâ & discordiâ boni & mali affectus promanant*, but as they agree, so do we and our Princes, or disagree, stand or fall. *Juno* was a bitter enemy to *Troy*, *Apollo* a good friend, *Jupiter* indifferent, *Æqua Venus Teucris*, *Pallas iniqua fuit;* some are for us still, some against us, *Premente Deo, fert Deus alter opem.* Religion, policy, publick and private quarrels, wars are procured by them, and they are delighted perhaps to see men fight, as men are with cocks, bulls and dogs, bears, &c. Plagues, dearths, depend on them, our *benè* and *malè esse*, and almost all our other peculiar actions, (for, as *Anthony Rusca* contends, *lib.* 5, *cap.* 18, every man hath a good and a bad Angel attending of him in particular all his life long, which *Iamblicus* calls *dæmonem*), preferments, losses, weddings, deaths, rewards, and punishments, and, as *Proclus* will, all offices whatsoever, *alii genetricem, alii opificem potestatem habent, &c.*, and several names they give them according to their offices, as *Lares*, *Indigetes*, *Præstites, &c.* When the *Arcades* in that battle at *Chæronea*, which was fought against King *Philip* for the liberty of *Greece*, had deceitfully carried themselves, long after, in the very same place, *diis Græciæ ultoribus* (saith mine Author) they were miserably slain by *Metellus* the *Roman:* so likewise, in smaller matters, they will have things fall out, as these *boni and mali Genii* favor or dislike us. *Saturnini non conveniunt Jovialibus, &c.* He that is *Saturninus* shall never likely be preferred. That base fellows are often advanced, underserving Gnathos, and vicious parasites, when as discreet, wise, virtuous, and worthy men are neglected, and unrewarded, they refer to those domineering spirits, or subordinate *Genii;*

as they are inclined, or favor men, so they thrive, are ruled & overcome, for, as *Libanius* supposeth, in our ordinary conflicts and contentions, *Genius Genio cedit & obtemperat*, one *Genius* yields and is overcome by another. All particular events almost they refer to these private spirits; & (as *Paracelsus* adds) they direct, teach, inspire, and instruct men. Never was any man extraordinarily famous in any art, action, or great commander, that had not *familiarem dæmonem*, to inform him, as *Numa*, *Socrates*, and many such, as *Cardan* illustrates, *cap.* 128. *Arcanis prudentiæ civilis, speciali siquidem gratia, se à Deo donari asserunt magi, à Geniis cælestibus instrui, ab iis doceri.* But these are most erroneous paradoxes, *ineptæ & fabulosæ nugæ*, rejected by our Divines & Christian Churches. 'Tis true, they have, by God's permission, power over us, and we find by experience that they can hurt not our fields only, cattle, goods, but our bodies and minds. At *Hammel* in *Saxony*, An. 1484, 20 *Junii*, the Devil, in likeness of a pied piper, carried away 130 children, that were never after seen. Many times men are affrighted out of their wits, carried away quite, as *Scheretzius* illustrates, *lib.* 1, *c.* 4, and severally molested by his means. *Plotinus* the Platonist, *lib.* 14, *advers. Gnost.*, laughs them to scorn, that hold the Devil or Spirits can cause any such diseases. Many think he can work upon the body, but not upon the mind. But experience pronounceth otherwise, that he can work both upon body and mind. *Tertullian* is of this opinion, *c.* 22, *that he can cause both sickness and health*, and that secretly. *Taurellus* adds, *by clancular poisons he can infect the bodies, & hinder the operations of the bowels, though we perceive it not, closely creeping into them*, saith *Lipsius*, & so crucify our souls: *et nociva melancholia furiosos efficit.* For being a spiritual body, he struggles with our spirits, saith *Rogers*, and suggests (according to *Cardan*) *verba sine voce, species sine visu*, envy, lust, anger, &c., as he sees men inclined.

Of Witches and Magicians, how they cause Melancholy.

You have heard what the Devil can do of himself, now you shall hear what he can perform by his instruments, who are many times worse (if it be possible) than he himself, and to satisfy their revenge and lust cause more mischief. *Multa enim mala non egisset Dæmon, nisi provocatus à Sagis*, as *Erastus*

thinks; much harm had never been done [by him] had he not been provoked by Witches to it. He had not appeared in *Samuel's* shape, if the Witch of *Endor* had let him alone; or represented those Serpents in *Pharaoh's* presence, had not the Magicians urged him unto it: *nec morbos vel hominibus vel brutis infligeret* (*Erastus* maintains) *si Sage quiescerunt;* men and cattle might go free, if the Witches would let him alone. Many deny Witches at all, or, if there be any, they can do no harm. Of this opinion is *Wierus, lib.* 3, *cap.* 53, *de præstig. dæm. Austin Lerchemer*, a dutch writer, *Biarmannus, Ewichius, Euwaldus*, our countryman *Scot;* with him in *Horace*,

> Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
> Nocturnos Lemures, portentaque Thessala risu
> Excipiunt.
>
> [Dreams, magic terrors, miracles, and witches,
> And nightly spectres, and Thessalian portents,
> All these they laugh at.]

They laugh at all such stories; but on the contrary are most Lawyers, Divines, Physicians, Philosophers, *Austin, Hemingius, Danæus, Chytræus, Zanchius, Aretius, &c., Delrio, Springer, Niderius, lib.* 5, *Formicar. Cuiatius, Bartolus, consil.* 6, *tom.* 1, *Bodine, dæmoniant. lib.* 2, *cap.* 8, *Godelman, Damhoderius, &c., Paracelsus, Erastus, Scribanius, Camerarius, &c.* The parties by whom the Devil deals, may be reduced to these two, such as command him in shew at least, as Conjurers, and Magicians, whose detestable and horrid mysteries are contained in their book called *Arbatell; dæmones enim advocati præsto sunt, seque exorcismis & conjurationibus quasi cogi patiuntur, ut miserum magorum genus in impietate detineant;* or such are commanded, as Witches, that deal *ex parte implicite*, or *explicité*, as the *King* hath well defined. Many subdivisions there are, & several species of Sorcerers, Witches, Enchanters, Charmers, &c. They have been tolerated heretofore some of them; and Magick hath been publickly professed in former times, in *Salamanca, Cracovia*, and other places, though after censured by several Universities, and now generally contradicted, though practiced by some still, maintained and excused, *tanquam res secreta, quæ non nisi viris magnis & peculiari beneficio de cœlo instructis communicatur* (I use *Boissardus* his words): and so far approved by some Princes, *ut nihil ausi aggredi in politicis, in sacris, in consiliis*

sine eorum arbitrio; they consult still with them, and dare indeed do nothing without their advice. *Nero* and *Heliogabalus Maxentius*, and *Julianus Apostata*, were never so much addicted to Magick of old, as some of our modern Princes and Popes themselves are nowadays. *Erricus*, King of *Sweden*, had an enchanted Cap, by virtue of which, and some magical murmur or whispering terms, he could command spirits, trouble the air, and make the wind stand which way he would, insomuch that when there was any great wind or storm, the common people were wont to say, the King now had on his conjuring Cap. But such examples are infinite. That which they can do, is as much almost as the Devil himself, who is still ready to satisfy their desires, to oblige them the more unto him. They can cause tempests, storms, which is familiarly practised by Witches in *Norway*, *Iceland*, as I have proved. They can make friends enemies, and enemies friends, by philters; *turpes amores conciliare*, enforce love, tell any man where his friends are, about what employed, though in the most remote places; and, if they will, *bring their sweethearts to them by night, upon a goat's back flying in the air* (*Sigismund Scheretzius*, *part.* 1, *cap.* 9, *de spect.* reports confidently that he conferred with sundry such, that had been so carried many miles, and that he heard Witches themselves confess as much); hurt, and infect men and beasts, vines, corn, cattle, plants, make women abortive, not to conceive, *barren*, men and women unapt and *unable*, married and unmarried, fifty several ways, saith *Bodine*, *lib.* 2, *c.* 2, fly in the air, meet when and where they will, as *Cicogna* proves, and *Lavat. de spect. part.* 2. *c.* 17, *steal young children out of their cradles*, ministerio dæmonum, *and put deformed in their rooms, which we call changelings*, saith *Scheretzius*, *part.* 1, *c.* 6, make men victorious, fortunate, eloquent; and therefore in those ancient monomachies and combats they were searched of old, they had no magical charms; they can make stick frees, such as shall endure a rapier's point, musket shot, and never be wounded: of which read more in *Boissardus*, *cap.* 6, *de Magiâ*, the manner of the adjuration, and by whom 'tis made, where and how to be used *in expeditionibus bellicis*, *prœliis*, *duellis*, *&c.*, with many peculiar instances and examples; they can walk in fiery furnaces, make men feel no pain on the rack, *aut alias iorturas sentire;* they can stanch blood, represent dead men's shapes, alter and turn themselves and others into several forms at their pleasures. *Agaberta*, a famous Witch in *Lapland*, would

do as much publickly to all spectators, *modò pusilla, modò anus, modò procera ut quercus, modò vacca, avis, coluber, &c.*, now young, now old, high, low, like a cow, like a bird, a snake, and what not? She could represent to others what forms they most desired to see, shew them friends absent, reveal secrets, *maximâ omnium admiratione, &c.* And yet for all this subtlety of theirs, as *Lipsius* well observes, *Physiolog. Stoicor. lib.* 1, *cap.* 17, neither these Magicians nor Devils themselves can take away gold or letters out of mine or *Crasssus*' chest, and *clientelis suis largiri*, for they are base, poor, contemptible, fellows most part. As *Bodine* notes, they can do nothing *in Judicum decreta aut pœnas, in Regum Concilia vel arcana, nihil in rem nummariam aut thesauros*, they cannot give money to their Clients, alter Judges' decrees, or Councels of Kings, these *minuti Genii* cannot do it, *altiores Genii hoc sibi adservârunt*, the higher powers reserve these things to themselves. Now and then peradventure there may be some famous Magicians, like *Simon Magus, Apollonius Tyanæus, Pases, Iamblicus, Eudo de Stellis*, that for a time can build castles in the air, represent armies, &c., as they are said to have done, command wealth and treasure, feed thousands with all variety of meats upon a sudden, protect themselves and their followers from all Princes' persecutions, by removing from place to place in an instant, reveal secrets, future events, tell what is done in far countries, make them appear that died long since, &c. and do many such miracles, to the world's terror, admiration, and opinion of Deity to themselves; yet the Devil forsakes them at last, they come to wicked ends, and *rarò aut nunquam* such Impostors are to be found. The vulgar sort of them can work no such feats. But to my purpose, they can, last of all, cure and cause most diseases to such as they love or hate, and this of *Melancholy* amongst the rest. *Paracelsus, Tom* 4, *de morbus amentrum, Tract.* 1, in express words affirms *multi fascinatur in melancholiam*, many are bewitched into melancholy, out of his experience. The same, saith *Dancæus lib.* 3, *de sortiariis. Vidi, inquit, qui melancholicos morbos gravissimos induxerunt:* I have seen those that have caused melancholy in the most grievous manner, *dried up women's paps, cured gout, palsy, this and apoplexy, falling sickness, which no physick could help, solo tactu*, by touch alone. *Ruland, in his* 3. *Cent. Cura* 91, gives an instance of one *David Helde*, a young man, who, by eating cakes which a Witch gave him, *mox delirare cœpit*, began to dote on a sudden, and was instantly mad. *F. H. D.* in *Hildes-*

heim, consulted about a melancholy man, thought his disease was partly magical and partly natural, because he vomited pieces of iron and lead, and spake such languages as he had never been taught: but such examples are common in *Scribanius*, *Hercules de Saxonia*, and others. The means by which they work, are usually charms, images, as that in *Hector Boethius* of King *Duff;* characters stamped of sundry metals, and at such and such constellations, knots, amulets, words, philters, &c., which generally make the parties affected melancholy; as *Monavius* discourseth at large in an Epistle of his to Acolsius, giving instance in a *Bohemian* Baron that was so troubled by a philter taken. Not that there is any power at all in those spells, charms, characters, and barbarous words; but that the Devil doth use such means to delude them; *ut fideles inde magos* (saith *Libanius*) *in officio retineat, tum in consortium malefactorum vocet.*

ANGELO AND DOROTHEA.

By THOMAS DEKKER.

(From "The Virgin Martyr.")

[Thomas Dekker: An English dramatist and pamphleteer, who lived during the latter part of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century. There is very little information regarding his personal history, but he seems to have been several times imprisoned for debt. He wrote alone the comedies: "Old Fortunatus"; "Satiromastix," a satirical attack on Ben Jonson; "The Shoemaker's Holiday"; and in collaboration with Massinger, Middleton, Ford, Rowley, etc., produced among other plays: "Westward Ho!" "The Virgin Martyr," "Witch of Edmonton," "The Roaring Girl." His best-known pamphlets are: "The Bachelor's Banquet," "Lanthorne and Candlelight," and "Gull's Hornbook."]

Dorothea —
My book and taper.
Angelo —
Here, most holy mistress.
Dorothea —
Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravished with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is *Angelo,*

And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.

Angelo—

No, my dear lady. I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some choir in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence:
For then you break his heart.

Dorothea—

Be nigh me still, then.
In golden letters down I'll set that day
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body, when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand;
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom
Methought was filled with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.

Angelo—

Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

Dorothea—

I have offered
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents;
Be not ashamed.

Angelo—

I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace
Filled with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heaven; and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hourglass spend his sand
No worse than yet it doth, upon my life,

You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.
Dorothea —
A blessed day!

HAYMAKERS' SONG.

By DEKKER.

Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
Wait on your Summer Queen!
Dress up with musk rose her eglantine bowers,
Daffodils strew the green!
Sing, dance, and play,
'Tis holiday!
The Sun does bravely shine
On our ears of corn.
Rich as a pearl
Comes every girl.
This is mine, this is mine, this is mine.
Let us die ere away they be borne.

Bow to our Sun, to our Queen, and that fair one
Come to behold our sports:
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
As those in princes' courts.
These and we
With country glee,
Will teach the woods to resound,
And the hills with echoes hollow.
Skipping lambs
Their bleating dams
'Mongst kids shall trip it round;
For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lusty cry;
Spring up, you falconers, partridges freely
Then let your brave hawks fly!
Horses amain
Over ridge, over plain,
The dogs have the stag in chase:
'Tis a sport to content a king.

So ho! ho! through the skies
How the proud bird flies,
And sousing, kills with a grace!
Now the deer falls; hark! how they ring.

EXEQUY.

By HENRY KING, Bishop of Chichester.

[1592–1669; Chaplain to James I.]

Accept, thou shrine of my dead saint,
Instead of dirges, this complaint;
And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss! since thy untimely fate,
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee; thou art the book,
The library whereon I look,
Though almost blind; for thee (loved clay)
I languish out, not live, the day,
Using no other exercise
But what I practice with mine eyes,
By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily Time creeps about
To one that mourns; this, only this,
My exercise and business is:
So I compute the weary hours
With sighs dissolvèd into showers.

Nor wonder if my time go thus
Backward and most preposterous;
Thou hast benighted me; thy set
This eve of blackness did beget,
Who wast my day (though overcast
Before thou hadst thy noontide passed),
And I remember must in tears.
Thou scarce hadst seen so many years
As day tells hours: by thy clear sun
My love and fortune first did run:

But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my hemisphere,
Since both thy light and motion
Like a fled star is fallen and gone,
And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
The earth now interposèd is,
Which such a strange eclipse doth make
As ne'er was read in almanac.

I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my sad clime:
Were it a month, or year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then.
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou wouldst promise to return,
And, putting off thy ashy shroud,
At length disperse this sable cloud!

But woe is me! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes: never shall I
Be so much blessed as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come
Which shall the earth to cinders doom,
And a fierce fever must calcine
The body of this world like thine,
(My little world!) that fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our souls' bliss: then we shall rise,
And view ourselves with clearer eyes
In that calm region where no night
Can hide us from each other's sight.

Meantime thou hast her, Earth: much good
May my harm do thee! Since it stood
With Heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-lived right and interest
In her whom living I loved best;
With a most free and bounteous grief
I give thee what I could not keep.
Be kind to her, and, prithee, look
Thou write into thy doomsday book
Each parcel of this Rarity
Which in thy casket shrined doth lie.

See that thou make thy reckoning straight,
And yield her back again by weight:
For thou must audit on thy trust
Each grain and atom of this dust,
As thou wilt answer Him that lent,
Not gave thee, my dear monument.
So, close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw: my bride is laid.

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age or grief or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step toward thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when Sleep breathed his drowsy gale.
Thus from the sun my bottom steers,
And my day's compass downward bears;
Nor labor I to stem the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield;
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory,
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come:
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive
The crime), I am content to live,
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

PURCHAS TO HIS READERS.

(Introduction to the "Pilgrimes.")

[Samuel Purchas, born in Essex in 1577, graduated from St. John's College in 1600, and became a London rector, and chaplain to Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury. He gave his time mostly to geographical work: publishing in 1613 "Purchas, his Pilgrimage"; 1619, "Purchas, his Pilgrim" — both these original works; in 1625 "Purchas, his Pilgrimes," 4 vols., a continuation of Hakluyt's "Voyages," bound in manuscript, left him by Hakluyt, and differing wholly from the others in that the voyages are related by the actors themselves. He died in 1626, apparently in severe pecuniary trouble.]

Wisdome is said to bee the Science of things Divine and humane. Divine things are either naturall or supernaturall: these such, as the naturall man knoweth not, nor can know, because they are spiritually (with a spirituall Eye) discerned; called wisedome to salvation, the proper subject of Theologie, and not the peculiar argument of this Worke; which notwithstanding beeing the labour of a professed Divine, doth not abhorre from the same; but occasionally every where by Annotations, and in some parts professedly by speciall Discourses, insinuateth both the Historie and Mystery of Godlinesse, the right use of History, and all other Learning.

Naturall things are the more proper Object, namely the ordinary Workes of God in the Creatures, preserving and disposing by Providence that which his Goodnesse and Power had created, and dispersed in the divers parts of the World, as so many members of this great Bodie. Such is the History of Men in their diversified hewes and colours, quantities and proportions; of Beasts, Fishes, Fowles, Trees, Shrubs, Herbs, Minerals, Seas, Lands, Meteors, Heavens, Starres, with their naturall affections: in which many both of the Antient and Moderne have done worthily; but if neernesse of the Object deceive me not, this surmounteth them all in two Privilidges,

the veritie and varietie, especially of things in this kind remotest and rarest.

It is true, that as every member of the bodie hath somewhat eminent, whereby it is serviceable to the whole; so every Region excelleth all others in some peculiar Raritie, which may be termed extraordinary respectively, though otherwise most common and ordinary in its owne place. So Our England in the naturall temper, accidentall want of Wolves, artificiall Rings of Bels, Sheepe not at all or seldome drinking, Lands and Waters turning Wood in some parts to Stone, Wonders of the Peke and other parts, doth not degenerate from nature, but hath a peculiar nature, almost miraculous to other Countries, as the naturall Wonders of their Regions are to us: so also Irelands want of venome in Creatures, fulnesse of it, and barbarousnesse in many of her wilder Natives, after so long trayning in Civilitie, and so ancient Renowme for Sanctitie: and so each part is to the other part in some or other part, and particular respect admirable.

What a World of Travellers have by their owne eyes observed in this kinde, is here (for the most part in their owne words transcribed or translated) delivered, not by one professing Methodically to deliver the Historie of Nature according to rules of Art, nor Philosophically to discusse and dispute; but as in way of Discourse, by each Traveller relating what in kinde he hath seene. And as David prepared materials for Salomons Temple; or (if that be too arrogant) as Alex. furnished Aristotle with Huntsmen and Observers of Creatures, to acquaint him with their diversified kinds and natures; or (if that also seeme too ambitious) as Sense by Induction of particulars yeeldeth the premisses to Reasons Syllogisticall arguing; or if we shall be yet more homely, as Pioners are employed by Enginers, and Labourers serve Masons, and Bricklayers, and these the best Surveyers and Architects: so here Purchas and his Pilgrimes minister individuall and sensible materials (as it were with Stones, Brickes, and Mortar) to those universall Speculators for their Theoricall structures. And well may the Author be ranked with such Labourers (howsoever here a Masterbuilder also) for that he hath beene forced as much to the Hod, Barrow and Trowel, as to contemplative survaying: neither in so many Labyrinthian Perambulations thorow, and Circumnavigations about the World in this and his other Workes, was ever enabled to maintaine a Vicarian or

Subordinate Scribe, but his own hands to worke, as well as his head to contrive these voluminous Buildings; except in some few Transcriptions or Translations, the most else of them by his sonne S. P. that one and the same name might both father and further the whole.

As for Master Hakluyts many yeeres Collections, and what stocke I received from him in written Papers, in the Table of Authors you shall find: whom I will thus farre honour, that though it be but materials, and that many Bookes have not one Chapter in that kind, yet that stocke encouraged me to use my endevours in and for the rest. I was therein a labourer also, both to get them (not without hard conditions) and to forme and frame those Materials to their due place and order in this Ædifice, the whole Artifice (such as it is) being mine owne. Traduce mee not, nor let any impute to boasting what I have said of my sole working (I know there is a *væ poli*) but I am compelled to doe it to prevent an Objection of my promised Europæan supply to my Pilgrimage. I confesse, I was too forward to promise, because others have beene so backward to assist: which I have in former Editions signified, but to blind Eyes and deafe Eares. Whose Librarie, whose Purse hath beene opened to me, let his mouth be opened against me also: Europe otherwise could not, nor now upon any price (it is too late) can be Purchased. I would not be misconstrued to ungratitude. Many have applauded my endevours, but *probitas laudatur alget*. If I had not lived in great part upon Exhibition of charitable friends, and on extraordinary labours of Lecturing (as the terme is) the Pilgrime had beene a more agreeing name to me then Purchas. Yet let my name be forever forgotten, if I remember not his, which the Adverseries have (seeking to steale him from us after his death) by their calumnie made more memorable; I meane, my decessed Patron Doctor King, late Lord Bishop of London, to whose bountie under God, I willingly ascribe my life, delivered from a sickly Habitation, and consequently (as also by opportunities of a London Benefice) whatsoever additions in my later Editions of my Pilgrimage; these present Pilgrimes also with their peregrinations. Yet such is ordinarily the greatnesse of the Epha, and smalnesse of the Shekel, in London Cures (especially within the wals) that wee are inabled thereby to disablings for workes of that kinde, whiles we must preach in season and out of season (I say not out of reason) that we may live.

One wing that Reverend and bountifull hands gave me in hope that some blessed hand would adde the other, to fit me for an Europæan flight, wherein not finding his hopes seconded, he promised to right me himselfe (these were his syllables) but death righted him, and I am forced to wrong the World. I speake not to accuse any, for of whom, to whom can I complaine, but to plaine and excuse my selfe, and with all to dedicate my thankefulnesse with the continuance of this Monument to that worthy Name.

But to returne to our Philosopher; I also have beene an Athenian with these Athenians, one delighting to tell, the others to heare from some new thing. I have therefore either wholly omitted or passed dry foot things neere and common; Far fetched and deare bought are the Lettice sutable to our lips. Common and ordinarie plants I remit to Herbarists. Europæan Rarities (except in the remoter Regions both from our habitation and knowledge, as Island, Norway, Sweden, Constantinople, the Mediterranean Ilands, &c.) to the Historians peculiar to each countrey therin. My Genius delights rather in by-wayes, then high-wayes, and hath therein by Tracts and Tractates of Travellers made Causies and High wayes, every where disposing these Pilgrime-Guides, that men without feare may travell to and over the most uncouth Countries of the World; and there be shewed with others Eyes, the Rarities of Nature, and such things also as are not against Nature, but either above it, Miracles, or beside the ordinarie course of it, in the extraordinary Wonders, which Gods Providence hath therein effected according to his good and just pleasure. And thus much for the workes of God.

Things humane, are such as men are, or have, or have done or suffered in the World. Here therefore the various Nations, Persons, Shapes, Colours, Habits, Rites, Religions, Complexions, Conditions, Politike and Oeconomike Customes, Languages, Letters, Arts, Merchandises, Wares, and other remarkeable Varieties of Men and humane Affaires are by Eye-witnesses related more amply and certainly than any Collector ever hath done, or perhaps without these helpes could doe. And thus we have shewed the scope of the Author, and so profitable use of Worke: which could not but be voluminous, having a World for the subject, and a World of Witnesses for the Evidence: and yet (except where the Author or Worke it selfe permitted not) these vast Volumes are contracted, and Epitomised, that

the nicer Reader might not be cloyed. Here also both Elephants may swimme in deepe voluminous Seas, and such as want either lust or leisure, may single out, as in a Library of Books, what Author or Voyage shall best be fitted for his profit or pleasure. I might adde that such a Worke may seeme necessarie to these times, wherein not many Scholers are so studious of Geographie, and of Naturall and Universall knowledge in the diversified varieties which the various Seas and Lands in the World produce, seeming as exceptions to Generall Rules, which Aristotle the best Scholer in Natures Schoole and her principall Secretarie could not so punctually and individually see in the Ocean, the Remoter Lands and the New Worlds, none of which he ever saw, nor till this last Age were knowne. And for the most part, those which are studious know not either to get, or to read the Authors of this kinde, of which so few speake Latine.

As for Gentlemen, Travell is accounted an excellent ornament to them; and therefore many of them comming to their Lands sooner then to their Wits, adventure themselves to see the Fashions of other Countries, where their soules and bodies find temptation to a twofold Whoredom, whence they see the World as Adam had knowledge of good and evill, with the losse or lessening of their estate in this English (and perhaps also in the heavenly Paradise) & bring home a few smattering termes, flattering garbes, Apish crings, foppish fancies, foolish guises and disguises, the vanities of Neighbour Nations (I name not Naples) without furthering of their knowledge of God, the World, or themselves. I speake not against Travell, so usefull to usefull men, I honour the industrious of the liberall and ingenuous in arts, bloud, education: and to prevent exorbitancies of the other, which cannot travell farre, or are in danger to travell from God and themselves, at no great charge I offer a World of Travellers to their domestike entertainment, easie to be spared from their Smoke, Cup, or Butter-flie vanities and superfluities, and fit mutually to entertaine them in a better Schoole to better purposes. And for the price, as I cannot set it, so I must acknowledge the adventurous courage of the Stationer Master Henry Fetherstone (like Hercules helping Atlas) so long to beare this my heavy World at such expenses.

ESSAYS OF LORD BACON.

[Francis Bacon: An English philosophical writer and essayist, and man of affairs; born in London, January 22, 1561; died in 1626. He was educated at Cambridge, spent several years in Paris, was admitted to the bar in 1582, and entered Parliament in 1584. He became a knight under James I., solicitor general, attorney general, keeper of the great seal, and finally lord high chancellor of England. In addition he was created Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans. In 1621 he was ruined as to material affairs by a conviction of bribery, the fairest discussion of which is in Spedding's "Evenings with a Reviewer." Bacon's chief writings are: "The Advancement of Learning" (1605); "'Novum Organum," intended to form the second part of a never completed work, "Instauratio Magna," or the Great Restoration; the famous "Essays" (1597, 1612, 1625); "On the Wisdom of the Ancients" (in Latin).]

Envy.

There be none of the affections which have been noted to fascinate or bewitch, but love and envy: they both have vehement wishes; they frame themselves readily into imaginations and suggestions, and they come easily into the eye, especially upon the presence of the objects which are the points that conduce to fascination, if any such thing there be.

But leaving these curiosities (though not unworthy to be thought on in fit place), we will handle what persons are apt to envy others, what persons are most subject to be envied themselves, and what is the difference between public and private envy.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whoso is out of hope to attain to another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand, by depressing another's fortune.

A man that is busy and inquisitive is commonly envious; for to know much of other men's matters cannot be, because all that ado may concern his own estate; therefore it must needs be that he taketh a kind of play pleasure in looking upon the fortunes of others: neither can he that mindeth but his own business find much matter for envy; for envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the street, and does not keep home: "There is no person a busybody but what he is ill-natured too."

Men of noble birth are noted to be envious towards new men when they rise; for the distance is altered: and it is like a deceit of the eye, that when others come on they think themselves go back.

Deformed persons and eunuchs, and the old men and bastards, are envious; for he that cannot possibly mend his own case, will do what he can to impair another's; except these defects light upon a very brave and heroic nature, which thinketh to make his natural wants part of his honor; in that it should be said, "That a eunuch, or a lame man, did such great matters," affecting the honor of a miracle: As it was in Narses the eunuch, and Agesilaus and Tamerlane, that were lame men.

The same is the case of men that rise after calamities and misfortunes; for they are as men fallen out with the times, and think other men's harms a redemption of their own sufferings.

They that desire to excel in too many matters, out of levity and vainglory, are ever envious, for they cannot want work: it being impossible, but many, in some of those things, should surpass them: which was the character of Adrian the emperor, that mortally envied poets and painters, and artificers in works, wherein he had a vein to excel.

Lastly, near kinsfolk and fellows in office, and those that have been bred together, are more apt to envy their equals when they are raised; for it doth upbraid unto them their own fortunes, and pointeth at them, and cometh often into their remembrance, and incurreth likewise more into the note of others; and envy ever redoubleth from speech and fame. Cain's envy was the more vile and malignant towards his brother Abel, because when his sacrifice was better accepted, there was nobody to look on. Thus much for those that are apt to envy.

Concerning those that are more or less subject to envy: First, persons of eminent virtue, when they are advanced, are less envied, for their fortune seemeth but due unto them; and no man envieth the payment of a debt, but rewards and liberality rather. Again, envy is ever joined with the comparing of a man's self; and where there is no comparison, no envy; and therefore kings are not envied but by kings. Nevertheless, it is to be noted that unworthy persons are most envied at their first coming in, and afterwards overcome it better; whereas, contrariwise, persons of worth and merit are most envied when their fortune continueth long; for by that time, though their virtue be the same, yet it hath not the same luster; for fresh men grow up that darken it.

Persons of noble blood are less envied in their rising; for

it seemeth but right done to their birth; besides, there seemeth not so much added to their fortune; and envy is as the sunbeams, that beat hotter upon a bank or steep rising ground, than upon a flat; and, for the same reason, those that are advanced by degrees are less envied than those that are advanced suddenly, and "per saltum."

Those that have joined with their honor great travels, cares, or perils, are less subject to envy; for men think that they earn their honors hardly, and pity them sometimes; and pity ever healeth envy: wherefore you shall observe, that the more deep and sober sort of politic persons, in their greatness, are ever bemoaning themselves what a life they lead, chanting a "quanta patimur" [how much we suffer]; not that they feel it so, but only to abate the edge of envy: but this is to be understood of business that is laid upon men, and not such as they call unto themselves; for nothing increaseth envy more than an unnecessary and ambitious engrossing of business; and nothing doth extinguish envy more than for a great person to preserve all other inferior officers in their full rights and preëminences of their places; for, by that means, there be so many screens between him and envy.

Above all, those are most subject to envy which carry the greatness of their fortunes in an insolent and proud manner: being never well but while they are showing how great they are, either by outward pomp, or by triumphing over all opposition or competition: whereas wise men will rather do sacrifice to envy, in suffering themselves, sometimes of purpose, to be crossed and overborne in things that do not much concern them. Notwithstanding so much is true that the carriage of greatness in a plain and open manner (so it be without arrogancy and vainglory) doth draw less envy than if it be in a more crafty and cunning fashion; for in that course a man doth but disavow fortune, and seemeth to be conscious of his own want in worth, and doth but teach others to envy him.

Lastly, to conclude this part, as we said in the beginning that the act of envy had somewhat in it of witchcraft, so there is no other cure of envy but the cure of witchcraft; and that is, to remove the lot (as they call it), and to lay it upon another; for which purpose the wiser sort of great persons bring in ever upon the stage somebody upon whom to derive the envy that would come upon themselves; sometimes upon ministers and servants, sometimes upon colleagues and asso-

ciates, and the like; and, for that turn, there are never wanting some persons of violent and undertaking natures, who, so they may have power and business, will take it at any cost.

Now, to speak of public envy: there is yet some good in public envy, whereas in private there is none; for public envy is as an ostracism, that eclipseth men when they get too great; and therefore it is a bridle also to great ones, to keep them within bounds.

This envy, being in the Latin word "invidia," goeth in the modern languages by the name of discontentment; of which we shall speak in handling sedition. It is a disease in a state like to infection; for as infection spreadeth upon that which is sound, and tainteth it, so, when envy is gotten once into a state, it traduceth even the best actions thereof, and turneth them into an ill odor; and therefore there is little won by intermingling of plausible actions; for that doth argue but a weakness and a fear of envy, which hurteth so much the more, as it is likewise usual in infections, which, if you fear them, you call them upon you.

This public envy seemeth to beat chiefly upon principal officers or ministers, rather than upon kings and estates themselves. But this is a sure rule, that if the envy upon the minister be great, when the cause of it in him is small; or if the envy be general in a manner upon all the ministers of an estate, then the envy (though hidden) is truly upon the state itself. And so much of public envy or discontentment, and the difference thereof from private envy, which was handled in the first place.

We will add this in general, touching the affection of envy, that of all other affections it is the most importune and continual; for of other affections there is occasion given but now and then; and therefore it was well said, "Envy keeps no holidays:" for it is ever working upon some or other. And it is also noted that love and envy do make a man pine, which other affections do not, because they are not so continual. It is also the vilest affection, and the most depraved; for which cause it is the proper attribute of the devil, who is called "The envious man, that soweth tares amongst the wheat by night;" as it always cometh to pass that envy worketh subtilely, and in the dark, and to the prejudice of good things, such as is the wheat.

Atheism.

I had rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and, therefore, God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further, but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity: nay, even that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion: that is, the school of Leucippus, and Democritus, and Epicurus, for it is a thousand times more credible that four mutable elements, and one immutable fifth essence, duly and eternally placed, need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions, or seeds unplaced, should have produced this order and beauty without a divine marshal. The Scripture saith, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God;" it is not said, "The fool hath thought in his heart;" so as he rather saith it by rote to himself, as that he would have, than that he can thoroughly believe it, or be persuaded of it; for none deny there is a God, but those for whom it maketh that there were no God. It appeareth in nothing more, that atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man, than by this, that atheists will ever be talking of that their opinion, as if they fainted in it within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened by the consent of others; nay more, you shall have atheists strive to get disciples, as it fareth with other sects; and, which is most of all, you shall have of them that will suffer for atheism, and not recant; whereas, if they did truly think that there were no such thing as God, why should they trouble themselves? Epicurus is charged that he did but dissemble for his credit's sake, when he affirmed there were blessed natures, but such as enjoyed themselves without having respect to the government of the world; wherein they say he did temporize, though in secret he thought there was no God: but certainly he is traduced, for his words are noble and divine: "It is not profane to deny *the existence* of the Deities of the vulgar: but to apply to the Divinities the received notions of the vulgar is

profane." Plato could have said no more; and although he had the confidence to deny the administration, he had not the power to deny the nature. The Indians of the west have names for their particular gods, though they have no name for God: as if the heathens should have had the names Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, etc., but not the word Deus, which shows that even those barbarous people have the notion, though they have not the latitude and extent of it; so that against atheists the very savages take part with the very subtlest philosophers. The contemplative atheist is rare; a Diagoras, a Bion, a Lucian perhaps, and some others; and yet they seem to be more than they are, for that all that impugn a received religion, or superstition, are, by the adverse part, branded with the name of atheists; but the great atheists indeed are hypocrites, which are ever handling holy things but without feeling; so as they must needs be cauterized in the end. The causes of atheism are, divisions in religion, if they be many; for any one main division addeth zeal to both sides, but many divisions introduce atheism: another is, scandal of priests, when it is come to that which St. Bernard saith: "It is not for us now to say, 'Like priest like people,' for the people are not even so bad as the priest:" a third is, custom of profane scoffing in holy matters, which doth by little and little deface the reverence of religion; and lastly, learned times, specially with peace and prosperity; for troubles and adversities do more bow men's minds to religion. They that deny a God destroy a man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature; for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, "a superior nature"; which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain; therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty. As it is in particular persons, so it is in nations; never was there such a state for magnanimity as Rome. Of this state hear what Cicero saith: "We may admire ourselves, conscript fathers, as much as we please: still,

neither by numbers *did we vanquish* the Spaniards, nor by bodily strength the Gauls, nor by cunning the Carthaginians, nor through the arts the Greeks, nor, in fine, by the inborn and native good sense of this *our* nation, and this *our* race and soil, the Italians and Latins themselves; but through our devotion and our religious feeling, and this, the sole *true* wisdom, the having perceived that all things are regulated and governed by the providence of the immortal Gods, have we subdued all races and nations."

Riches.

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better, "impedimenta"; for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory: of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit; so saith Solomon, "Where much is, there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?" The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches: there is a custody of them; or a power of dole and donative of them; or a fame of them: but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones and rarities? and what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then you will say, they may be of use to buy men out of dangers or troubles; as Solomon saith, "Riches are as a stronghold in the imagination of the rich man;" but this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact: for, certainly, great riches have sold more men than they have bought out. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly; yet have no abstract or friarly contempt of them; but distinguished, as Cicero saith well of Rabirius Posthumus, "In his anxiety to increase his fortune, it was evident that not the gratification of avarice was sought, but the means of doing good." Hearken also to Solomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches: "He who hastens to riches will not be without guilt." The poets feign that when Plutus (which is riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps, and goes slowly; but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs, and is swift of foot; meaning that riches gotten by good means and just

labor pace slowly; but when they come by the death of others (as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like), they come tumbling upon a man: but it might be applied likewise to Pluto, taking him for the devil: for when riches come from the devil (as by fraud and oppression, and unjust means), they come upon speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul: parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent; for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches: for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth's; but it is slow; and yet, where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman in England that had the greatest audits of any man in my time, a great grazer, a great sheep master, a great timberman, a great collier, a great corn master, a great lead man, and so of iron, and a number of the like points of husbandry; so as the earth seemed a sea to him in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, "That himself came very hardly to a little riches, and very easily to great riches;" for when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets, and overcome those bargains which for their greatness are few men's money, and be partner in the industries of younger men, he cannot but increase mainly. The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered by two things, chiefly: by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing; but the gains of bargains are of a more doubtful nature, when men shall wait upon others' necessity: broke by servants and instruments to draw them on, put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen, and the like practices, which are crafty and naught; as for the chopping of bargains, when a man buys not to hold, but to sell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer. Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst; as that whereby a man doth eat his bread, "in the sweat of another's brow"; and besides, doth plow upon Sundays: but yet certain though it be, it hath flaws; for that the scriveners and brokers do value unsound men to serve their own turn. The fortune, in being the first in an invention, or in a privilege, doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches, as it was with the first sugar man in the Canaries: therefore if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judg-

ment as invention, he may do great matters, especially if the times be fit: he that resteth upon gains certain, shall hardly grow to great riches; and he that puts all upon adventures, doth oftentimes break and come to poverty: it is good, therefore, to guard adventures with certainties that may uphold losses. Monopolies, and coemption of wares for resale, where they are not restrained, are great means to enrich; especially if the party have intelligence what things are like to come into request, and so, store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service though it be of the best rise, yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humors, and other servile conditions, they may be placed amongst the worst. As for fishing for testaments and executorships (as Tacitus saith of Seneca, "Wills and childless persons were caught by him as though with a hunting net"), it is yet worse, by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service. Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them; and none worse when they come to them. Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred or to the public; and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great state left to an heir is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better established in years and judgment: likewise, glorious gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt; and but the painted sepulchers of alms, which soon will putrefy and corrupt inwardly: therefore measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure: and defer not charities till death; for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

Studies.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring: for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one: but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in stories, is sloth: to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to

make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar: they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom; without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: "Studies become habits;" nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises; bowling is good, for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head and the like; so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen; for they are "Splitters of cumin seeds." If he be not apt to beat over matters and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

LORD BACON.

By JAMES SPEDDING.

(From "Evenings with a Reviewer.")

[James Spedding, English biographer and historical student, was born in Cumberland, June, 1808; graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was for a while in the Colonial Office, and in 1842 accompanied Lord Ashburton to America as secretary; but left public life and devoted his existence to vindicating Lord Bacon's memory. His best work is "Evenings with a Reviewer" (published posthumously, 1881), a thorough examination of the points raised by Macaulay's essay on Bacon; he published also the great "Works, Life, and Letters of Bacon" (1857–1874), "Publishers and Authors" (1867), "Life and Times of Bacon" (1878), "Reviews and Discussions not relating to Bacon" (1879), "Studies in English History" (with James Gairdner, 1881). He died March 9, 1881.]

It is in respect to that other part of his name and memory which he bequeathed to "Men's Charitable Speeches and Foreign Nations, and the Next Ages," that he would have been most painfully disappointed if to his other misfortunes had been added the misfortune of seeing far into the future. Up to the day when the charge of corruption was brought against him, I fancy that he had thought himself, in his dealings with other men, not only unimpeachable, but exemplary: a faithful and diligent servant; a considerate and indulgent master; a serviceable friend; a sound patriot, always meditating projects for the improvement and advancement of his country; an enthusiast of humanity, passionately ambitious to enlarge the powers, heal the diseases, and purify the conditions of the human race; in debate fair and courteous; in council free, careful, candid; anxious that all things should be carried with due consideration for the just interests of all parties and without just offense to any; seeking for himself scarcely anything except work and the wages of work which he was able to do and which he did well; receiving for himself nothing but what was freely offered, and giving more freely than he received; an honorable opponent, an indulgent censor, a faithful reporter, a laborious worker, an honest and unselfish adviser, an impartial and scrupulous judge, and filled (as himself could best witness) with tender consideration for all sentient creatures; — such being the ideal to which he had aspired, and, as he imagined, not wholly without success, meanness (in its modern

sense) was probably the very last word with which he expected his name to be associated. And to have foreseen that the next ages, while they regarded him as the meanest, would nevertheless honor him as the wisest and brightest of mankind, would have been to him the very reverse of consolation. To have been forgotten altogether would have been nothing; to be honored in that way was perpetually infamous; and (what was still worse) it could not but degrade the character of the very virtues for which the honor was to be awarded. The wisdom and brightness which could live for half a century in friendly relations with meanness in the superlative degree, must have been themselves mean. And though the currency of a quotable line by a popular poet cannot be taken as evidence of the serious judgment of posterity, the case is changed when it comes to be adopted, expounded, amplified, and justified by popular historians and biographers. Pope was merely preaching morality in sparkling couplets; he wanted a name to point his moral with; and if he could have thought of another that would have helped him to a better rhyme, he would no doubt have preferred it. But when Lord Macaulay, as the result of an elaborate historical and biographical inquiry, described Bacon as a man who, being intrusted with the highest gifts of Heaven, habitually abused them for the poorest purposes of earth — hired them out for guineas, places and titles in the service of injustice, coveteousness, and oppression, — adding that he (Lord Macaulay) had nevertheless no doubt that his name would be named with reverence to the latest ages and to the remotest ends of the civilized world, we must accept the responsibility of the opinion if we allow it to pass without a protest. If the later ages believe his description of the man to be correct, I hope for my own part that they will not name the name of that man with reverence; it would be a gross abuse either of the word or of the thing. But it is still possible that they will adopt a different interpretation of the character.

The other actions on which Lord Macaulay's interpretation is founded have been fully and I believe correctly related; and (the evidence being now within anybody's reach) they must be left to produce their impression.

To me, so far from seeming to justify his theory of the character, they do not seem to be reconcilable with it; if Bacon had been such a man as he takes him for, he would have acted differently at almost every crisis which offered him a choice. Nor

do I believe that they would have suggested such a theory to anybody, were it not for the discredit which the transactions revealed by his impeachment threw back upon all passages of his life. It must nevertheless be admitted that those transactions alone, — if Lord Macaulay's interpretation of them be accepted in its full extent, — would deprive his name of all title to anything that could be called "reverence," — his services in the field of philosophy and literature notwithstanding. And as all turns upon the question whether his offense implied the perversion of justice for the sake of reward, it is necessary to discuss the grounds of that interpretation more particularly.

Bacon admitted that he had more than once received a present from a suitor whose cause was not concluded: that the act could not be defended; that it amounted to corruption; and deserved punishment. But he denied that he had ever received such present upon any bargain or contract, or had ever had any "bribe or reward in his eye or thought when he pronounced any sentence or order." The Parliamentary sentence he allowed to be both just and fit; but he affirmed at the same time that he had been the justest judge that had sat in Chancery for half a century.

Lord Macaulay, on the contrary, represents him as practicing corruption on a large scale; as "having agents looking out in different quarters for prey"; as employing in his service "jackals" and "decoys"; as making "private bargains" with suitors as to the amounts of their presents: and in fact as selling judgments by the hundred.

The difference is not only large but vital; the question is, which are we to believe?

On the principle of giving the accused party the benefit of the doubt, it would be enough perhaps to say that before we believe such a charge we ought to be able to show some ground for it. Bacon, as we have seen, privately denied it: and if he did not deny it publicly, that may be sufficiently accounted for by the fact it was never publicly made. No accusation to that effect is implied in any of the articles which he was required to answer. They state merely that the presents had been taken, but say nothing of any contract, condition, or unjust judgment. That no evidence can be produced from which we should be obliged to conclude that some of these presents must have been given and received with the understanding that

the cause should go in favor of the giver, it is indeed impossible to say. But until it is produced, I do not see why we should believe it.

But I am myself prepared to go a little further. I think I see reasons why we should not believe it. The absence of all evidence that Bacon's decrees were unjust, coupled with the consideration that evidence could hardly have been wanting if they were, makes it in my opinion extremely improbable that they were bought. It would be absurd to suppose that the only suitors who attempted to gain their causes by bribery were those whose causes were good. If many decrees were bought, some must have been unjust. Now by every unjust decree, if one man "got what he had paid for," another lost what he was entitled to. Every man so aggrieved had some means of redress, and after Bacon's conviction he must have had every encouragement and advantage in pursuing it; for the practice of corruption being admitted, the presumption would be against the judgment. How many, then, of Bacon's decrees were appealed against? and of these how many were reversed? If none or few, how can we believe that he had sold them by hundreds? If many, where are they? Reversals of decrees in chancery must be recorded somewhere; and yet (except a somewhat loose assertion in a manuscript of Lord Chief Justice Hale's published by Hargrave) I find no mention of any such reversals anywhere. Lord Hale, it is true, in tracing the origin of the jurisdiction of the Lords in reversing equity decrees, mentions the censure of Bacon "for many decrees made upon most gross bribery and corruption," — words sufficiently justified by the terms of the sentence and submission, and grounded probably upon nothing more, — "and this," he adds, "gave such a discredit and brand to the decrees thus obtained, that they were easily set aside, and made way in the Parliament of 3 Car. for the like attempts against decrees made by other Chancellors." Now that the decrees made by Bacon upon the cases in which presents were admitted to have been received, were thereby discredited, we may safely conclude: the presumption, as I said, would of course be against them; and if by "easily set aside" be meant only that, their authority being lost, the right of appeal against them was easily admitted (and such may very well be the meaning, for this was the point Hale was considering), — I can easily believe that also. But if he means they were easily reversed on appeal, — that is, that

many of them were reversed — I still ask where the evidence is. Hale is so great an authority that — though manuscripts not published or left for publication by the writer are to be received with caution, as probably containing some loose suggestions which he intended to verify at more leisure — any assertion of his is well worth inquiry. But he was a boy when these things happened. He was writing, it would seem, after the Restoration. His information, so far as it rests upon his personal knowledge and judgment, must have been derived from documents which were then, and should be still, accessible. Where are we to look for these documents? From the passage I have quoted, I should have been led to look in the records of the proceedings of the House of Lords; for he is obviously speaking of reversals of decrees of chancery "by an inherent original jurisdiction" in that house; which jurisdiction, he tells us, had its rise upon three occasions: the first being this case of Bacon; whose decrees being made upon bribery and corruption were "easily set aside," and made way for the "like attempts" seven or eight years after; and this would certainly lead one to suppose that Bacon's decrees were set aside by the House of Lords in virtue of this supposed original jurisdiction, and to look in the Lords' Journal for traces of them.

But the next page seems to make this inquiry superfluous; for there he tells us that he "could never yet see any precedent" — he does not say *any other*, but *any* precedent — "of such proceeding in the Lords' house of greater antiquity than 3 Car. I." And how could that be if it was by *them* that "many of Bacon's decrees had been easily set aside?"

Moreover, that Hale had no records of such proceedings upon Bacon's decrees is made still clearer by the passage which immediately follows.

"I shall now," he proceeds, "show what was the first attempt of setting up this jurisdiction in the Lords' house, and what success it had.

"Before the parliament of 18 Jac., when the Lord Chancellor Bacon was censured for corruption, the course for reversal of decrees was, either by petition to the King, and thereupon a commission issued to examine the decree and proceedings, whereof there are some precedents; or else to set it aside by act of parliament; and such was the proceeding of 26 Maii 21 Jac. for reversing a decree for the felt makers and some others about that time."

This proceeding (I should observe) appears in the Commons' Journal; but I cannot gather from the notes by whom the decree in question was made. However, it was not one of those upon which Bacon was charged with corruption.

"But even in these later Parliaments in King James' time, the reversal of decrees by the inherent power of the House of Lords was *either not known*, or so new that it was scarce adventured upon by the Lords."

And he then goes on to relate the proceedings upon an appeal against a decree made not by Bacon, but by Bishop Williams, who succeeded him.

If, therefore, any of Bacon's decrees were reversed, it was not (so far as Hale could discover) by the House of Lords; but must have been either by act of parliament, or by the King's commission. Yet in the table of contents to the Statutes at Large a list is given of the titles of private acts; and I have searched in vain there for traces of any such reversals From the Commons' Journal I find indeed that about the time of his fall several bills for the reversals of decrees of Chancery were brought in; but I cannot find that any of them reached a third reading. I find also that about three years later another bill of the same kind — and one which very nearly touches the point in question — was brought in; namely, "an act to avoid a decree procured indirectly and by corruption between the Lord and Lady Wharton, etc., and Edward Willoughby, Esquire." It was read a first time on the thirteenth of March, 1623–4; and this was one of the cases in which a present had been received by Bacon *pendente lite*. If this bill had passed, therefore, it would have been one case in point. But I cannot trace it beyond the second reading, and no such title is to be found among the private acts. I conclude, therefore, that it did not pass; and if so, the fact tells the other way.

Another fact which I cannot well reconcile with the supposition that many of Bacon's decrees were reversed in this way is supplied by a note of his own, set down about the end of the year 1622. It occurs in that sheet of memoranda for a conversation with Buckingham's mother, which will be found elsewhere in this volume, and runs thus: "You may observe that last Parliament," meaning the session which commenced on the fourteenth of November and ended on the eighteenth of December, 1621 — "though an high-coming Parliament, yet not a petition, not a clamor, not a motion, not a mention of me."

Upon this point, therefore, the records of Parliament tell distinctly and almost decisively in Bacon's favor. They show that the circumstances of his conviction did encourage suitors to attempt to get his decrees set aside; that several such attempts were made, but that they all failed; — thereby strongly confirming the popular tradition reported by Aubrey, — "His favorites took bribes; but his Lordship always gave judgment *secundum æquum et bonum*. His decrees in Chancery stand firm. There are fewer of his decrees reversed than any other chancellor."

If on the other hand they were reversed by a commission appointed for the purpose, we must surely have had some news of it. Yet I cannot suppose that either Hale himself or his editor, who prefaces the tract with an elaborate investigation of the whole subject, had heard of any such proceeding. They could not but have mentioned it if they had.

Upon the whole, therefore, I think I may conclude either that the decrees mentioned by Lord Hale were considered as *ipso facto* set aside by the admission of corruption (which could hardly be, and even if it were, could not be taken to prove more than is admitted in the confession), or that he used the words loosely, meaning only that they were easily allowed to be called in question (which might be true, and yet upon question they might all be found just), or, lastly, that he was speaking without book. And either way I may still ask, where is the evidence of justice perverted? Till some evidence is produced to that effect, I may still believe Bacon's own judgment upon his own case to be true. He expressed it on two occasions; privately indeed, but clearly and unequivocally. The first was in his letter to Buckingham, written from the Tower on the thirty-first of May, 1621; in which, after entreating him to procure his discharge and not let him die in that disgraceful place, he proceeds: —

"And when I am dead, he is gone that was always in one tenor, a true and perfect servant to his master, and one that was never author of any immoderate, no, nor unsafe, no (I will say it), nor unfortunate counsel; and one that no temptation could ever make other than a trust and honest and thrice-loving friend to your Lordship; and howsoever I acknowledge the sentence just, and for reformation's sake fit, the justest Chancellor that hath been in the five changes since Sir Nicholas Bacon's time."

This was written in the season of his deepest distress. The other occasion I cannot date. But I take the words to express his deliberate judgment imparted to the confidential friend of his latter days; — imparted privately, and (it would almost seem) under some injunction to keep it private; for Dr. Rawley, whose affectionate reverence preserved the record, took the precaution to write it in a cipher, and never published or alluded to it in print. It is found in a commonplace book, begun apparently soon after Bacon's death, and containing memoranda of various kinds, most of them, especially in the earlier part, relating to him and his works. The first few pages are filled almost entirely with apothegms; two or three of which were written in a simple cipher, the Greek character being used for the consonants, and the first five numerals for the vowels; the rest in Rawley's usual hand. Opposite to many of them is written "stet," with a number affixed; which means no doubt that they were to be included in the collection of Bacon's apothegms which were afterwards printed in the second edition of the "Resuscitatio." At the top of the first page stands this sentence, written in the cipher and not marked or numbered, a sentence which I suppose Rawley had been forbidden to publish, but could not allow to perish: —

"I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years. But it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these two hundred years."

Now if instead of Lord Macaulay's view of the case the later ages should accept Bacon's own (and although he was a party so deeply interested, I really believe it to be much the more impartial of the two, — self-love in a mind which finds its highest pleasure in knowing and believing the truth being far less fatal to fairness of judgment than the love of rhetorical effect in a mind rhetorically disposed) — they will escape the other difficulties, and without refusing to believe anything to his disadvantage of which there is any pretense of proof, they may nevertheless "name his name with reverence," as that of a man to be respected for his moral, as well as respected for his intellectual qualities. For if his acts of corruption did not involve injustice or oppression to either party, whether in the form of extortion or deception or false judgment, they were acts compatible — not indeed with the highest moral condition, for a more sensitive morality joined with so clear a judgment would have started at and shrunk from them, — but certainly

with a high condition of all the other moral virtues. A man may be guilty of them and yet be just and brave and temperate and truthful and patient and diligent and generous and liberal and unselfish; he might have "bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering"; he might be forbearing and forgiving, without "bitterness or wrath or anger or clamor or evil speaking or malice"; he might be a man who "fulfilled the law" by loving his neighbor as himself. I could feel respect for the moral condition of such a man though I thought in some things he had been negligent, thoughtless, or faulty, just as I can feel respect for the intellect of a man who is wise in most things though he may have made mistakes in some. And it is surely possible to conceive gifts both given and taken — even between suitor and judge while the cause is proceeding — without any thought of perverting justice either in the giver or the taker. In every suit both sides are entitled to favorable consideration — that is, to the attention of a mind open to see all that makes in their favor — and favorable consideration is all that the giver need be suspected of endeavoring to bespeak, or the receiver of engaging to bestow. The suitor almost always believes his cause to be just, though he is not always so sure, and in those days he had not always reason to be sure, that its merits would be duly considered if the favorable attention of the judge were not specially attracted toward them; and though the judge was rightly forbidden to lay himself under obligation to either party, it must be remembered that in all other offices of dignity and in all the gentlemanly professions, gifts of exactly the same kind — fees not fixed by law or defined as to amount by custom or recoverable as debts, but left to the discretion of the suitor, client, or patient — were in those days the ordinary remuneration for official or professional services of all kinds. It was not thought gentlemanly to bargain about terms or demand payment. The great man merely received freely what was assumed to be freely given. Lord Treasurer Burghley saw no impropriety in accepting a purse with a hundred guineas in it from a Bishop who felt thankful to him for furtherance in obtaining his bishopric. I do not suppose that his son Robert thought it wrong to receive "the £40 which Mr. Downing promised him for his friendship" in the Beccles cause; that is for moving his father "for his good and lawful favor in the Corporation's behalf," and so bringing the cause to a good end.

And when the Lord Treasurer Suffolk was questioned in the Star Chamber for having (among other things) taken money for favor in transactions with the Treasury, the charge was not for taking the money simply, but for taking it in such a manner as to make the payment of the money a condition of dispatching the business. The law officers of the crown derived, I fancy, a considerable part of their income from New Year's gifts and other gratuities presented to them both by individuals and corporations whom their office gave them opportunity of obliging; nor would the acceptance of those gratuities have been imputed as a fault so long as they were not employed as inducements to some unlawful act — some neglect or violation of duty. The practice was a bad one, and in the "New Atlantis" it was forbidden. But it was the practice in England up to the time of James the First at least, and the traces of it are still legible in the present state of the law with regard to fees; for I believe it is still true that the law will not help either the barrister or the physician to recover an unpaid fee, — the professions being too liberal to make charges, send in bills, or give receipts or do anything but take the money. In Bacon's time therefore almost all the men who rose to be judges had probably been accustomed in the course of their professional career to this kind of regular tribute; and an attorney general transferred to the woolsack, seeing nothing unusual in it, might the more easily overlook the impropriety. Indeed, in any man of the time except Bacon himself, such oversight would hardly have surprised me: it was not much more than neglecting to disturb a convenient arrangement to which he had always been accustomed. But I should have expected Bacon to have considered it, and to have seen beforehand all the objections to the practice which he saw so clearly as soon as he was called upon to justify it.

BACON'S APOTHEGMS.

Queen Elizabeth used to say of her instructions to great officers, that they were like to garments, strait at the first putting on, but did by and by wear easy enough.

A great officer at court, when my lord of Essex was first in trouble, and that he, and those that dealt for him, would talk

much of my lord's friends, and of his enemies, answered to one of them: "I will tell you, I know but one friend and one enemy my lord hath; and that one friend is the queen, and that one enemy is himself."

Queen Elizabeth was dilatory enough in suits, of her own nature; and the lord treasurer Burleigh being a wise man, and willing therein to feed her humor, would say to her, "Madam, you do well to let suitors stay; for I shall tell you, 'He gives twice who gives quickly:' if you grant them speedily, they will come again the sooner."

Sir Nicholas Bacon, who was keeper of the great seal of England, when Queen Elizabeth, in her progress, came to his house at Gorhambury, and said to him, "My lord, what a little house have you gotten!" answered her, "Madam, my house is well; but it is you that have made me too great for my house."

The lord keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon was asked his opinion by Queen Elizabeth, of one of these monopoly licenses. And he answered, "Madam, will you have me speak the truth? Licentia omnes deteriores sumus" — We are all the worse for licenses.

My lord of Essex, at the succor of Rouen, made twenty-four knights, which at that time was a great number. Divers of those gentlemen were of weak and small means; which, when Queen Elizabeth heard, she said, "My lord might have done well to have built his almshouse, before he made his knights."

There was a minister deprived for nonconformity, who said to some of his friends, that if they deprived him, it should cost a hundred men's lives. The party understood it, as if being a turbulent fellow, he would have moved sedition, and complained of him; whereupon being convented and opposed upon that speech, he said his meaning was that if he lost his benefice, he would practice physic, and then he thought he should kill a hundred men in time.

When Rabelais, the great jester of France, lay on his deathbed, and they gave him the extreme unction, a familiar friend of his came to him afterward and asked him how he did. Rabelais answered, "Even going my journey, they have greased my boots already."

Master Mason, of Trinity College, sent his pupil to another of the fellows, to borrow a book of him, who told him, "I am loath to lend my books out of my chamber; but if it pleases thy tutor to come and read it here, he shall as long as he will." It was winter, and some days after the same fellow sent to Mr. Mason to borrow his bellows; but Mr. Mason said, "I am loath to lend my bellows out of my chamber; but if thy tutor would come and use it here, he shall as long as he will."

In Flanders, by accident, a Flemish tiler fell from the top of a house upon a Spaniard, and killed him, though he escaped himself. The next of the blood prosecuted his death with great violence, and when he was offered pecuniary recompense, nothing would serve him but *lex talionis;* whereupon the judge said to him that if he did urge that sentence, it must be that he should go up to the top of the house, and then fall down upon the tiler.

There was a young man in Rome, that was very like Augustus Cæsar; Augustus took knowledge of him, and sent for the man, and asked him, "Was your mother never at Rome?" He answered, "No, sir, but my father was."

There was a captain sent to an exploit by his general with forces that were not likely to achieve the enterprise; the captain said to him, "Sir, appoint but half so many." "Why?" saith the general. The captain answered, "Because it is better that few die than more."

There was a harbinger who had lodged a gentleman in a very ill room, who expostulated with him somewhat rudely; but the harbinger carelessly said, "You will reap pleasure from it when you are out of it."

A company of scholars going together to catch conies, carried one scholar with them, which had not much more wit than he was born with; and to him they gave in charge, that if he saw any, he should be silent, for fear of scaring them. But he no sooner espied a company of rabbits before the rest, but he cried aloud, "Ecce multi cuniculi," which in English signifies, behold many conies; which he had no sooner said, but the conies ran to their burrows; and he being checked by them for it, answered, "Who the devil would have thought that the rabbits understood Latin?"

A tinker passing Cheapside with his usual tone, "Have you any work for a tinker?" an apprentice standing at a door opposite to a pillory there set up, called the tinker, with an intent to put a jest upon him, and told him that he should do very well if he would stop those two holes in the pillory; to which the tinker answered that if he would put his head and ears awhile in that pillory, he would bestow both brass and nails upon him to hold him in, and give him his labor into the bargain.

Whitehead, a grave divine, was much esteemed by Queen Elizabeth, but not preferred, because he was against the government of bishops: he was of a blunt stoical nature; he came one day to the queen, and the queen happened to say to him, "I like thee the better, Whitehead, because thou livest unmarried!" He answered, "In troth, madam, I like you the worse for the same cause."

Doctor Laud said that some hypocrites, and seeming mortified men, that held down their heads like bulrushes, were like the little images that they place in the very bowing of the vaults of churches, that look as if they held up the church, but are but puppets.

There was a lady of the west country, that gave great entertainment at her house to most of the gallant gentlemen thereabouts, and among others, Sir Walter Raleigh was one. This lady, though otherwise a stately dame, was a notable good housewife; and in the morning betimes, she called to one of her maids that looked to the swine, and asked, "Are the pigs served?" Sir Walter Raleigh's chamber was fast by the lady's, so as he heard her; a little before dinner, the lady came down in great state into the great chamber, which was full of gentlemen; and as soon as Sir Walter Raleigh set eye upon her, "Madam," said he, "are the pigs served?" The lady answered, "You know best whether you have had your breakfast."

There were fishermen drawing the river at Chelsea; Mr. Bacon came thither by chance in the afternoon, and offered to buy their draught; they were willing. He asked them what they would take? They asked thirty shillings. Mr. Bacon offered them ten. They refused it. "Why, then," saith Mr. Bacon, "I will be only a looker-on." They drew, and caught nothing. Saith Mr. Bacon, "Are not you mad fellows now,

that might have had an angel in your purse, to have made merry withal, and to have warmed you thoroughly, and now you must go home with nothing?" "Aye, but," said the fishermen, "we had hope then to make a better gain of it." Saith Mr. Bacon, "Well, my masters, then I'll tell you, hope is a good breakfast, but it is a bad supper."

Zelim was the first of the Ottomans that did shave his beard, whereas his predecessors wore it long. One of his bashaws asked him why he altered the custom of his predecessors. He answered: "Because you bashaws may not lead me by the beard as you did them."

In chancery, at one time when the counsel of the parties set forth the boundaries of the land in question, by the plot; and the counsel of one part said, "We lie on this side, my lord;" and the counsel of the other part said, "And we lie on this side:" the lord chancellor Hatton stood up and said, "If you lie on both sides, whom will you have me to believe?"

Sir Thomas More had only daughters, at the first, and his wife did ever pray for a boy. At last she had a boy, which, being come to man's estate, proved but simple. Sir Thomas said to his wife, "Thou prayedst so long for a boy that he will be a boy as long as he lives."

Sir Thomas More, on the day that he was beheaded, had a barber sent to him, because his hair was long; which was thought would make him more commiserated with the people. The barber came to him, and asked him whether he would be pleased to be trimmed? "In good faith, honest fellow," saith Sir Thomas, "the king and I have a suit for my head: and till the title be cleared, I will do no cost upon it."

There was a painter became a physician, whereupon one said to him: "You have done well; for before, the faults of your work were seen, but now they are unseen."

There was a gentleman that came to the tilt all in orange-tawny, and ran very ill. The next day he came again all in green, and ran worse. There was one of the lookers-on asked another, "What is the reason that this gentleman changeth his colors?" The other answered, "Sure, because it may be reported that the gentleman in the green ran worse than the gentleman in the orange-tawny."

Sir Thomas More had sent him by a suitor in chancery two silver flagons. When they were presented by the gentleman's servant, he said to one of his men, "Have him to the cellar, and let him have of my best wine:" and turning to the servant, said, "Tell thy master, if he like it, let him not spare it."

Sir Nicholas Bacon, when a certain nimble-witted counselor at the bar, who was forward to speak, did interrupt him often, said unto him, "There's a great difference betwixt you and me: a pain to me to speak, and a pain to you to hold your peace."

There was a king of Hungary took a bishop in battle, and kept him prisoner; whereupon the pope wrote a monitory to him, for that he had broken the privilege of holy church, and taken his son. The king sent an embassage to him, and sent withal the armor wherein the bishop was taken, and this only in writing, "Vide num hæc sit vestis filii tui" — Know now whether this be thy son's coat.

Sir Amyas Pawlet, when he saw too much haste made in any matter, was wont to say, "Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner."

A master of the request to Queen Elizabeth had divers times moved for an audience, and been put off. At last he came to the queen in a progress, and had on a new pair of boots. The queen, who loved not the smell of new leather, said to him, "Fie, sloven, thy new boots stink." "Madam," said he, "it is not my new boots that stink, but it is the stale bills that I have kept so long."

Queen Isabella of Spain used to say, whosoever hath a good presence and a good fashion, carries continual letters of recommendation.

It was said of Augustus, and afterward the like was said of Septimius Severus, both which did infinite mischief in their beginnings, and infinite good toward their ends, that they should either have never been born or never died.

There was one that died greatly in debt: when it was reported in some company, where divers of his creditors casually were, that he was dead, one began to say, "Well, if he be gone, then he hath carried five hundred ducats of mine with him into the other world," and another said, "And two hun-

dred of mine;" and the third spake of great sums of his. Whereupon one that was among them said, "I perceive now that though a man cannot carry any of his own with him into the next world, yet he may carry away that which is another man's."

Bresquet, jester to Francis the First of France, did keep a calendar of fools, wherewith he did use to make the king sport; telling him ever the reason why he put any one into his calendar. When Charles the Fifth, emperor, upon confidence of the noble nature of Francis, passed through France, for the appeasing of the rebellion of Gaunt, Bresquet put him into his calendar. The king asked him the cause. He answered, "Because you have suffered at the hands of Charles the greatest bitterness that ever prince did from another, nevertheless he would trust his person into your hands." "Why, Bresquet," said the king, "what wilt thou say, if thou seest him pass back in as great safety as if he marched through the midst of Spain?" Saith Bresquet, "Why then I will put him out, and put in you."

When my lord president of the council came first to be lord treasurer, he complained to my lord chancellor of the troublesomeness of the place, for that the exchequer was so empty. The lord chancellor answered, "My lord, be of good cheer; for now you shall see the bottom of your business at the first."

Rabelais tells a tale of one that was very fortunate in compounding differences. His son undertook the said course, but could never compound any. Whereupon he came to his father and asked him, what art he had to reconcile differences? He answered, he had no other but this: to watch when the two parties were much wearied and their hearts were too great to seek reconcilement at one another's hand; then to be a means between them, and upon no other terms. After which the son went home, and prospered in the same undertakings.

Alonso Cartilio was informed by his steward of the greatness of his expense, being such as he could not hold out therewith. The bishop asked him, wherein it chiefly arose? His steward told him, in the multitude of his servants. The bishop bade him to make him a note of those that were necessary, and those that might be spared. Which he did. And the bishop, taking occasion to read it before most of his servants, said to his

steward, "Well, let these remain, because I have need of them; and these others also, because they have need of me."

Galba succeeded Nero, and his age being despised, there was much license and confusion in Rome during his empire; whereupon a senator said in full senate, it were better to live where nothing is lawful, than where all things are lawful.

Chilon said that kings' friends and favorites were like casting counters; that sometimes stood for one, sometimes for ten, sometimes for a hundred.

Clodius was acquitted by a corrupt jury, that had palpably taken shares of money before they gave their verdict; they prayed of the senate a guard, that they might do their consciences, for that Clodius was a very seditious young nobleman. Whereupon all the world gave him for condemned. But acquitted he was. Catulus, the next day seeing some of them that had acquitted him together, said to them: "What made you ask of us a guard? Were you afraid your money should have been taken from you?"

At the same judgment, Cicero gave in evidence upon oath: and when the jury, which consisted of fifty-seven, had passed against his evidence, one day in the senate Cicero and Clodius being in altercation, Clodius upbraided him, and said, "The jury gave you no credit." Cicero answered, "Five and twenty gave me credit; but there were two and thirty that gave you no credit, for they had their money beforehand."

Cato the elder was wont to say that the Romans were like sheep: a man could better drive a flock of them than one of them.

There was a soldier that vaunted before Julius Cæsar of the hurts he had received in his face. Julius Cæsar, knowing him to be but a coward, told him, "You were best take heed next time you run away, how you look back."

Vespasian asked of Apollonius what was the cause of Nero's ruin? Who answered, "Nero could tune the harp well, but in government he did always wind up the strings too high, or let them down too low."

There was a law made by the Romans against the bribery and extortion of the governors of provinces. Cicero saith, in a speech of his to the people, that he thought the provinces

would petition to the state of Rome to have that law repealed. "For," saith he, "before the governors did bribe and extort as much as was sufficient for themselves; but now they bribe and extort as much as may be enough, not only for themselves, but for the judges and jurors, and magistrates."

Pompey being commissioner for sending grain to Rome in time of dearth, when he came to the sea, found it very tempestuous and dangerous, insomuch as those about him advised him by no means to embark; but Pompey said, "It is of necessity that I go, not that I live."

Demades the orator, in his age, was talkative, and would eat hard. Antipater would say of him that he was like a sacrifice, that nothing was left of it but the tongue and the paunch.

Augustus Cæsar would say that he wondered that Alexander feared he should want work, having no more worlds to conquer, as if it were not as hard a matter to keep as to conquer.

Cato the elder, being aged, buried his wife, and married a young woman. His son came to him and said, "Sir, what have I offended, that you have brought a stepmother into your house?" The old man answered, "Nay, quite contrary, son; thou pleasest me so well, as I should be glad to have much more such."

Crassus the orator had a fish which the Romans call Muræna, that he made very tame and fond of him; the fish died, and Crassus wept for it. One day, falling in contention with Domitius in the senate, Domitius said, "Foolish Crassus, you wept for your Muræna." Crassus replied, "That's more than you did for your two wives."

There was a philosopher that disputed with Adrian the emperor, and did it but weakly. One of his friends that stood by afterward said to him, "Methinks you were not like yourself last day, in argument with the emperor; I could have answered better myself." "Why," said the philosopher, "would you have me contend with him that commands thirty legions?"

There was one that found a great mass of money digged underground in his grandfather's house, and being somewhat doubtful of the case, signified it to the emperor, that he had found such treasure. The emperor made a rescript thus: "Use it." He wrote back again that the sum was greater than his state or condition could use. The emperor wrote a new rescript, thus: "Abuse it."

Plato reprehended severely a young man for entering into a dissolute house. The young man said to him, "Why do you reprehend so sharply for so small a matter?" Plato replied, "But custom is no small matter."

Pyrrhus, when his friends congratulated to him his victory over the Romans, under the conduct of Fabricius, but with great slaughter of his own side, said to them again, "Yes, but if we have such another victory, we are undone."

Plato was wont to say of his master Socrates that he was like the apothecaries' gallipots, that had on the outsides apes, owls, and satyrs, but within, precious drugs.

Alexander sent to Phocion a great present of money. Phocion said to the messenger, "Why doth the king send to me, and to none else?" The messenger answered, "Because he takes you to be the only good man in Athens." Phocion replied, "If he thinks so, pray let him suffer me to be so still."

Hanno the Carthaginian was sent commissioner by the state, after the second Carthaginian war, to supplicate for peace, and in the end obtained it; yet one of the sharper senators said, "You have often broken with us the peace whereunto you have sworn; I pray, by what god will you swear?" Hanno answered, "By the same gods that punished the former perjury so severely."

One of the seven was wont to say that laws were like cobwebs, where the small flies were caught, and the great break through.

There was a cowardly Spanish soldier, that in a defeat that the Moors gave, ran away with the foremost. Afterward, when the army generally fled, this soldier was missing. Whereupon it was said by some that he was slain. "No, sure," saith one, "he is alive; for the Moors eat no hare's flesh."

One was saying that his great-grandfather, and grandfather, and father died at sea. Said another, that had heard him, "And I were as you, I would never come at sea." "Why?" saith he, "where did your great-grandfather, and grandfather, and father die?" He answered, "Where, but in their beds?" He answered, "And I were as you, I would never come in bed."

There was a dispute whether great heads or little heads had the better wit. And one said, "It must needs be the little;

for that it is a maxim, 'Every greater contains in itself the less.'"

Mr. Popham (afterward Lord Chief Justice Popham), when he was Speaker, and the House of Commons had sat long, and done in effect nothing, coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him, "Now, Mr. Speaker, what hath passed in the Commons House?" He answered, "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks."

Themistocles, in his lower fortune, was in love with a young gentleman who scorned him; but when he grew to his greatness, which was soon after, he sought him: Themistocles said, "We are both grown wise, but too late."

Solon, being asked whether he had given the Athenians the best laws, answered, "The best of those that they would have received."

Trajan would say of the vain jealousy of princes that seek to make away those that aspire to their succession, that there was never king that did put to death his successor.

Alexander used to say of his two friends, Craterus and Hephæstion, that Hephæstion loved Alexander, and Craterus loved the king.

One of the fathers saith that there is but this difference between the death of old men and young men: that old men go to death, and death comes to young men.

Jason the Thessalian was wont to say that some things must be done unjustly, that many things may be done justly.

Demetrius, king of Macedon, would at times retire himself from business, and give himself wholly to pleasures. On one of those his retirings, giving out that he was sick, his father, Antigonus, came on the sudden to visit him, and met a fair dainty youth coming out of his chamber. When Antigonus came in, Demetrius said, "Sir, the fever left me right now." Antigonus replied, "I think it was he that I met at the door."

When it was said to Anaxagoras, "The Athenians have condemned you to die," he replied, "And nature them."

Antigonus used often to go disguised, and to listen at the tents of his soldiers; and at a time heard some that spoke very

ill of him. Whereupon he opened the tent a little and said to them, "If you would speak ill of me, you should go a little farther off."

The ambassadors of Asia Minor came to Antonius, after he had imposed upon them a double tax, and said plainly to him, that if he would have two tributes in one year, he must give them two seedtimes and two harvests.

An orator of Athens said to Demosthenes, "The Athenians will kill you if they wax mad." Demosthenes replied, "And they will kill you if they be in good sense."

Epictetus used to say that one of the vulgar, in any ill that happens to him, blames others; a novice in philosophy blames himself; and a philosopher blames neither the one nor the other.

Cato the elder, what time many of the Romans had statues erected in their honor, was asked by one, in a kind of wonder, why he had none? He answered, he had much rather men should ask and wonder why he had no statue than why he had a statue.

A certain friend of Sir Thomas More, taking great pains about a book, which he intended to publish (being well conceited of his own wit, which no man else thought worthy of commendation), brought it to Sir Thomas More to peruse it, and pass his judgment upon it, which he did; and finding nothing therein worthy the press, he said to him, with a grave countenance, that if it were in verse, it would be more worthy. Upon which words, he went immediately and turned it into verse, and then brought it to Sir Thomas again; who, looking thereon, said soberly, "Yes, marry, now it is somewhat: for now it is rhyme; whereas before it was neither rhyme nor reason."

Phocion the Athenian (a man of great severity, and noways flexible to the will of the people), one day, when he spake to the people, in one part of his speech was applauded; whereupon he turned to one of his friends and asked, "What have I said amiss?"

Diogenes was one day in the market place, with a candle in his hand, and being asked what he sought, he said, he sought a man.

Queen Elizabeth was entertained by my Lord Burleigh at Theobalds; and at her going away, my lord obtained of the queen, to make seven knights. They were gentlemen of the country, of my lord's friends and neighbors. They were placed in a rank, as the queen should pass by the hall, and to win antiquity of knighthood, in order as my lord favored, though, indeed, the more principal gentlemen were placed lowest. The queen was told of it, and said nothing; but when she went along, she passed them all by, as far as the screen, as if she had forgot it; and when she came to the screen, she seemed to take herself with the manner, and said, "I had almost forgot what I promised." With that she turned back, and knighted the lowest first, and so upward. Whereupon Mr. Stanhope, of the privy chamber, a while after told her, "Your Majesty was too fine for my Lord Burleigh." She answered, "I have but fulfilled the Scripture: the first shall be the last, and the last first."

The Turks made an expedition into Persia; and because of the strait jaws of the mountains of Armenia, the bashaw consulted which way they should get in. One that heard the debate said, "Here's much ado how you shall get in; but I hear nobody take care how you should get out."

Pace the fool was not suffered to come at Queen Elizabeth, because of his bitter humor. Yet at one time, some persuaded the queen that he should come to her; undertaking for him, that he should keep within compass; so he was brought to her, and the queen said, "Come on, Pace, now we shall hear of our faults." Saith Pace, "I do not use to talk of that that all the town talks of."

After the defeat of Cyrus the younger, Falinus was sent by the king to the Grecians (who had for their part rather victory than otherwise), to command them to yield their arms; which, when it was denied, Falinus said to Clearchus, "Well, then, the king lets you know that if you remove from the place where you are now encamped, it is war; if you stay, it is truce. What shall I say you will do?" Clearchus answered, "It pleaseth us, as it pleaseth the king." "How is that?" saith Falinus. Saith Clearchus, "If we remove, war; if we stay, truce:" and so would not disclose his purpose.

Nero was wont to say of his master Seneca, that his style was like mortar without lime.

Sir Fulke Grevil had much and private access to Queen Elizabeth, which he used honorably, and did many men good; yet he would say merrily of himself that he was like Robin Goodfellow: for when the maids spilt the milk pans, or kept any racket, they would lay it upon Robin; so what tales the ladies about the queen told her, or other bad offices that they did, they would put it upon him.

Cato said the best way to keep good acts in memory was to refresh them with new.

Democritus said that truth did lie in the profound pits, and when it was got, it needed much refining.

Diogenes said of a young man that danced daintily, and was much commended, "The better, the worse."

Queen Elizabeth, seeing Sir Edward —— in her garden, looked out at her window and asked him in Italian, "What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?" Sir Edward (who had not had the effect of some of the queen's grants so soon as he had hoped and desired) paused a little, and then made answer, "Madame, he thinks of a woman's promise." The queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, "Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you. Anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor."

When any great officer, ecclesiastical or civil, was to be made, the queen would inquire after the piety, integrity, and learning of the man. And when she was satisfied in these qualifications, she would consider of his personage. And upon such an occasion she pleased once to say to me, "Bacon, how can the magistrate maintain his authority when the man is despised?"

In eighty-eight, when the queen went from Temple Bar along Fleet Street, the lawyers were ranked on one side, and the companies of the city on the other; said Master Bacon to a lawyer that stood next to him, "Do but observe the courtiers; if they bow first to the citizens, they are in debt; if first to us, they are in law."

One was examined upon certain scandalous words spoken against the king. He confessed them and said, "It is true I spake them, and if the wine had not failed, I had said much more."

Charles the Bald allowed one whose name was Scottus to sit at the table with him for his pleasure. Scottus sat on the other side of the table. One time the king, being merry with him, said to him, "What is there between Scot and sot?" Scottus answered, "The table only."

There was a marriage made between a widow of great wealth and a gentleman of great house that had no estate or means. Jack Roberts said that marriage was like a black pudding: the one brought blood, and the other brought suet and oatmeal.

King James was wont to be very earnest with the country gentlemen to go from London to their country houses. And sometimes he would say thus to them: "Gentlemen, at London you are like ships at sea, which show like nothing; but in your country villages you are like ships in a river, which look like great things."

Count Gondomar sent a compliment to my Lord St. Alban, wishing him a good Easter. My lord thanked the messenger, and said he could not at present requite the count better than in returning him the like; that he wished his lordship a good Passover.

My Lord Chancellor Elsmere, when he had read a petition which he disliked, would say, "What, you would have my hand to this now?" And the party answering "Yes," he would say further, "Well, so you shall; nay, you shall have both my hands to it." And so would, with both his hands, tear it in pieces.

The Lord Bacon was wont to commend the advice of the plain old man at Buxton, that sold besoms: a proud, lazy young fellow came to him for a besom upon trust; to whom the old man said, "Friend, hast thou no money? Borrow of thy back, and borrow of thy belly, they'll ne'er ask thee again. I shall be dunning thee every day."

Jack Weeks said of a great man (just then dead), who pretended to some religion, but was none of the best livers, "Well, I hope he is in heaven. Every man thinks as he wishes; but if he be in heaven, 'twere pity it were known."

WAR ON OTHERS' ACCOUNT.

By GROTIUS

(From the "Law of War and Peace.")

[Hugo de Groot, Latinized Grotius, the founder of international law on principles of natural equity, was born in 1583 at Delft, Holland, of a rich and distinguished family. With precocious talents developed by powerful tutors, he wrote good Latin verse at nine; entered the university of Leyden at twelve; went with John of Barneveldt's embassy to Henry IV. at fifteen; under Scaliger's prompting edited Capella's encyclopedic "Satyricon" at sixteen, and Aratus' "Phænomena" at seventeen; took LL.D. and began law practice at about eighteen; and about the same time wrote three Latin Scriptural dramas and various Latin poems. At twenty he was chosen government historiographer of the Spanish war, and began "Annals of the Low Countries," wrought on all his life and published posthumously. The next year he wrote the "Law of War-Prize," a first draft of his immortal work; only one chapter was published, entitled "Mare Liberum" (The Ocean Free), assailed in 1632 by John Selden in "Mare Clausum" (The Ocean an Enclosure). In 1610 he produced "The Antiquity of the Batavian Republic," to justify the revolt from Spain. In 1613 he was chosen pensionary of Rotterdam, and ex-officio member of the States-General. Taking the losing side with Barneveldt in the religious contest in the Netherlands, which he tried to end by a bill of compromise, Barneveldt's overthrow and judicial murder by Maurice dragged down Grotius into confiscation and life imprisonment. Keeping up his physical health by whipping a top, and his mental health by writing Latin verses and a treatise "On the Truth of the Christian Religion,"—a widely popular tract, attempting to unite all sects on the common bases of all creeds,—after two years he escaped in a book-chest, but remained a lifelong exile, despite all appeals and a new prince. Taking asylum in France under Louis XIII., he published in 1622 a vindication, which the States-General proscribed as a libel, ordering the author seized wherever found; and in 1625 his monument, "On the Law of War and Peace." After attempts at return to Holland, and having to fly once more, he took the post of ambassador to France from Sweden, then ruled by Oxenstiern; but was disliked by Richelieu and snubbed by the court, had himself recalled in 1645, and died on a journey in that year. The spring of his efforts, besides ardent patriotism and sincere piety, was a deep desire to have states and religious parties compete in peaceful emulation and recognition of mutual right, instead of intolerance and war. His probity was stainless, and his accomplishments manifold.]

When we above spoke of those who make war, it was said and proved by us that, Natural Law, not only each person has an executive power to assert his own right, but also the rights of others. Whence it follows, that the causes which justify him whose interest is concerned, do also justify those who help him.

The first and closest of such relations is, the care which we are bound to exercise for those who are under us, whether as

members of a family or of our civil community; for these are, in a way, a part of him who is at the head of the body, as we there said. Thus the Gibeonites having put themselves under the Jewish people, that people took up arms for them, with Joshua for their leader. Our ancestors, says Cicero, often undertook war, because merchants and sailors belonging to them were treated with injury. And elsewhere, How many wars did our ancestors undertake because Roman citizens were injured, their navigators detained, their merchants despoiled! The same Romans, though they would not take up arms for their allies, yet when the same peoples had become their subjects, thought it necessary to do so. The Campanians say to the Romans, Since you will not allow us to defend our property against force and injury by our own just force, you will certainly defend it by yours. Florus, as ambassador of the Campanians, says that the league which existed before, had become more sacred by the surrender of all his countrymen. It was considered a point of good faith, says Livy, not to desert those who had surrendered to us.

But yet it is not always, even if the cause of a subject be just, that it obliges the rulers to enter upon a war; but then only, if it can be done without the damage of all, or the greater part, of the subjects. For the office of the ruler is concerned more with the whole than with the parts; and in proportion as the part is greater, it approaches nearer to the nature of the whole.

Therefore if one citizen, though innocent, be demanded by the many, in order to be put to death, it is not doubtful that he may by given up, if it appear that the state of which the demand is made is much too weak to contend. Vasquius disputes against this opinion; but if we look, not so much at his words, as at his purport, he seems to come to this, that such a citizen is not likely to be deserted, when there is a hope that he may be defended. For he adduces the history of the Italic infantry, which deserted Pompey when his cause was not yet desperate, being assured of their safety by Cæsar; which he blames, and deservedly.

Whether an innocent citizen may be delivered into the hands of the enemy, to avoid the otherwise imminent destruction of the city, the learned dispute, and the dispute existed also in ancient times; as when Demosthenes narrated the clever fable of the wolves requiring the sheep to give up their dogs

for the sake of peace. That it is not lawful to do so, is maintained not by Vasquius only, but Sotus also, whose opinion Vasquius condemns as approaching to perfidy. Yet Sotus holds that such a citizen is bound to surrender himself to the enemy: this Vasquius denies, because the nature of civil society, which every one enters into for his own advantage, does not require such a step.

But from this, nothing follows but that a citizen is not bound to this step, by any law properly so called; but it does not follow that charity allows him to do otherwise. For there are many duties, not of justice properly so called, but of good will, which it is not only laudable to perform, but which it is blamable to omit. And of such nature appears this to be, that each person should prefer the life of an innocent multitude to his own. So Euripides. And so Phocion exhorted Demosthenes and others that they should rather submit to death, after the example of the daughters of Leos and the Hyacinthids, than bring an irreparable calamity on their country. Cicero, pleading for Sextius, says, that if he were in a ship attacked by pirates who demanded him in particular, and would destroy the ship if he were not given up, he would rather throw himself into the sea than bring upon all the rest, not only certain death, but even extreme danger of death. And again, he says that a wise and good man will rather consult the safety of all than of any one in particular, even of himself. In Livy we read: I have often heard of men who would rather die for their country, but I have never heard of any who thought it reasonable that their country should perish for them.

But, this being assumed, there remains this doubt, whether, what they are thus bound to do, they can be compelled to do. Sotus denies this, adducing the example of a rich man who is bound to give alms to a needy man by a rule of mercy, but cannot be compelled to do so. But it is to be remarked that the relation of such parties is different from that of superiors compared with subjects. For an equal cannot compel an equal, except to that which he has a right to, speaking strictly. But a superior can compel him to other things, also, which any virtue prescribes; because in the peculiar right of a superior as superior, this is comprehended. Thus, in a great scarcity of corn, the citizens may be compelled to contribute to the common stock what each one has; and thus, in this question before us, it seems to be sound doctrine that the citizen may be compelled

to do that which charity requires. And thus Phocion, whom I have already mentioned, pointed out a very intimate friend of his, Nicocles by name, and said that matters were come to such a miserable condition that if Alexander demanded *him*, he would be of opinion that he ought to be given up.

As parties whom we are bound to defend, next to our subjects, come our allies. This is comprehended in our engagement with them, whether they have put themselves under the authority and protection of others, or have contracted for mutual aid. He who does not repel an injury for an ally, if he can, is in the wrong as much as he who does the injury, says Ambrose.

That such contracts are not to be extended to wars where there is no just cause for the war, we have elsewhere said. And this is the reason why the Lacedemonians, before they began their war with the Athenians, put the matter to the judgment of all their allies; as also the Romans did with regard to the Greeks, respecting the war with Nabis. We will further add, that even in such a case, the ally is not bound if there be no hope of a good result. For such alliances are contracted, not for the sake of evil results, but of good. An ally, however, is to be defended even against another confederate, except there be some special stipulation to the contrary in some previous convention. Thus, the Corcyreans, if their cause was good, might have received defensive aid from the Athenians, even against the Corinthians, who were their old allies.

The third cause (in which we may undertake war on account of others, subjects and allies being the first two cases) is the cause of friends, to whom we have not promised aid, but to whom it is in a manner due on the ground of friendship, if it can be given easily and without inconvenience. Thus Abraham took arms for Lot, his relative; the Romans commanded the Antiates not to exercise piracy against the Greeks, as being related to the Italians. The Romans, too, often took up arms for their allies, not only when they were bound to do so by treaty, but also for their friends; or threatened to take up arms in such cases.

The last and widest reason for taking up arms, is the connection of men with men as such, which alone is often sufficient to induce them to give their aid. Men are made for mutual help, says Seneca, and the like; so Euripides and Ambrose.

Here the question is raised, whether man be bound to defend man, and people to defend people, from wrong. Plato thinks that he ought to be punished who does not repel force offered to another; and this was also provided by the laws of the Egyptians. But, in the first place, if the danger be manifest, it is certain that he is not so bound; for he may reasonably prefer his own life and possessions to those of others. And in this sense, as I conceive, we are to interpret what Cicero says, that he who does not repel and resist an injury when he can, is as much in fault as if he were to desert his parents, or his country, or his allies: when he can, we are to understand, with convenience to himself: for the same writer elsewhere says, Perhaps we cannot defend men without incurring blame. So Sallust says that when we are asked to assist allies, it is to be considered whether we may abstain from war; and then, whether what is required is sufficiently pious, safe, glorious; or, on the other hand, unbecoming.

And the warning of Seneca is not to be despised: I am willing to help a man who is perishing, but so that I myself do not perish; except I am to be the ransom of a great man or a great cause. And even then, he will not be bound, if the person oppressed cannot be extricated without the death of the assailant. For if he may in some cases prefer the life of the assailant to his own, when he is attacked, as we have elsewhere said, he will not be wrong who either thinks or desires that another person so attacked has the same preference: especially when there is greater danger of irreparable and eternal loss on the part of the invader.

There is also another question, whether a war for the subjects of another be just, for the purpose of defending them from injuries inflicted by their ruler. Certainly it is undoubted that ever since civil societies were formed, the rulers of each claimed some especial right over his own subjects. Euripides makes his characters say that they are sufficient to right wrongs in their own city. And Thucydides puts among the marks of empire the supreme authority in judicial proceedings. And so Virgil, Ovid, and Euripides in the Hippolytus. This is, as Ambrose says, that peoples may not run into wars by usurping the care of those who do not belong to them. The Corinthians in Thucydides say that it is right that each state should punish its own subjects. And Perseus says that he will not plead in defense of what he did against the Dolopians,

since they were under his authority and he had acted upon his right. But all this applies when the subjects have really violated their duty; and, we may add, when the case is doubtful. For that distribution of power was introduced for that case.

But the case is different if the wrong be manifest. If a tyrant like Busiris, Phalaris, Diomede of Thrace, practices atrocities towards his subjects, which no just man can approve, the right of human social connection is not cut off in such a case. So Constantine took arms against Maxentius and Licinius; and several of the Roman emperors took or threatened to take arms against the Persians, except they prevented the Christians being persecuted on account of their religion.

But if we should grant that subjects cannot rightly take up arms even in extreme necessity (which, we may have seen, has been doubted even by those whose purpose was to defend the royal power), it would not follow that others may not take up arms for them. For when the impediment which exists to an action is in the person, not in the thing itself; in such cases, what is not lawful to one person may be lawful to another for him, if it be a case in which one can help another. Thus for a ward or minor, who is not capable of legal acts, the guardian or trustee sustains the suit; and for an absent person, an agent even with a special commission. Now the impediment which forbids the subject to resist, does not arise from the cause, which is the same in the subject and the non-subject; but from the quality of the person, which does not pass over to others.

Thus Seneca thinks that I may attack in war him who, though he is a stranger to my nation, persecutes his own; as we said when we spoke of exacting punishment: and this is often joined with the defense of innocent subjects. We know indeed, both from ancient and from modern histories, that the desire to appropriate another's possessions often use such a pretext as this; but that which is used by bad men does not necessarily therefore cease to be right. Pirates use navigation, but navigation is not therefore unlawful. Robbers use weapons, but weapons are not therefore unlawful.

But, as we have said, that leagues made with a view to mutual help in all wars alike, without distinction of the cause, are unlawful; so no kind of life is more disreputable than that of those who act as soldiers for pay merely, without regard to the cause; whose motto is, the right is where the

best pay is: as Plato proves from Tyrtæus. This is the reproach which Philip cast upon the Etolians, and Dionysius of Miletus upon the Arcadians; saying that there was a market where the Arcadians made a profit of the misfortunes of the Greeks. As Antiphanes says, It is a wretched life to be ready to die in order to live. So Dio Prusæensis.

But that they sell their own lives is little, if it were not that they sell too the lives of other innocent men: and in this way they are worse than the hangman, in proportion as it is worse to kill men without cause than for a cause: as Antisthenes says that executioners are more respectable than tyrants, for they kill guilty, these, innocent men. Philip of Macedon (the greater) said that for those whose gain was in a soldier's life, peace was war, and war, peace.

War is not one of the acts of life. On the contrary, it is a thing so horrible, that nothing but the highest necessity or the deepest charity can make it be right.

MICROCOSMOGRAPHY: ESSAYS AND CHARACTERS.

By JOHN EARLE.

[JOHN EARLE, ecclesiastic and one of the acutest of social observers and thinkers, was born at York, England, about 1601; graduated from Christ Church and then from Merton, Oxford; in 1631 was made proctor of the university, and chaplain to its chancellor, the Earl of Pembroke; soon after chaplain to Charles I. and tutor to the boy Charles (II.); in 1642 one of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, but declined to sit by reason of sympathy with the king; in 1643 chancellor of Salisbury Cathedral. After Charles II.'s overthrow by Cromwell at Worcester, Earle went abroad and was made Charles's chaplain and clerk of the closet; lived at Antwerp, then joined the Duke of York (James II.) at Paris. Returning at the Restoration in 1660, he was made dean of Westminster (1660), bishop of Worcester (1662), bishop of Salisbury (1663). During the plague of London he attended the royal family at Oxford, and died there November 17, 1665. He was an eloquent preacher, and greatly sought and beloved for his wit and charm of conversation, his culture and purity of mind. His "Microcosmography" (1628) stands at the head of its class, from Theophrastus down.]

A CHILD

IS A man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write this character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at

length it becomes a blurred note book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity. His hardest labor is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses, but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember; and sighs to see what innocence he has outlived. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.

A Mere Formal Man

Is somewhat more than the shape of a man; for he has his length, breadth, and color. When you have seen his outside, you have looked through him, and need employ your discovery no further. His reason is merely example, and his action is not guided by his understanding, but he sees other men do thus, and he follows them. He is a negative, for we cannot call him a wise man, but not a fool; nor an honest man, but not a knave; nor a Protestant, but not a Papist. The chief burden of his brain is the carriage of his body and the setting of his face in a good frame; which he performs the better, because he is not disjointed with other meditations. His religion is a good quiet subject, and he prays as he swears, in the phrase of the land. He is a fair guest, and a fair inviter, and can excuse his good cheer in the accustomed apology. He has some faculty in mangling of a rabbit, and the distribution of his morsel to a

neighbor trencher. He apprehends a jest by seeing men smile, and laughs orderly himself, when it comes to his turn. His business with his friends is to visit them, and whilst the business is no more, he can perform this well enough. His discourse is the news that he hath gathered in his walk, and for other matters his discretion is, that he will only what he can; that is, say nothing. His life is like one that runs to the minster walk to take a turn or two, and so passes. He hath stayed in the world to fill a number; and when he is gone, there wants one, and there's an end.

A Detractor

Is one of a more cunning and active envy, wherewith he gnaws not foolishly himself, but throws it abroad and would have it blister others. He is commonly some weak-parted fellow, and worse minded, yet is strangely ambitious to match others, not by mounting their worth, but bringing them down with his tongue to his own poorness. He is indeed like the red dragon that pursued the woman, for when he cannot overreach another, he opens his mouth and throws a flood after to drown him. You cannot anger him worse than to do well, and he hates you more bitterly for this, than if you had cheated him of his patrimony with your own discredit. He is always slighting the general opinion, and wondering why such and such men should be applauded. Commend a good divine, he cries postilling; a philologer, pedantry; a poet, rhyming; a school-man, dull wrangling; a sharp conceit, boyishness; an honest man, plausibility. He comes to public things not to learn, but to catch, and if there be but one solecism, that is all he carries away. He looks on all things with a prepared sourness, and is still furnished with a pish beforehand, or some musty proverb that disrelishes all things whatsoever. If fear of the company make him second a commendation, it is like a law-writ, always with a clause of exception, or to smooth his way to some greater scandal. He will grant you something, and bate more; and this bating shall in conclusion take away all he granted. His speech concludes still with an — Oh but, and I could wish one thing amended; and this one thing shall be enough to deface all his former commendations. He will be very inward with a man to fish some bad out of him, and make his slanders hereafter more authentic, when it is said a friend reported it. He

will inveigle you to naughtiness to get your good name into his clutches; he will be your pander to have you on the hip for a whoremaster, and make you drunk to show you reeling. He passes the more plausibly because all men have a smatch of his humor, and it is thought freeness which is malice. If he can say nothing of a man, he will seem to speak riddles, as if he could tell strange stories if he would; and when he has racked his invention to the uttermost, he ends: But I wish him well, and therefore must hold my peace. He is always listening and inquiring after men, and suffers not a cloak to pass by him unexamined. In brief, he is one that has lost all good himself, and is loath to find it in another.

A Blunt Man

Is one whose wit is better pointed than his behavior, and that coarse and impolished not out of ignorance so much as humor. He is a great enemy to the fine gentleman, and these things of compliment, and hates ceremony in conversation, as the Puritan in religion. He distinguishes not betwixt fair and double dealing, and suspects all smoothness for the dress of knavery. He starts at the encounter of a salutation, as an assault, and beseeches you in choler to forbear your courtesy. He loves not anything in discourse that comes before the purpose, and is always suspicious of a preface. Himself falls rudely still on his matter without any circumstance, except he use an old proverb for an introduction. He swears old out-of-date innocent oaths, as, by the Mass! by our Lady! and such like, and though there be lords present, he cries, My masters! He is exceedingly in love with his humor, which makes him always profess and proclaim it, and you must take what he says patiently, because he is a plain man. His nature is his excuse still, and other men's tyrant; for he must speak his mind, and that is his worst, and craves your pardon most injuriously for not pardoning you. His jests best become him, because they come from him rudely and unaffected; and he has the luck commonly to have them famous. He is one that will do more than he will speak, and yet speak more than he will hear; for though he love to touch others, he is touchy himself, and seldom to his own abuses replies but with his fists. He is as squeazy of his commendations as his courtesy, and his good word is like an eulogy in a satire. He is generally better favored than he

favors, as being commonly well expounded in his bitterness, and no man speaks treason more securely. He chides great men with most boldness, and is counted for it an honest fellow. He is grumbling much in the behalf of the commonwealth, and is in prison oft for it with credit. He is generally honest, but more generally thought so, and his downrightness credits him, as a man not well bended and crookened to the times. In conclusion, he is not easily bad in whom this quality is nature; but the counterfeit is most dangerous, since he is disguised in a humor that professes not to disguise.

A Weak Man

Is a child at man's estate; one whom nature huddled up in haste, and left his best part unfinished. The rest of him is grown to be a man, only his brain stays behind. He is one that has not improved his first rudiments, nor attained any proficiency by his stay in the world: but we may speak of him yet as when he was in the bud, a good harmless nature, a well meaning mind, and no more. It is his misery that he now wants a tutor, and is too old to have one. He is two steps above a fool, and a great many more below a wise man; yet the fool is oft given him, and by those whom he esteems most. Some tokens of him are, — he loves men better upon relation than experience, for he is exceedingly enamored of strangers, and none quicklier aweary of his friend. He charges you at first meeting with all his secrets, and on better acquaintance grows more reserved. Indeed he is one that mistakes much his abusers for friends, and his friends for enemies, and he apprehends your hate in nothing so much as in good counsel. One that is flexible with anything but reason, and then only perverse. A servant to every tale and flatterer, and whom the last man still works over. A great affecter of wits and such prettinesses; and his company is costly to him, for he seldom has it but invited. His friendship commonly is begun in a supper, and lost in lending money. The tavern is a dangerous place to him, for to drink and be drunk is with him all one, and his brain is sooner quenched than his thirst. He is drawn into naughtiness with company, but suffers alone, and the bastard commonly laid to his charge. One that will be patiently abused, and take exceptions a month after when he understands it, and then be abused again in reconcilement; and you cannot

endear him more than by cozening him, and it is a temptation to those that would not. One discoverable in all sillinesses to all men but himself, and you may take any man's knowledge of him better than his own. He will promise the same thing to twenty, and rather than deny one break with all. One that has no power over himself, over his business, over his friends, but a prey and pity to all; and if his fortunes once sink, men quickly cry, Alas! and forget him.

The World's Wise Man

Is an able and sufficient wicked man: it is a proof of his sufficiency that he is not called wicked, but wise. A man wholly determined in himself and his own ends, and his instruments herein anything that will do it. His friends are a part of his engines, and as they serve to his works, used or laid by: Indeed, he knows not this thing of friend, but if he give you the name, it is a sign he has a plot on you. Never more active in his businesses, than when they are mixed with some harm to others; and it is his best play in this game to strike off and lie in the place: successful commonly in these undertakings, because he passes smoothly those rubs which others stumble at, as conscience and the like; and gratulates himself much in this advantage. Oaths and falsehood he counts the nearest way, and loves not by any means to go about. He has many fine quips at this folly of plain dealing, but his "tush!" is greatest at religion; yet he uses this too, and virtue and good words, but is less dangerously a devil than a saint. He ascribes all honesty to an unpracticedness in the world, and conscience a thing merely for children. He scorns all that are so silly to trust him, and only not scorns his enemy, especially if as bad as himself: he fears him as a man well armed and provided, but sets boldly on good natures, as the most vanquishable. One that seriously admires those worst princes, as Sforza, Borgia, and Richard the Third; and calls matters of deep villainy things of difficulty. To whom murders are but resolute acts, and treason a business of great consequence. One whom two or three countries make up to this completeness, and he has traveled for the purpose. His deepest endearment is a communication of mischief, and then only you have him fast. His conclusion is commonly one of these two: either a great man, or hanged.

An Insolent Man

Is a fellow newly great and newly proud; one that hath put himself into another face upon his preferment, for his own was not bred to it. One whom fortune hath shot up to some office or authority, and he shoots up his neck to his fortune, and will not bate you an inch of either. His very countenance and gesture bespeak how much he is, and if you understand him not, he tells you, and concludes every period with his place, which you must and shall know. He is one that looks on all men as if he were angry, but especially on those of his acquaintance, whom he beats off with a surlier distance, as men apt to mistake him, because they have known him: and for this cause he *knows not you* till you have told him your name, which *he thinks he has heard*, but forgot, and with much ado seems to recover. If you have anything to use him in, you are his vassal for that time, and must give him the patience of any injury, which he does only to show what he may do. He snaps you up bitterly, because he will be offended, and tells you, you are saucy and troublesome, and sometimes takes your money in this language. His very courtesies are intolerable, they are done with such arrogance and imputation; and he is the only man you may hate after a good turn, and not be ungrateful; and men reckon it among their calamities to be beholden unto him. No vice draws with it a more general hostility, and makes men readier to search into his faults, and of them, his beginning; and no tale so unlikely but is willingly heard of him, and believed. And commonly such men are of no merit at all; but make out in pride what they want in worth, and fence themselves with a stately kind of behavior from that contempt would pursue them. They are men whose preferment does us a great deal of wrong, and when they are down, we may laugh at them without breach of good-nature.

A Meddling Man

Is one that has nothing to do with his business, and yet no man busier than he, and his business is most in his face. He is one thrusts himself violently into all employments, unsent for, unfeed, and many times unthanked; and his part in it is only an eager bustling, that rather keeps ado than does anything. He will take you aside, and question you of your

affair, and listen with both ears, and look earnestly; and then it is nothing so much as yours as his. He snatches what you are doing out of your hands, and cries *Give it me*, and does it worse, and lays an engagement upon you too, and you must thank him for this pains. He lays you down a hundred wild plots, all impossible things, which you must be ruled by perforce, and he delivers them with a serious and counseling forehead; and there is a great deal more wisdom in his forehead than his head. He will woo for you, solicit for you, and woo you to suffer him; and scarce anything done wherein his letter, or his journey, or at least himself is not seen: if he have no task in it else, he will rail yet on some side, and is often beaten when he need not. Such men never thoroughly weigh any business, but are forward only to show their zeal, when many times this forwardness spoils it, and then they cry they have done what they can, that is, as much hurt. Wise men still deprecate these men's kindnesses, and are beholden to them rather to let them alone; as being one trouble more in all business, and which a man shall be hardest rid of.

A Flatterer

Is the picture of a friend, and as pictures flatter many times, so he oft shows fairer than the true substance: his look, conversation, company, and all the outwardness of friendship more pleasing by odds, for a true friend dare take the liberty to be sometimes offensive, whereas he is a great deal more cowardly, and will not let the least hold go, for fear of losing you. Your mere sour look affrights him, and makes him doubt his cashiering. And this is one sure mark of him, that he is never first angry, but ready though upon his own wrong to make satisfaction. Therefore he is never yoked with a poor man, or any that stands on the lower ground, but whose fortunes may tempt his pains to deceive him. Him he learns first, and learns well, and grows perfecter in his humors than himself, and by this door enters upon his soul; of which he is able at last to take the very print and mark, and fashion his own by it, like a false key to open all your secrets. All his affections jump even with yours; he is beforehand with your thoughts, and able to suggest them unto you. He will commend to you first what he knows you like, and has always some absurd story or other of your enemy, and then wonders how your two opinions should jump in that man. He will ask your counsel sometimes as a man of deep

judgment, and has a secret of purpose to disclose you and whatsoever you say, is persuaded. He listens to your words with great attention, and sometimes will object that you may confute him, and then protests he never heard so much before. A piece of wit bursts him with an overflowing laughter, and he remembers it for you to all companies, and laughs again in the telling. He is one never chides you but for your virtues, as, *You are too good, too honest, too religious*, when his chiding may seem but the earnester commendation: and yet would fain chide you out of them too, for your vice is the thing he has use of, and wherein you may best use him; and he is never more active than in the worst diligences. Thus at last he possesses you from yourself, and then expects but his hire to betray you. And it is a happiness not to discover him; for as long as you are happy, you shall not.

A Coward

Is the man that is commonly most fierce against the coward, and laboring to take off this suspicion from himself; for the opinion of valor is a good protection to those that dare not use it. No man is valianter than he in civil company, and where he thinks no danger may come of it, and is the readiest man to fall upon a drawer and those that must not strike again; wonderful exceptious and choleric where he sees men are loath to give him occasion, and you cannot pacify him better than by quarreling with him. The hotter you grow, the more temperate man is he; he protests he always honored you, and the more you rail upon him, the more he honors you, and you threaten him at last into a very honest quiet man. The sight of a sword wounds him more sensibly than the stroke, for before that come he is dead already. Every man is his master that dare beat him, and every man dares that knows him. And he that dare do this is the only man can do much with him: for his friend he cares not for, as a man that carries no such terror as his enemy, which for this cause only is more potent with him of the two; and men fall out with him of purpose to get courtesies from him, and be bribed again to a reconcilement. A man in whom no secret can be bound up, for the apprehension of each danger loosens him, and makes him bewray both the room [company] and it. He is a Christian merely for fear of hell fire; and if any religion could fright him more, would be of that.

A Suspicious or Jealous Man

Is one that watches himself a mischief, and keeps a lear eye still, for fear it should escape him. A man that sees a great deal more in everything than is to be seen, and yet he thinks he sees nothing: his own eye stands in his light. He is a fellow commonly guilty of some weaknesses, which he might conceal if he were careless: now his over-diligence to hide them makes men pry the more. Howsoever, he imagines you have found him, and it shall go hard but you must abuse him whether you will or no. Not a word can be spoke, but nips him somewhere; not a jest thrown out, but he will make it hit him. You shall have him go fretting out of company, with some twenty quarrels to every man, stung and galled, and no man knows less the occasion than they that have given it. To laugh before him is a dangerous matter, for it cannot be at anything but at him; and to whisper in his company plain conspiracy. He bids you *speak out and he will answer you*, when you thought not of him. He expostulates with you in passion, why you should abuse him, and explains to your ignorance wherein, and gives you very good reason at last to laugh at him hereafter. He is one still accusing others when they are not guilty, and defending himself when he is not accused: and no man is undone more with apologies, wherein he is so elaborately excessive that none will believe him; and he is never thought worse of than when he has given satisfaction. Such men can never have friends, because they cannot trust so far; and this humor hath this infection with it, it makes all men to them suspicious. In conclusion, they are men always in offense and vexation with themselves and their neighbors, wronging others in thinking they would wrong them, and themselves most of all in thinking they deserve it.

A High-Spirited Man

Is one that looks like a proud man, but is not: you may forgive him his looks for his worth's sake, for they are only too proud to be base. One whom no rate can buy off from the least piece of his freedom, and make him digest an unworthy thought an hour. He cannot crouch to a great man to possess him, nor fall low to the earth to rebound never so high again. He stands taller on his own bottom than others on the advantage ground of fortune, as having solidly that honor of which

title is but the pomp. He does homage to no man for his great style's sake, but is strictly just in the exaction of respect again, and will not bate you a compliment. He is more sensible of a neglect than an undoing, and scorns no man so much as his surly threatener. A man quickly fired, and quickly laid down with satisfaction, but remits any injury sooner than words: only to himself he is irreconcilable, whom he never forgives a disgrace, but is still stabbing himself with the thought of it, and no disease that he dies of sooner. He is one had rather perish than be beholden for his life, and strives more to be quit with his friend than his enemy. Fortune may kill him, but not deject him, nor make him fall into a humbler key than before, but he is now loftier than ever in his own defense; you shall hear him talk still after thousands, and he becomes it better than those that have it. One that is above the world and its drudgery, and cannot pull down his thoughts to the pelting businesses of life. He would sooner accept the gallows than a mean trade, or anything that might disparage the height of man in him, and yet thinks no death comparably base to hanging either. One that will do nothing upon command, though he would do it otherwise; and if ever he do evil, it is when he is dared to it. He is one that if fortune equal his worth, puts a luster in all preferment.

A Rash Man

Is a man too quick for himself; one whose actions put a leg still before his judgment, and outrun it. Every hot fancy or passion is the signal that sets him forward, and his reason comes still in the rear. One that has brain enough, but not patience to digest a business, and stay the leisure of a second thought. All deliberation is to him a kind of sloth and freezing of action, and it shall burn him rather than take cold. He is always resolved at first thinking, and the ground he goes upon is, *hap what may*. Thus he enters not, but throws himself violently upon all things, and for the most part is as violently thrown off again; and as an obstinate "*I will*" was the preface to his undertaking, so his conclusion is commonly "*I would I had not*"; for such men seldom do anything that they are not forced to take in pieces again, and are so much farther off from doing it, as they have done already. His friends are with him as his physician, sought to only in his sickness and extremity, and

to help him out of that mire he has plunged himself into; for in the suddenness of his passions he would hear nothing, and now his ill success has allayed him, he hears too late. He is a man still swayed with the first reports, and no man more in the power of a pickthank than he. He is one who will fight first, and then expostulate; condemn first, and then examine. He loses his friend in a fit of quarreling, and in a fit of kindness undoes himself; and then curses the occasion drew this mischief upon him, and cries, God, mercy! for it, and curses again. His repentance is merely a rage against himself, and he does something in itself to be repented again. He is a man whom fortune must go against much to make him happy; for had he been suffered his own way, he had been undone.

An Affected Man

Is an extraordinary man in ordinary things. One that would go a strain beyond himself, and is taken in it. A man that overdoes all things with great solemnity of circumstance; and whereas with more negligence he might pass better, makes himself with a great deal of endeavor ridiculous. The fancy of some odd quaintnesses have put him clean beside his nature; he cannot be that he would, and hath lost what he was. He is one must be point-blank in every trifle as if his credit and opinion hung upon it; the very space of his arms in an embrace studied before and premeditated, and the figure of his countenance of a fortnight's contriving; he will not curse you without book and extempore, but in some choice way, and perhaps as some great man curses. Every action of his cries, "*Do ye mark me?*" and men do mark him how absurd he is; for affectation is the most betraying humor, and nothing that puzzles a man less to find out than this. All the actions of his life are like so many things bodged in without any natural cadence or connection at all. You shall track him all through like a schoolboy's theme, one piece from one author and this from another, and join all in this general, that they are none of his own. You shall observe his mouth not made for that tone, nor his face for that simper; and it is his luck that his finest things most misbecome him. If he affect the gentleman, as the humor most commonly lies that way, not the least punctilio of a fine man but he is strict in to a hair, even to their very negligences, which he cons as rules. He will not carry a knife with him to

wound reputation, and [will] pay double a reckoning rather than ignobly question it: and he is full of this *Ignobly* and *Nobly* and *Genteelly;* and this mere fear to trespass against the *genteel* way puts him out most of all. It is an ill-favored ostentation, — and thrives not; and the best use of such men is, they are good parts in a play.

ATHOS, PORTHOS, AND ARAMIS.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Père.

(From "The Three Musketeers.")

[Alexandre Dumas, Père, French novelist and dramatist, was born July 24, 1803; his grandmother was a Haytian negress. His youth was roving and dissipated; the few years after he became of age were spent in Paris experimenting in literary forms; at twenty-six he took the public by storm with his play "Henry III. and his Court." He was probably the most prolific great writer that ever lived, his works singly and in collaboration amounting to over two thousand volumes; he had some ninety collaborators, few of whom ever did successful independent work. A catalogue of his productions would fill many pages of this work. The most popular of his novels are: "The Three Musketeers" series (including "Twenty Years After" and "The Viscount de Bragelonne") and "The Count of Monte Cristo." He died December 5, 1870.]

The Bastion of St. Gervais.

On arriving at his friends' quarters, D'Artagnan found them assembled in the same room. Athos was thinking; Porthos was twisting his mustache; and Aramis was reading his prayers in a charming little book, bound in blue velvet.

"By my soul, gentlemen," said he, "I hope that what you have to tell me is worth the trouble, otherwise I should not forgive your depriving me of rest after a night passed in dismantling a bastion, entirely by myself. Ah! why were you not there, gentlemen? It was hot work!"

"We were in another place, where it was by no means cold either," said Porthos, giving his mustache a turn peculiar to himself.

"Hush!" said Athos.

"Oh, oh!" said D'Artagnan, understanding the slight frown of the musketeer, "it seems that there is something new stirring."

"Aramis," said Athos, "you breakfasted at the Parpaillot tavern the day before yesterday, I believe."

"Yes."

"How are things there?"

"Why, I fared but poorly myself; it was a fast day, and they had only eggs."

"What," said Athos, "in a seaport, and no fish?"

"They say that the dike which the cardinal is digging drives the fish out into the open sea," said Aramis, resuming his pious reading.

"But that is not what I wanted to know, Aramis," continued Athos. "Were you free, and did no one disturb you?"

"Why, I think that there were not many idlers," replied Aramis. "Yes, in fact, for what you want, Athos, I think we shall do well enough at the Parpaillot."

"Come, then, let us to the Parpaillot," said Athos, "for here the walls are like sheets of paper."

D'Artagnan, who was accustomed to his friend's manner, and understood by a word, a gesture, or a look from him that circumstances called for seriousness, took his arm and went out with him, without uttering a word. Porthos followed them, in conversation with Aramis.

On their way they met Grimaud, and Athos beckoned him to attend them. Grimaud, according to custom, obeyed in silence. The poor fellow had finished by almost forgetting how to speak.

When they arrived at the Parpaillot, it was seven in the morning, and the day was just beginning to dawn. The three friends ordered a good breakfast, and entered a room where the landlord assured them that they would not be disturbed.

The hour was, unfortunately, ill chosen for a consultation. The morning drum had just been beaten; every one was busy shaking off the sleepiness of night, and to drive away the dampness of the morning air, came to take a little dram at the tavern. Dragoons, Swiss guards, musketeers, and light cavalry succeeded one another with a rapidity very beneficial to the business of mine host, but very unfavorable to the designs of our four friends, who replied but sullenly to the salutations, toasts, and jests of their companions.

"Come," said Athos, "we shall invite some rousing quarrel on our hands presently, and we do not want that just now.

D'Artagnan, tell us about your night's work: we will tell you ours afterward."

"In fact," said one of the light cavalry, who, whilst rocking himself, held in his hand a glass of brandy, which he slowly sipped, "in fact, you were in the trenches, you gentlemen of the guards, and it seems to me that you had a squabble with the Rochellais."

D'Artagnan looked at Athos, to see whether he ought to answer this intruder who thrust himself into the conversation.

"Well," said Athos, "did you hear M. de Busigny, who did you the honor to address you? Tell us what took place in the night, since these gentlemen desire it."

"Did you not take a bastion?" asked a Swiss, who was drinking rum and beer mixed.

"Yes, sir," replied D'Artagnan, bowing, "we had that honor. And also, as you have heard, we introduced a barrel of powder under one of the angles, which, on exploding, made a very pretty breach, without reckoning that, as the bastion is very old, all the rest of the building is much shaken."

"And what bastion is it?" asked a dragoon who held, spitted on his saber, a goose which he had brought to be cooked.

"The bastion St. Gervais," replied D'Artagnan, "from behind which the Rochellais annoyed our workmen."

"And was it warm work?"

"Yes. We lost five men and the Rochellais some eight or ten."

"Balzampleu!" said the Swiss, who, in spite of the admirable collection of oaths which the German language possesses, had got a habit of swearing in French.

"But it is probable," said the light horseman, "that they will send pioneers to repair the bastion this morning."

"Yes, it is probable," said D'Artagnan.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, "a wager!"

"Ah! a wager," said the Swiss.

"What is it?" asked the light horseman.

"Stop," said the dragoon, laying his saber like a spit on the two great iron dogs which kept up the fire in the chimney, "I am busy. A dripping pan here, you noodle of a landlord, that I may not lose one drop of the fat of this celestial bird."

"He is right," said the Swiss, "the juice of a goose is very good with puddings."

"There!" said the dragoon; "and now for the wager. We are listening, M. Athos."

"Well, M. de Busigny," said Athos, "I bet you that my three comrades, Messieurs Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, and myself will go and breakfast in the bastion of St. Gervais, and that we will stay there for one hour by the clock, whatever the enemy may do to dislodge us."

Porthos and Aramis looked at each other, for they began to understand.

"Why," said D'Artagnan, stooping to Athos' ear, "you are going to get us all killed without mercy."

"We shall be more certainly killed if we do not go," replied Athos.

"Ah, faith, gentlemen," said Porthos, throwing himself back in his chair, and twisting his mustache, "that is a fine wager, I hope."

"And I accept it," said M. de Busigny. "Now we must fix the stakes."

"You are four, gentlemen," said Athos, "and we are four: a dinner for eight — will that suit you?"

"Just the thing!" replied M. de Busigny.

"The very thing!" added the dragoon.

"That will do!" exclaimed the Swiss. The fourth auditor, who had remained silent throughout the conversation, bowed his head, as a sign that he acquiesced in the proposition.

"The déjeuner of these gentlemen is ready," said the landlord.

"Well, then, bring it here," said Athos.

The landlord obeyed. Athos called Grimaud, showed him a large basket, which was lying in a corner, and made him a sign to wrap up in the napkins all the eatables that had been brought.

Grimaud, comprehending at once that they were going to breakfast on the grass, took the basket, packed up the eatables, put in the bottles, and took the basket up in his arms.

"But where are you going to eat this breakfast?" said the landlord.

"What does it signify to you," replied Athos, "provided you are paid for it?" And he threw two pistoles majestically on the table.

"Shall I get you change, sir?" said mine host.

"No; but add a couple of bottles of champagne, and the difference will pay for the napkins."

The landlord had not made quite such a good thing of it as he at first expected; but he recompensed himself for it by palming off, on his four guests, two bottles of Anjou wine, instead of the two bottles of champagne.

"M. de Busigny, will you regulate your watch by mine, or permit me to regulate mine by yours?" inquired Athos.

"Whichever you please," said the light dragoon, drawing from his fob a very beautiful watch encircled with diamonds. "Half-past seven," added he.

"Five and thirty minutes after seven," said Athos; "we shall remember that I am five minutes in advance, sir."

Then bowing to the astonished waiters, the four young men took the road toward the bastion of St. Gervais, followed by Grimaud, who carried the basket, not knowing where he was going, and, from the passive obedience that was habitual to him, not thinking even of inquiring.

Whilst they were within the precincts of the camp, the four friends did not exchange a word; they were, besides, followed by the curious, who, having heard of the wager, wished to know how they would extricate themselves from the affair. But when once they had got beyond the lines of fortification, and found themselves in the open country, D'Artagnan, who was entirely ignorant of what they were about, thought it high time to demand some explanation.

"And now, my dear Athos," said he, "have the kindness to tell me where you are going."

"You can see well enough," replied Athos, "we are going to the bastion."

"But what are we going to do there?"

"You know very well — we are going to breakfast there."

"But why do we not breakfast at the Parpaillot?"

"Because we have most important things to tell you, and it was impossible to converse for five minutes in that tavern with all those troublesome fellows, who come and go, and continually address us. Here, at least," continued Athos, pointing to the bastion, "no one will come to interrupt us."

"It appears to me," said D'Artagnan, with that prudence which was so intimately and so naturally connected with his superb courage — "it appears to me that we could have found

some retired spot, somewhere in the sand hills, on the sea-shore."

"Where we should have been seen all four in council together, so that, in a quarter of an hour, the cardinal would have been informed by his spies that we were holding a consultation."

"Yes," said Aramis. "Athos is right; *animadvertuntur in desertis.*"

"A desert would not have been a bad place," remarked Porthos; "but the difficulty is to find it."

"There is no desert where a bird could not pass over one's head, or a fish jump from the water, or a rabbit run from her seat; and I believe that bird, fish, and rabbit, one and all, have become the cardinal's spies. It is much better, therefore, to pursue our enterprise. Besides, we cannot now recede without disgrace. We have made a bet — a bet which could not have been foreseen, and of which I defy any one to guess the true cause. To win it, we must remain an hour in the bastion. Either we shall, or shall not, be attacked. If we are not, we shall have time to talk, and no one will hear us: for I will answer for it that the walls of that bastion have no ears. If we are attacked, we will talk just the same, and shall, moreover, by defending ourselves, be covered with glory. So you see that everything is favorable to us."

"Yes," said D'Artagnan, "but we shall inevitably be shot."

"Yes," rejoined Athos, "but you know very well that the bullets most to be feared are not those of the enemy."

"Yet it seems to me," said Porthos, "that for such an expedition we should at least have brought our muskets."

"You are a simpleton, friend Porthos; why should we encumber ourselves with a useless burden?"

"I do not find a good regulation musket, with a dozen cartridges and a powderflask, useless in front of an enemy."

"Well," rejoined Athos, "did you not hear what D'Artagnan said?"

"And what did D'Artagnan say?" asked Porthos.

"D'Artagnan says that in last night's attack as many as eight or ten French were killed, and as many of the enemy."

"Well?"

"There has not been time to strip them, has there, seeing there was something more urgent to attend to?"

"Well?"

"Well, we shall find their muskets, powderflasks, and cartridges, and, instead of four muskets and a dozen balls, we shall have about fifteen muskets and a hundred rounds of ammunition to fire."

"Oh, Athos!" said Aramis, "you are indeed a great man!"

Porthos bowed his head in token of acquiescence.

D'Artagnan alone did not appear quite convinced.

Grimaud unquestionably partook of the young man's incredulity; for, seeing that they continued to march toward the bastion, of which he had before had some suspicion, he plucked his master by the skirt of his coat.

"Where are you going?" he inquired by a sign.

Athos pointed to the bastion.

"But," said the silent Grimaud, still in the same dialect, "we shall leave our skins there."

Athos raised his eyes and his hands to heaven.

Grimaud set down his basket on the ground, and seated himself upon it, shaking his head.

Athos took a pistol from his belt, looked at the priming, cocked it, and leveled it at Grimaud's ear.

Grimaud found himself lifted up and on his legs, as if by magic.

Athos then beckoned to him to take up the basket, and to march in front.

Grimaud obeyed; so that all the poor fellow had gained by this momentary pantomime was that he had been transformed from the rear guard to the van.

Having reached the bastion, the four friends looked behind them. More than three hundred soldiers, of every kind, had assembled at the entrance of the camp; and, in a separate group, they saw M. de Busigny, the dragoon, the Swiss, and the fourth wagerer.

Athos took off his hat, raised it on the end of his sword, and waved it in the air.

All the spectators returned his salutation, accompanying this act of politeness with a loud hurrah, which reached their ears.

After this occurrence they all four disappeared in the bastion, where Grimaud had already preceded them.

The Council of the Musketeers.

As Athos had foreseen, the bastion was tenanted alone by about a dozen dead — French and Rochellais.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, who had taken command of the expedition, "whilst Grimaud sets the table, let us begin by collecting muskets and ammunition. We can, moreover, converse whilst we are doing it. These gentlemen," added he, pointing to the dead bodies, "do not hear us."

"But we may, nevertheless, throw them into the ditches, said Porthos, "having first satisfied ourselves that they have nothing in their pockets."

"Yes," replied Athos, "but that is Grimaud's business."

"Well, then," said D'Artagnan, "let Grimaud search them, and throw them over the walls."

"Not upon any account," said Athos. "They may be of the utmost use to us."

"These dead of use to us!" exclaimed Porthos. "Ah, nonsense! you are surely going crazy, my dear friend."

"Do not judge rashly, advise both gospel and cardinal," replied Athos. "How many muskets are there, gentlemen?"

"Twelve."

"How much ammunition?"

"A hundred rounds."

"It is quite as many as we shall need: let us load our muskets."

The four companions set themselves to work: and just as they had loaded the last gun, Grimaud made a sign to them that breakfast was ready.

Athos indicated by a gesture that he was contented with what was done, and then pointed out to Grimaud a sort of sheltered box, where he was to place himself as sentinel. But, to mitigate the annoyance of his guard, Athos allowed him to take with him a loaf, a couple of cutlets, and a bottle of wine.

"And now, to breakfast!" said Athos.

The four friends seated themselves on the ground, with their legs crossed, like Turks or tailors.

"And now," said D'Artagnan, "as you are no longer afraid of being heard, I hope you are going to let us have the secret."

"I hope I am providing you at the same time with both amusement and glory, gentlemen!" said Athos. "I have

induced you to take a charming little excursion: here is an admirable breakfast; and away over yonder, are five hundred persons, as you may perceive through the embrasures, who take us for madmen or heroes — two classes of fools that very much resemble each other."

"But this secret?"

"I saw My Lady last night," said Athos.

D'Artagnan was carrying his glass to his lips; but at the sound of her ladyship's name, his hand trembled so that he placed his glass on the ground, in order that he might not spill its contents.

"You have seen your wi——"

"Hush, then!" interrupted Athos; "you forget, my dear fellow, that these gentlemen are not, like you, initiated in my family affairs. I have seen her ladyship."

"And where happened that?" demanded D'Artagnan.

"About two leagues from hence, at the Red Dovecote."

"In that case, I am a lost man," said D'Artagnan.

"Not just yet," replied Athos; "for, by this time, she must have quitted the shores of France."

D'Artagnan breathed again.

"But, after all," inquired Porthos, "who is this lady?"

"A charming woman!" said Athos, tasting a glass of sparkling wine. "Scamp of a landlord!" exclaimed he, "who gives us Anjou for champagne, and who thinks we shall be deceived by the substitution! Yes!" continued he, "a charming woman, to whom our friend D'Artagnan has done something unpardonable, for which she is seeking every human means to avenge herself — a month ago, by trying to get him shot; a week ago, by sending him poison; and yesterday, by demanding his head of the cardinal."

"What! demanding my head of the cardinal?" cried D'Artagnan, pale with terror.

"Yes," said Porthos, "it is as true as gospel; for I heard her with my own ears."

"And I also," said Aramis.

"Then, said D'Artagnan, letting his arm fall in a despondning manner, "it is useless to struggle longer: I may as well blow out my brains at once, and have done with it.

"That is the *last* folly a man should perpetrate," said Athos, "seeing it is the only one which will admit of no remedy."

"But with such enemies I shall never escape," said D'Ar-

tagnan. "First, my unknown antagonist of Meung; then, De Wardes, on whom I inflicted four wounds; next, this lady whose secret I found out; and, lastly, the cardinal, whose vengeance I intercepted."

"Well!" said Athos, "and all this makes only four, and we are four — one against one. Egad! if we may trust to Grimaud's signs, we are now about to engage with a far greater number of foes. What's the matter, Grimaud? Considering the seriousness of the circumstance, I permit you to speak, my friend; but be laconic, I beseech you. What do you see?"

"A troop."

"How many persons?"

"Twenty men."

"What sort of men?"

"Sixteen sappers and four dragoons."

"How far are they off?"

"Five hundred paces."

"Good! We have still time to finish our fowl, and to drink a glass of wine. To your health, D'Artagnan!"

"Your health!" repeated Aramis and Porthos.

"Well, then, to my health; although I do not imagine that your good wishes will be of much benefit to me."

"Bah!" said Athos. "God is great, as the Mohammedans say, and the future is in His hands."

Then, having swallowed his wine and put the glass down, Athos carelessly arose, took the first musket that came to hand, and strolled toward an embrasure.

The three others did the same. As for Grimaud, he had orders to place himself behind them and to reload their muskets.

An instant afterward they saw the troop appearing. It came along a kind of branch trench, which formed a communication between the bastion and the town.

"Zounds!" said Athos, "it is scarcely worth while to disturb ourselves for a score of fellows armed with pickaxes, mattocks, and spades! Grimaud ought to have quietly beckoned to them to go about their business, and I am quite convinced that they would have left us to ourselves."

"I must doubt it," said D'Artagnan, "for they come forward with great resolution. Besides, in addition to the workmen, there are four soldiers, and a brigadier, armed with muskets"

"That is because they have not seen us," replied Athos.

"Faith," said Aramis, "I confess that I am reluctant to fire upon these poor devils of citizens."

"He is a bad priest," said Porthos, "who pities heretics."

"Upon my word," said Athos, "Aramis is right. I will give them a preliminary talking to."

"What the plague are you doing?" cried D'Artagnan; "you will get yourself shot, my dear fellow."

But Athos paid no attention to this warning, and mounting on the breach, his fusee in one hand and his hat in the other: —

"Gentlemen," said he, bowing courteously, and addressing himself to the soldiers and pioneers, who, astonished by this apparition, halted at about fifty paces from the bastion; "gentlemen, we are, some of my friends and myself, engaged at breakfast in the bastion. Now you know that nothing is more disagreeable than to be disturbed at breakfast; so we entreat you, if you really have business here, to wait till we have finished our repast, or to come back in a little while: unless, indeed, you experience the salutary desire of forsaking the ranks of rebellion, and coming to drink with us to the health of the king of France."

"Take care, Athos," said D'Artagnan; "don't you see that they are taking aim at you."

"Yes, yes," said Athos; "but these are citizens, who are shocking bad marksmen, and will take particular care to shoot wide of the mark."

In fact, at that moment four shots were fired, and the bullets whistled around Athos, but without one touching him.

Four shots were instantaneously returned, but with a far better aim than that of the aggressors; three soldiers fell dead, and one of the pioneers was wounded.

"Grimaud," said Athos, from the breach, "another musket."

Grimaud obeyed instantly.

The three friends had also reloaded their arms. A second discharge soon followed the first, and the brigadier and two pioneers fell dead. The rest of the troop took to flight.

"Come, gentlemen, a sortie!" said Athos.

The four friends rushed out of the fort; reached the field of battle; picked up the muskets of the soldiers, and the half-pike of the brigadier; and, satisfied that the fugitives would never stop till they reached the town, they returned to the bastion, bearing with them the trophies of their victory.

"Reload, Grimaud," said Athos, "and let us, gentlemen, continue our breakfast and conversation. Where were we?"

"I recollect," said D'Artagnan; "you were saying that, after having demanded my head of the cardinal, her ladyship had left the shores of France. And where is she going?" added D'Artagnan, who was painfully anxious about the lady's itinerary.

"She is going to England," replied Athos.

"And with what object?"

"To assassinate the Duke of Buckingham, or to get him assassinated."

D'Artagnan uttered an exclamation of surprise and indignation.

"It is infamous!" exclaimed he.

"Oh, as to that," said Athos, "I beg you to believe that I concern myself very little about it. Now that you have finished, Grimaud," continued he, "take the half-pike of our brigadier, fasten a napkin to it, and fix it on the end of our bastion, that those rebellious Rochellais may see that they are opposed to brave and loyal subjects of the king."

Grimaud obeyed without reply: and an instant afterward the white flag floated over the heads of the four friends. A cry of joy, a thunder of applause, saluted its appearance. Half the camp was at the barriers.

"What?" said D'Artagnan, "you concern yourself but little about her killing Buckingham, or causing him to be killed? The duke is our friend."

"The duke is an Englishman: the duke fights against us: let her do therefore as she likes with the duke. I care as little about him as an empty bottle."

As Athos said this, he threw, some fifteen yards before him, a bottle which he held in his hand, and from which he had just emptied the last drop into his own glass.

"Wait an instant," said D'Artagnan, "I will not abandon Buckingham in that manner; he gave us some very beautiful horses."

"And especially some very beautiful saddles," added Porthos, who was then wearing the gold lace of one of them upon his cloak.

"Besides," said Aramis, "God seeks for the conversion, not the death, of a sinner."

"Amen!" said Athos, "and we will return to that by and

by, if such is your pleasure; but that which most engaged my attention at the time, and I am sure you will understand why, D'Artagnan, was how to get from this woman a *carte blanche*, which she had extorted from the cardinal, and by means of which she might get rid of you, and perhaps the whole of us, with impunity."

"This creature is a very demon," said Porthos, holding his plate to Aramis, who was cutting up a fowl.

"And this document," said D'Artagnan, "did it remain in her hands?"

"No, it passed into mine. I cannot say without some trouble; for, if I did, I should tell a lie."

"My dear Athos," said D'Artagnan, "I can no longer count the times I owe my life to you."

"Then it was to visit her that you quitted us?" said Aramis.

"Exactly so."

"And you have got the cardinal's letter?" inquired D'Artagnan.

"Here it is," replied Athos.

He took the precious paper from the pocket of his coat. D'Artagnan unfolded it with a hand, of which he did not attempt to hide the trembling, and read: —

It is by my order, and for the good of the state, that the bearer of this did that which he has now done.

RICHELIEU.

"It is, in fact, a regular absolution," said Aramis.

"We must destroy this paper," said D'Artagnan, who seemed to read in it his own sentence of death.

"On the contrary," said Athos, "it must be most scrupulously preserved; and I would not give it up for the golden louis that would cover it."

"And what will she do now?" inquired D'Artagnan.

"Why," said Athos, carelessly, "she will write to the cardinal that a cursed musketeer named Athos took her safeguard from her by force; and she will, at the same time, advise his eminence to get rid of him, and also of his two friends, Porthos and Aramis. The cardinal will recollect that these are the very men that are always in his way. Then, some fine morning, he will have D'Artagnan arrested, and, that he may not be bored to death by solitude, will send us to keep him company in the Bastile."

"Ah!" said Porthos, "I think that you are making some rather dismal jokes."

"I am not joking," replied Athos.

"Do you know," said Porthos, "that I fancy it would be a more venial crime to twist this cursed lady's neck than those of these poor devils of Huguenots, who have never committed any greater crime than singing in French the very same psalms we sing in Latin."

"What does the abbé say to that?" quietly asked Athos.

"In that I am quite of Porthos' opinion."

"And I also," said D'Artagnan.

"Happily, she is far away," added Porthos; "for I confess she would much annoy me here."

"She annoys me in England, as well as in France," said Athos.

"She annoys me everywhere," said D'Artagnan.

"But, when you had her in your power," said Porthos, "why did you not drown, strangle, or hang her? It is only the dead who never return."

"Do you think so, Porthos?" said Athos, with a dark smile, which D'Artagnan alone could understand.

"I have an idea," said D'Artagnan.

"Let us hear it," cried the musketeers.

"*To arms!*" exclaimed Grimaud.

The young men arose hastily, and ran to their muskets.

This time there was a small band advancing, composed of twenty or five and twenty men, no longer pioneers, but soldiers of the garrison.

"Suppose we now return to the camp," said Porthos; "it seems to me that the match is not equal."

"Impossible, for three reasons," answered Athos. "The first is, because we have not finished our breakfast. The second, because we have still some important affairs to talk about; and the third, it will be still ten minutes before the hour elapses."

"But, nevertheless," said Aramis, "we must arrange a plan of battle."

"It is vastly simple," replied Athos. "As soon as the enemy is within musket shot, we must fire; if he continues to advance, we must fire again; in fact, we must fire away as long as we have guns loaded. If the remnant of the band should then wish to mount to the assault, we must let the besiegers

descend as far as the ditch, and then we must heave on their heads a large mass of the wall, which only keeps up now by a miracle of equilibrium."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Porthos. "Athos, you are undoubtedly a born generalissimo, and the cardinal, who thinks himself a great warrior, is a mere corporal to you."

"Gentlemen," said Athos, "do not waste your ammunition, I beseech you; let each pick out his man."

"I have got mine," said D'Artagnan.

"And I mine," said Porthos.

"And I the same," said Aramis.

"Fire!" cried Athos.

The four guns made but one report, and four men fell.

The drum then beat, and the little band advanced to the charge.

The shots of the four friends were then fired without regularity, but invariably with the same deadly effect. Yet, as though they had known the numerical weakness of their opponents, the Rochellais continued to advance at a quick pace.

At three other shots, two men fell: yet the march of those who remained unwounded did not slacken.

Having reached the foot of the bastion, there were still twelve or fifteen of the enemy. A last discharge staggered, but did not arrest, them. They leaped into the ditch, and prepared to scale the breach.

"Now, my friends," said Athos, "let us finish them at one blow. To the wall! to the wall!"

And the four friends, assisted by Grimaud, set themselves to topple over, with the barrels of their muskets, an enormous mass of wall, which bowed as though the wind waved it, and loosening itself from its foundation, now fell with a tremendous crash into the ditch. A fearful cry was heard: a cloud of dust ascended toward the skies, and—all was over.

"Can we have crushed them all from the first to the last?" said Athos.

"Faith, it looks very like it," replied D'Artagnan.

"No," said Porthos; "there are two or three of them escaping, quite crippled."

In fact, three or four of these unfortunate beings, covered with mire and blood, fled along the hollow way and regained the town. They were all that had not perished of the little band.

Athos looked at his watch.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we have been here an hour, and now the wager is gained; but we will play our game triumphantly; besides, D'Artagnan has not yet told us his idea."

And the musketeer, with his habitual coolness, seated himself beside the remains of the breakfast.

"Would you like to hear my plan?" said D'Artagnan to his three companions, when, after the alarm which had had so fearful a termination for the little troop of Rochellais, they had resumed their places before the remnants of their meal.

"Yes," replied Athos; "you said that you had an idea."

"Ah! I have it," exclaimed D'Artagnan. "I will go to England for the second time, will find His Grace of Buckingham, and warn him of the plot which has been formed against his life."

"You will do no such thing, D'Artagnan," said Athos, coldly.

"Why not? Did I not go before?"

"Yes, but at that time we were not at war; at that time the Duke of Buckingham was an ally, and not an enemy; what you now suggest would be denominated treason."

"But," said Porthos, "I fancy that I, in my turn, have also got an idea."

"Silence for M. Porthos' idea," cried Aramis.

"I will ask leave of absence of M. de Tréville, on any pretext whatsoever that you can suggest; I am not very clever at excuses myself. The lady does not know me; I will get near her without exciting her alarm; and, when I have found the beauty, I will wring her neck."

"Ah," said Athos, "I really am somewhat disposed to suggest that we second Porthos' idea."

"Fie, fie!" exclaimed Aramis; "kill a woman! No! Listen, *I* have the right idea."

"Let us have your idea, Aramis," said Athos, who had much deference for the young musketeer.

"Let us tell all to the queen."

"Ah, faith, yes!" said D'Artagnan and Porthos together; "I believe that we have found the true course at last."

"Announce it to the queen?" said Athos, "and how can we do that? Have we any connections at court? Can we send any one to Paris, without its becoming known all over the camp? There are a hundred and forty leagues between us and

Paris, and our letter will hardly have reached Angers before we ourselves shall be in a dungeon."

"As for getting a letter safely delivered to the queen," said Aramis, blushing, "I myself will undertake it. I know a very skillful person at Tours ——"

Aramis stopped — seeing Athos smile.

"Well! will you not adopt this plan, Athos?" inquired D'Artagnan.

"I do not entirely reject it," replied Athos, "but I would merely observe to Aramis that he cannot himself leave the camp; and that, with anybody but one of ourselves, there will be not the slightest security that, two hours after the messenger has started, all the capuchins, all the alguazils, all the black bonnets of the cardinal, will not know your letter by heart; and your very skillful person immediately arrested."

"Without calculating," added Porthos, "that the queen would try to save the Duke of Buckingham, but would leave *us* to our fate."

"Gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, "Porthos' objection is full of sense!"

"Ah, ha! what is going on in the town?" said Athos. "They are beating to arms."

The four friends listened, and the sound of the drum reached their ears.

"You will see," continued Athos, "that they will send an entire regiment against us."

"You do not expect us to stand our ground against an entire regiment?" said Porthos.

"Why not?" replied the musketeer. "I am just in the humor, and would hold it against an army, if we had only had the precaution to bring another dozen of wine!"

"Upon my word, the drum sounds nearer," said D'Artagnan.

"Let them come," replied Athos; "there is a quarter of an hour's march between the town and this place. It is more time than we shall require to arrange our plans. If we go away from here, we shall never again find such a convenient spot. And listen, gentlemen: the most appropriate idea in the world has come into my mind."

"Let us hear it."

Athos made a sign for his valet to come to him.

"Grimaud," said Athos, pointing to the dead bodies which lay in the bastion, "you will take these gentlemen, fix them

upright against the wall, put their hats on their heads, and place their muskets in their hands."

"Oh, great man!" cried D'Artagnan, "I understand you."

"You understand?" said Porthos.

"And you, Grimaud, do you understand?" inquired Aramis.

Grimaud gave a sign in the affirmative.

"It is all that is necessary," said Athos: "now let us return to my idea."

"I should like, however, to understand ——" said Porthos.

"It is of no use."

"Yes, yes, Athos' idea!" cried D'Artagnan and Aramis at the same time.

"This lady, this woman, this creature, this viper, this demon, has a brother-in-law, I think you told me?"

"Yes; I even know him, and I believe that he has no great sympathy with his sister-in-law."

"There is no harm in that," replied Athos: "and if he detested her, even, it would be so much the more a virtue."

"In that case we are fitted to a nicety."

"Nevertheless," said Porthos, "I should like to understand what Grimaud is about."

"Silence, Porthos!" cried Aramis.

"What is the name of this brother-in-law?"

"Lord de Winter."

"Where is he at present?"

"He returned to London on the first report of the war."

"Well, he is precisely the man we want," said Athos. "It is to him that we must give information; we must let him know that his sister-in-law is going to assassinate some one, and entreat him not to lose sight of her. There must be in London, I should hope, some establishment like the Madelonnettes, or the Magdalen: he must place his sister-in-law there, and we shall then be at peace."

"Yes," said D'Artagnan, "until she gets out again."

"Ah, faith," said Athos, "you ask too much, D'Artagnan. I have given you all that I have, and I tell you now my budget is exhausted."

"I think it is the best plan we can devise," observed Aramis: "we will inform the queen and Lord de Winter at the same time."

"But by whom shall we convey the one letter to London and the other to Tours?"

"I answer for Bazin," replied Aramis.

"And I for Planchet," added D'Artagnan.

"In fact," said Porthos, "if we cannot leave the camp, our servants can."

"Certainly," added Aramis; "so we will write the letters this very day, give them sufficient money, and send them on the journey."

"We will give them sufficient money?" said Athos: "then you have got money, have you?"

The four friends looked at each other, and a cloud passed over the brows which had been for an instant brightened.

"Attention," cried D'Artagnan; "I see black and red points in movement below there. What were you saying about a regiment, Athos? It is a regular army."

"Faith, yes," replied Athos, "there they are. Do you see the crafty fellows, who are advancing without drum or trumpet! Ah, ah! Have you finished, Grimaud?"

Grimaud gave a sign in the affirmative, and pointed to a dozen dead bodies, which he had placed in the most picturesque attitudes — some carrying arms, others seeming to take aim, others sword in hand.

"Bravo!" cried Athos, "that does credit to your imagination."

"It is all the same," said Porthos; "and yet I should like to understand it."

"Let us decamp first," said D'Artagnan; "you will understand afterward."

"One moment, gentlemen — wait one moment; let us give Grimaud time to take away the breakfast things."

"Ah!" said Aramis, "here are the black and red points becoming visibly larger, and I am of D'Artagnan's opinion: I believe that we have no time to lose in regaining the camp."

"Faith," said Athos, "I have nothing more to say against a retreat: we bet for one hour, and we have remained an hour and a half. There is nothing more to argue or communicate: so let us be off, gentlemen, let us be off."

Grimaud had already commenced his retreat, with the basket and the fragments. The four friends followed behind him, and took about a dozen steps.

"Ah! What the plague are we about, gentlemen?" exclaimed Athos.

"Have you forgotten anything?" inquired Aramis.

"The flag: zounds! we must not leave a flag in the hands of the enemy, even when that flag is only a tablecloth."

And Athos rushed back into the bastion, mounted the platform, and took down the flag.

But, as the Rochellais had come within musket shot, they opened a sharp fire upon this man who thus exposed himself, as if for amusement, to their discharge. It might have been fancied, however, that Athos bore a charmed life, the bullets whizzed around him, yet he stood unharmed.

Athos waved his standard, as he turned his back on the town, and bowed toward the camp. Loud shouts resounded on both sides — shouts of anger from the one, and, from the other, of enthusiasm.

A second discharge soon followed the first, and three balls, by passing through it, made a regular standard of the tablecloth.

They heard the whole camp exclaiming — "Come down! come down!"

Athos slowly descended. His companions, who waited for him with anxiety, welcomed his reappearance with joy.

"Come along, Athos, come along," said D'Artagnan; "let us make haste. Now that we have found everything except money, it would be absurd to get killed."

But Athos persisted in his majestic walk; and his companions, finding all remonstrance useless, regulated their pace by his.

Grimaud and his basket formed the advance guard, and were both soon out of range.

After a minute or two they heard the sound of furious firing.

"What is that?" asked Porthos: "at what are they firing? I do not hear the bullets whistle, nor do I see anybody."

"They are firing at our *dead men!*" replied Athos.

"But our dead men will not return their fire."

"Exactly so. They will then believe that there is an ambuscade; they will deliberate, and will afterward reconnoiter; and by the time they discover the trick, we shall be beyond the reach of their fire. Thus, you see, it is unnecessary to give ourselves a fit of the pleurisy by overhaste."

"Oh! I understand now!" said the admiring Porthos.

"That's very fortunate," replied Athos, shrugging his shoulders.

The French on their side, perceiving their adventurous comrades returning, uttered cries of frantic enthusiasm.

At length, a fresh firing was heard, and this time the bullets were actually flattened on the stones around the four friends, and whistled mournfully about their ears. The Rochellais had at last taken possession of the bastion.

"They are a set of awkward fellows," remarked Athos: "how many of them have we killed? A dozen?"

"Or fifteen."

"How many did we make jelly of?"

"Eight or ten."

"And, in exchange for this, we have not got a scratch. Ah! yes, though! What is the matter there with your hand, D'Artagnan? It is bleeding."

"It is nothing," replied D'Artagnan.

"Was it a spent ball?"

"No."

"What then?"

We have said that Athos loved D'Artagnan as his own son, and though of a gloomy and inflexible character, he sometimes manifested toward the young man a solicitude truly paternal.

"Merely a scratch," replied D'Artagnan. "I caught my fingers between two stones — that of the wall and that of my ring — and the skin is cut."

"See what it is to wear diamonds, my master," said Athos, contemptuously.

"Ah!" exclaimed Porthos, "there is a diamond, in fact; and why the plague, then, as there is a diamond, do we battle about having no money?"

"See, there, now," said Aramis.

"Well done, Porthos; this time you really have an idea."

"Certainly," continued Porthos, bridling up at Athos' compliment; "and since there is a diamond, let us sell it."

"But," said D'Artagnan, "it is the queen's diamond."

"One reason more," said Athos — "the queen saving the Duke of Buckingham, her lover; nothing can be more just — the queen saving us, her friends: nothing can be more moral. Let us sell the diamond. What does the abbé say? I do not ask Porthos' opinion — it is already given."

"Why, I think," said Aramis, blushing, "that as the ring does not come from a mistress, and, consequently, is not a love token, D'Artagnan may sell it."

"My dear fellow, you speak like theology personified. So your advice is——"

"To sell the diamond," replied Aramis.

"Well," said D'Artagnan, gayly, "let us sell the diamond, and say no more about it."

The fusillade still continued, but the friends were beyond its reach, and the Rochellais seemed to be firing only for the satisfaction of their own pugnacity.

"Faith," said Athos, "it was quite time for this idea of Porthos' to present itself; for here we are at the camp. So now, gentlemen, not another word about this business. We are observed. They are coming to meet us, and we shall be carried home in triumph."

In fact, as we have already said, the whole camp was in commotion. More than two thousand soldiers had witnessed, as at a theater, the fortune-favored bravado of the four friends —a bravado of which they had been far from suspecting the true motive. Nothing could be heard but cries of "Long live the guards! Long live the musketeers!" M. de Busigny was the first who came to press the hand of Athos, and to confess that he had lost his bet. The dragoon and the Swiss followed him; and all their comrades followed the dragoon and the Swiss. There was no end to the congratulations, shaking of hands, embraces, and inextinguishable laughter at the Rochellais; and, last, the tumult was so great that the cardinal supposed there was a mutiny, and sent La Houdinière, the captain of his guards, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. The incident was related to his messenger with all the warmth of enthusiasm.

"Well?" demanded the cardinal, on seeing La Houdinière return.

"Well, my lord," replied the latter, "it is three musketeers and a guardsman, who laid a bet with M. de Busigny to go and breakfast in the bastion of St. Gervais; and who, whilst at breakfast, maintained their ground for two hours against the Rochellais, and killed I know not how many of the enemy."

"Did you learn the names of these musketeers?"

"Yes, my lord."

"What are they?"

"Messrs. Athos, Porthos, and Aramis."

"Always my three brave fellows!" muttered the cardinal. "And the guard?"

"M. d'Artagnan."

"My young madcap again! Decidedly these four men must be mine."

On the same evening, the cardinal spoke to M. de Tréville of the exploit, which formed the subject of conversation throughout the whole camp. M. de Tréville, who had heard the recital of the adventure from the lips of those who were its heroes, recounted it in all its particulars to his eminence, without forgetting the episode of the tablecloth flag.

"Very good, M. de Tréville," said the cardinal; "give me this glorious standard, I entreat you. I will get three fleurs-de-lis embroidered on it in gold, and will give it to you as the battle flag of your company."

"My lord," said M. de Tréville, "that would be unjust towards the guards. M. d'Artagnan does not belong to me, but to M. des Essarts."

"Well, then, take him yourself," said the cardinal, "it is hardly fair that these four brave soldiers, who love each other so well, should not serve in the same company."

On the same evening, M. de Tréville announced this good news to the three musketeers, and to D'Artagnan, inviting them all four to breakfast with him on the following day.

D'Artagnan could not contain himself for joy. We know that the dream of his life had been to be a musketeer.

The three friends were also profoundly delighted.

"Faith," said D'Artagnan to Athos, "yours was a triumphant idea; and as you said, we have gained glory by it, besides being able to hold a conversation of the greatest importance."

"Which we may henceforth renew without suspicion; for, with God's help, we shall henceforth be looked upon as cardinalists."

On the same evening D'Artagnan went to pay his respects to M. des Essarts, and to inform him of his promotion.

M. des Essarts, who had great affection for D'Artagnan, offered him any assistance that he might require, as this change of regiment brought with it the expense of a new equipment.

D'Artagnan declined this aid; but thinking the opportunity a good one, he requested him to ascertain the value of the diamond, which he placed in his hands, stating that he wished him to turn it into money.

At eight o'clock the next morning, M. des Essarts' valet

came to D'Artagnan and handed to him a bag, containing seven thousand livres in gold. It was the price of the queen's diamond.

SCENES OF THE MILAN PLAGUE OF 1630.

By ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

(From "I Promessi Sposi.")

[Count Alessandro Manzoni, Italian novelist and poet, was born in Milan, March 8, 1784; graduated at the University of Pavia. His mother and grandfather were noted writers. He wrote religious hymns of high rank; but his first famous composition was an ode on the death of Napoleon. He also wrote dramas of great repute, as "Conte di Carmagnola" and "Adelchi"; but his most celebrated work, the classic novel of modern Italy, is "I Promessi Sposi" (The Betrothed Pair), a historical romance (1827). He was an ardent patriot, deeply interested in the reconstruction of Italy. He died May 22, 1873.]

Among the public, obstinacy in denying the pestilence gave way naturally, and gradually disappeared, in proportion as the contagion extended itself — and extended itself, too, before their own eyes — by means of contact and intercourse.

[A religious procession is held to ward off the plague.]

From that day the contagion continued to rage with increasing violence; in a little while, there was scarcely a house left untouched; and the population of the Lazzeretto, according to Somaglia above-quoted, amounted to from two to twelve thousand. In the course of time, according to almost all reports, it reached sixteen thousand. On the fourth of July, as I find in another letter from the conservators of health to the Governor, the daily mortality exceeded five hundred. Still later, when the plague was at its height, it reached, and for some time remained at, twelve or fifteen hundred, according to the most common computation; and if we may credit Tadino, it sometimes even exceeded three thousand five hundred.

It may be imagined what must now have been the difficulties of the *Decurioni*, upon whom was laid the burden of providing for the public necessities, and repairing what was still reparable in such a calamity. They were obliged every day to replace, every day to augment, public officers of numerous kinds: *Monatti*, by which denomination (even then at Milan of ancient date, and uncertain origin) were designated those

who were devoted to the most painful and dangerous services of a pestilence, viz. taking corpses from the houses, out of the streets, and from the Lazzeretto, transporting them on carts to the graves, and burying them; carrying or conducting the sick to the Lazzeretto, overlooking them there, and burning and cleansing infected or suspected goods: *Apparitori*, whose special office it was to precede the carts, warning passengers, by the sound of a little bell, to retire: and *Commissarii*, who superintended both the other classes, under the immediate orders of the Board of Health. The Council had also to keep the Lazzeretto furnished with physicians, surgeons, medicines, food, and all the other necessaries of an infirmary; and to provide and prepare new quarters for the newly arising needs. For this purpose, they had cabins of wood and straw hastily constructed, in the unoccupied space within the Lazzeretto; and another Lazzeretto was erected, also of thatched cabins, with an inclosure of boards, capable of containing four thousand persons. These not being sufficient, two others were decreed; they even began to build them, but, from the deficiency of means of every kind, they remained uncompleted. Means, men, and courage failed, in proportion as the necessity for them increased. And not only did the execution fall so far short of the projects and decrees — not only were many too clearly acknowledged necessities deficiently provided for, even in words, but they arrived at such a pitch of impotency and desperation, that many of the most deplorable and urgent cases were left without succor of any kind. A great number of infants, for example, died of absolute neglect, their mothers having been carried off by the pestilence. The Board of Health proposed that a place of refuge should be founded for these, and for destitute lying-in women, that something might be done for them, but they could obtain nothing. "The *Decurioni* of the Citie," says Tadino, "were no less to be pityed, who found themselves harassed and oppressed by the Soldierie without any Bounds or Regarde whatsoever, as well as those in the unfortunate Duchy, seeing that they could get no Help or Prouision from the Gouernor, because it happened to be a Tyme of War, and they must needs treat the Soldierie well." So important was the taking of Casale! so glorious appeared the fame of victory, independent of the cause, of the object, for which they contended! . . .

In public calamities and in long-continued disturbance of

settled habits, of whatever kind, there may always be beheld an augmentation, a sublimation of virtue; but, alas! there is never wanting, at the same time, an augmentation, far more general in most cases, of crime. This occasion was remarkable for it. The villains, whom the pestilence spared and did not terrify, found in the common confusion, and in the relaxation of all public authority, a new opportunity of activity, together with new assurances of impunity; nay, the administration of public authority itself came, in a great measure, to be lodged in the hands of the worst among them. Generally speaking, none devoted themselves to the offices of *monatti* and *apparitori* but men over whom the attractions of rapine and license had more influence than the terror of contagion, or any natural object of horror.

The strictest orders were laid upon these people; the severest penalties threatened to them; stations were assigned them; and commissaries, as we have said, placed over them: over both, again, magistrates and nobles were appointed in every district, with authority to enforce good government summarily on every opportunity. Such a state of things went on and took effect up to a certain period; but, with the increase of deaths and desolation, and the terror of the survivors, these officers came to be, as it were, exempted from all supervision; they constituted themselves, the *monatti* especially, arbiters of everything. They entered the houses like masters, like enemies; and, not to mention their plunder, and how they treated the unhappy creatures reduced by the plague to pass through such hands, they laid them — these infected and guilty hands — on the healthy — children, parents, husbands, wives, threatening to drag them to the Lazzeretto, unless they redeemed themselves, or were redeemed, with money. At other times they set a price upon their services, refusing to carry away bodies already corrupted, for less than so many *scudi*. It was believed (and between the credulity of one party and the wickedness of the other, belief and disbelief are equally uncertain) — it was believed, and Tadino asserts it, that both *monatti* and *apparitori* purposely let fall from their carts infected clothes, in order to propagate and keep up the pestilence, which had become to them a means of living, a kingdom, a festival. Other wretches, feigning to be *monatti*, and carrying little bells tied to their feet, as these officers were required to do, to distinguish themselves and to give warning of their approach,

introduced themselves into houses, and there exercised all kinds of tyranny. Some of these, open and void of inhabitants, or inhabited only by a feeble or dying creature, were entered by thieves in search of booty, with impunity; others were surprised and invaded by bailiffs, who there committed robberies and excesses of every description.

Together with the wickedness, the folly of the people increased: every prevailing error received more or less additional force from the stupefaction and agitation of their minds, and was more widely and more precipitately applied; while every one served to strengthen and aggravate that special mania about poisonings, which, in its effects and ebullitions, was often, as we have seen, itself another crime. The image of this supposed danger beset and tortured the minds of the people far more than the real and existing danger.

"And while," says Ripamonti, "corpses, scattered here and there, or lying in heaps, ever before the eyes and surrounding the steps of the living, made the whole city like one immense sepulcher, a still more appalling symptom, a more intense deformity, was their mutual animosity, their licentiousness, and their extravagant suspicions. . . . Not only did they mistrust a friend, a guest; but those names which are the bonds of human affection, husband and wife, father and son, brother and brother, were words of terror; and, dreadful and infamous to tell! the domestic board, the nuptial bed, were dreaded as lurking places, as receptacles of poison."

The imaginary vastness and strangeness of the plot distracted people's understandings, and subverted every reason for reciprocal confidence. Besides ambition and cupidity, which were at first supposed to be the motives of the poisoners, they fancied, they even believed at length, that there was something of diabolical, voluptuous delight in this anointing — an attraction predominating over the will. The ravings of the sick, who accused themselves of what they had apprehended from others, were considered as revelations, and rendered anything, so to say, credible of any one. And it would have far greater weight even than words, if it happened that delirious patients kept practicing those maneuvers which it was imagined must be employed by the poisoners: a thing at once very probable, and tending to give better grounds for the popular persuasion and the assertions of numerous writers. In the same way, during the long and mournful period of judicial investigation on the

subject of witchcraft, the confessions, and those not always extorted, of the accused, served not a little to promote and uphold the prevailing opinion on this matter; for when an opinion obtains a prolonged and extensive sway, it is expressed in every manner, tries every outlet, and runs through every degree of persuasion; and it is difficult for all, or very many, to believe for a length of time that something extraordinary is being done, without some one coming forward who believes that he has done it.

* * * * * * *

One night, towards the end of August, exactly during the very height of the pestilence, Don Rodrigo returned to his residence at Milan, accompanied by the faithful Griso, one of the three or four who remained to him out of his whole household. He was returning from a company of friends, who were accustomed to assemble at a banquet, to divert the melancholy of the times; and on each occasion, some new friends were there, some old ones missing. That day he had been one of the merriest of the party; and, among other things, had excited a great deal of laughter among the company, by a kind of funeral eulogium on the Count Attilio, who had been carried off by the plague two days before.

In walking home, however, he felt a languor, a depression, a weakness in his limbs, a difficulty of breathing, and an inward burning heat, which he would willingly have attributed entirely to the wine, to late hours, to the season. He uttered not a syllable the whole way; and the first word was, when they reached the house, to order Griso to light him to his room. When they were there, Griso observed the wild and heated look of his master's face, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, and peculiarly brilliant: he kept, therefore, at a distance; for, in these circumstances, every ragamuffin was obliged to look for himself, as the saying is, with a medical eye.

"I'm well, you see," said Don Rodrigo, who read in Griso's action the thoughts which were passing in his mind. "I'm very well; but I've taken . . . I've taken, perhaps, a little too much to drink. There was some capital wine! . . . But with a good night's sleep, it will go off. I'm very sleepy. . . . Take that light away from before my eyes, it dazzles me . . . it teases me! . . ."

"It's all the effects of the wine," said Griso, still keeping

at a distance; "but lie down quickly, for sleep will do you good."

"You're right; if I can sleep. . . . After all, I'm well enough. Put that little bell close by my bed, if I should want anything in the night: and be on the watch, you know, perchance you should hear me ring. But I shan't want anything. . . . Take away that cursed light directly," resumed he, while Griso executed the order, approaching him as little as possible. "The ——! it plagues me excessively!" Griso then took the light, and wishing his master good night, took a hasty departure, while Rodrigo buried himself under the bed-clothes.

But the counterpane seemed to him like a mountain. He threw it off, and tried to compose himself to rest; for, in fact, he was dying of sleep. But scarcely had he closed his eyes, when he awoke again with a start, as if some wickedly disposed person were giving him a shake; and he felt an increase of burning heat, an increase of delirium. His thoughts recurred to the season, the wine, and his debauchery; he would gladly have given them the blame of all; but there was constantly substituted, of its own accord, for these ideas, that which was then associated with all, which entered, so to say, by every sense, which had been introduced into all the conversations at the banquet, since it was much easier to turn it into ridicule than to get out of its reach — the pestilence.

After a long battle, he at length fell asleep, and began to dream the most gloomy and disquieting dreams in the world. He went on from one thing to another, till he seemed to find himself in a large church, in the first ranks, in the midst of a great crowd of people; there he was wondering how he had got there, how the thought had ever entered his head, particularly at such a time; and he felt in his heart excessively vexed. He looked at the bystanders; they had all pale emaciated countenances, with staring and glistening eyes, and hanging lips; their garments were tattered, and falling to pieces; and through the rents appeared livid spots, and swellings. "Make room, you rabble!" he fancied he cried, looking towards the door, which was far, far away; and accompanying the cry with a threatening expression of countenance, but without moving a limb; nay, even drawing up his body to avoid coming in contact with those polluted creatures, who crowded only too closely upon him on every side. But not one of the senseless

beings seemed to move, nor even to have heard him; nay, they pressed still more upon him; and, above all, it felt as if some one of them with his elbow, or whatever it might be, was pushing against his left side, between the heart and the armpit, where he felt a painful, and, as it were, heavy pressure. And if he writhed himself to get rid of this uneasy feeling, immediately a fresh unknown something began to prick him in the very same place. Enraged, he attempted to lay his hand on his sword; and then it seemed as if the thronging of the multitude had raised it up level with his chest, and that it was the hilt of it which pressed so in that spot; and the moment he touched it he felt a still sharper stitch. He cried out, panted, and would have uttered a still louder cry, when, behold! all these faces turned in one direction. He looked the same way, perceived a pulpit, and saw slowly rising above its edge something round, smooth, and shining; then rose, and distinctly appeared, a bald head; then two eyes, a face, a long and white beard, and the upright figure of a friar, visible above the sides down to the girdle; it was friar Cristoforo. Darting a look around upon his audience, he seemed to Don Rodrigo to fix his gaze on him, at the same time raising his hand in exactly the attitude he had assumed in that room on the ground floor in his palace. Don Rodrigo then himself lifted up his hand in fury, and made an effort, as if to throw himself forward and grasp that arm extended in the air; a voice, which had been vainly and secretly struggling in his throat, burst forth in a great howl; and he awoke. He dropped the arm he had in reality uplifted, strove, with some difficulty, to recover the right meaning of everything, and to open his eyes, for the light of the already advanced day gave him no less uneasiness than that of the candle had done; recognized his bed and his chamber; understood that all had been a dream; the church, the people, the friar, all had vanished — all, but one thing — that pain in his left side. Together with this, he felt a frightful acceleration of palpitation at the heart, a noise and humming in his ears, a raging fire within, and a weight in all his limbs, worse than when he lay down. He hesitated a little before looking at the spot that pained him; at length, he uncovered it, and glanced at it with a shudder: there was a hideous spot, of a livid purple hue.

The man saw himself lost; the terror of death seized him, and, with perhaps still stronger feeling, the terror of becoming

the prey of *monatti*, of being carried off, of being thrown into the Lazzeretto. And as he deliberated on the way of avoiding this horrible fate, he felt his thoughts become more perplexed and obscure; he felt the moment drawing near that would leave him only consciousness enough to reduce him to despair. He grasped the bell, and shook it violently. Griso, who was on the alert, immediately answered its summons. He stood at some distance from the bed, gazed attentively at his master, and was at once convinced of what he had conjectured the night before.

"Griso!" said Don Rodrigo, with difficulty raising himself, and sitting up in his bed, "you have always been my trusty servant."

"Yes, Signor."

"I have always dealt well by you."

"Of your bounty."

"I think I may trust you . . ."

"The ——!"

"I am ill, Griso."

"I had perceived it."

"If I recover, I will heap upon you more favors than I have ever yet done."

Griso made no answer, and stood waiting to see to what all these preambles would lead.

"I will not trust myself to anybody but you," resumed Don Rodrigo; "do me a kindness, Griso."

"Command me," said he, replying with this usual formula to that unusual one.

"Do you know where the surgeon, Chiodo, lives?"

"I know very well."

"He is a worthy man, who, if he is well paid, will conceal the sick. Go and find him; tell him I will give him four, six *scudi* a visit; more, if he demands more. Tell him to come here directly; and do the thing cleverly, so that nobody may observe it."

"Well thought of," said Griso; "I go, and return."

"Listen, Griso; give me a drop of water first. I am so parched with thirst, I can bear it no longer."

"Signor, no," replied Griso; "nothing without the doctor's leave. These are ticklish complaints; there is no time to be lost. Keep quiet—in the twinkling of an eye I'll be here with Chiodo."

So saying, he went out, impatiently shutting the door behind him.

Don Rodrigo lay down, and accompanied him, in imagination, to Chiodo's house, counting the steps, calculating the time. Now and then he would turn to look at his left side, but quickly averted his face with a shudder. After some time, he began to listen eagerly for the surgeon's arrival; and this effort of attention suspended his sense of illness, and kept his thoughts in some degree of order. All of a sudden, he heard a distant sound, which seemed, however, to come from the rooms, not the street. He listened still more intently; he heard it louder, more quickly repeated; and with it a trampling of footsteps. A horrid suspicion rushed into his mind. He sat up, and gave still greater attention; he heard a dead sound in the next room as if a weight were being cautiously set down. He threw his legs out of bed, as if to get up; peeped at the door, saw it open, and beheld before his eyes, and advancing towards him, two ragged and filthy red dresses, two ill-looking faces — in one word, two *monatti*. He distinguished, too, half of Griso's face, who, hidden behind the almost closed door, remained there on the lookout.

"Ah, infamous traitor! . . . Begone, you rascals! Biondino! Carlotto! help! I'm murdered!" shouted Don Rodrigo. He thrust one hand under the bolster in search of a pistol; grasped it; drew it out; but, at his first cry, the *monatti* had rushed up to the bed; the foremost is upon him before he can do anything further; he wrenches the pistol out of his hand, throws it to a distance, forces him to lie down again, and keeps him there, crying with a grin of fury mingled with contempt, "Ah, villain! against the *monatti!* against the officers of the Board! against those who perform works of mercy!"

"Hold him fast till we carry him off," said his companion, going towards a trunk. Griso then entered, and began with him to force open the lock.

"Scoundrel!" howled Don Rodrigo, looking at him from under the fellow who held him down, and writhing himself under the grasp of his sinewy arms. "First let me kill that infamous rascal!" said he to the *monatti*, "and afterwards do with me what you will." Then he began to shout with loud cries to his other servants: but in vain he called; for the abominable Griso had sent them all off with pretended orders from their master himself, before going to pro-

pose to the *monatti* to come on this expedition, and divide the spoil.

"Be quiet, will you," said the villain who held him down upon the bed, to the unfortunate Don Rodrigo. And turning his face to the two who were seizing the booty, he cried to them, "Do your work like honest fellows."

"You! you!" roared Don Rodrigo to Griso, whom he beheld busying himself in breaking open, taking out money and clothes, and dividing them. "You! after! . . . Ah, fiend of hell! I may still recover! I may still recover!" Griso spoke not, nor, more than he could help, even turned in the direction whence these words proceeded.

"Hold him fast," said the other *monatto;* "he's frantic."

The miserable being became so indeed. After one last and more violent effort of cries and contortions, he suddenly sank down senseless in a swoon; he still, however, stared fixedly, as if spellbound; and from time to time gave a feeble struggle, or uttered a kind of howl.

The *monatti* took him, one by the feet and the other by the shoulders, and went to deposit him on a handbarrow which they had left in the adjoining room; afterwards one returned to fetch the booty; and then, taking up their miserable burden, they carried all away.

Griso remained behind to select in haste whatever more might be of use to him; and making them up into a bundle, took his departure. He had carefully avoided touching the *monatti*, or being touched by them; but in the last hurry of plunder, he had taken from the bedside his master's clothes and shaken them, without thinking of anything but of seeing whether there were money in them. He was forced to think of it, however, the next day; for, while making merry in a public house, he was suddenly seized with a cold shiver, his eyes became clouded, his strength failed him, and he sank to the ground. Abandoned by his companions, he fell into the hands of the *monatti*, who despoiling him of whatever he had about him worth having, threw him upon a car, on which he expired before reaching the Lazzeretto, whither his master had been carried.

* * * * * * *

A little further on, he [Renzo] came out into a part which might still be called the city of the living — but what a city, and what living! All the doorways into the streets kept shut from

either suspicion or alarm, except those which were left open because deserted or invaded ; others nailed up and sealed outside, on account of the sick, or dead, who lay within ; others marked with a cross drawn with coal, as an intimation to the *monatti* that there were dead to be carried away : all more a matter of chance than otherwise, according as there happened to be here, rather than there, a commissary of health, or other officer, who was inclined either to execute the regulations, or to exercise violence and oppression. Everywhere were rags and corrupted bandages, infected straw, or clothes, or sheets, thrown from the windows ; sometimes bodies, which had suddenly fallen dead in the streets, and were left there till a cart happened to pass by and pick them up, or shaken from off the carts themselves, or even thrown from the windows. To such a degree had the obstinacy and virulence of the contagion brutalized men's minds and divested them of all compassionate care, of every feeling of social respect ! The stir of business, the clatter of carriages, the cries of sellers, the talking of passengers, all were everywhere hushed ; and seldom was the deathlike stillness broken but by the rumbling of funeral cars, the lamentations of beggars, the groans of the sick, the shouts of the frantic, or the vociferations of the *monatti*. At daybreak, midday, and evening, one of the bells of the cathedral gave the signal for reciting certain prayers proposed by the Archbishop ; its tones were responded to by the bells of the other churches ; and then persons might be seen repairing to the windows to pray in common ; and a murmur of sighs and voices might be heard which inspired sadness, mingled at the same time with some feeling of comfort.

Two thirds, perhaps, of the inhabitants being by this time carried off, a great part of the remainder having departed or lying languishing at home, and the concourse from without being reduced almost to nothing, perhaps not one individual among the few who still went about, would be met with in a long circuit, in whom something strange, and sufficient in itself to infer a fatal change in circumstances, was not apparent. Men of the highest rank might be seen without cape or cloak, at that time a most essential part of any gentleman's dress ; priests without cassocks, friars without cowls ; in short, all kinds of dress were dispensed with which could contract anything in fluttering about, or give (which was more feared than all the rest) facilities to the poisoners. And besides this care-

fulness to go about as trussed up and confined as possible, their persons were neglected and disorderly ; the beards of such as were accustomed to wear them grown much longer, and suffered to grow by those who had formerly kept them shaven ; their hair, too, long and undressed, not only from the neglect which usually attends prolonged depression, but because suspicion had been attached to barbers ever since one of them, Giangiacomo Mora, had been taken and condemned as a famous poisoner ; a name which, for a long while afterwards, preserved throughout the duchy a preëminent celebrity in infamy, and deserved a far more extensive and lasting one in commiseration. The greater number carried in one hand a stick, some even a pistol, as a threatening warning to any one who should attempt to approach them stealthily ; and in the other, perfumed pastils, or little balls of metal or wood, perforated and filled with sponges steeped in aromatic vinegar, which they applied from time to time, as they went along, to their noses, or held there continually. Some carried a small vial hung round their neck, containing a little quicksilver, persuaded that this possessed the virtue of absorbing and arresting every pestilential effluvia ; this they were very careful to renew from time to time. Gentlemen not only traversed the streets without their usual attendants, but even went about with a basket on their arms, providing the common necessaries of life. Even friends, when they met in the streets alive, saluted each other at a distance, with silent and hasty signs. Every one, as he walked along, had enough to do to avoid the filthy and deadly stumbling-blocks with which the ground was strewn, and in some places even encumbered. Every one tried to keep the middle of the road, for fear of some other obstacle, some other more fatal weight, which might fall from the windows ; for fear of venomous powders, which it was affirmed were often thrown down thence upon the passengers ; for fear, too, of the walls, which might, perchance, be anointed. Thus ignorance, unseasonably secure, or preposterously circumspect, now added trouble to trouble, and incited false terrors in compensation for the reasonable and salutary ones which it had withstood at the beginning.

Such are the less disfigured and pitiable spectacles which were everywhere present ; the sight of the whole, the wealthy; for after so many pictures of misery, and remembering that still more painful one which it remains for us to describe, we will not now stop to tell what was the condition of the sick who

dragged themselves along, or lay in the streets — beggars, women, children. It was such that the spectator could find a desperate consolation, as it were, in what appears at first sight, to those who are far removed in place and time, the climax of misery; the thought, I mean, — the constant observation, that the survivors were reduced to so small a number.

Renzo had already gone some distance on his way through the midst of this desolation, when he heard, proceeding from a street a few yards off, into which he had been directed to turn, a confused noise, in which he readily distinguished the usual horrible tinkling.

At the entrance of the street, which was one of the most spacious, he perceived four carts standing in the middle; and as in a corn market there is a constant hurrying to and fro of people, and an emptying and filling of sacks, such was the bustle here; *monatti* intruding into houses, *monatti* coming out, bearing a burden upon their shoulders, which they placed upon one or other of the carts; some in red livery, others without that distinction: many with another still more odious, plumes and cloaks of various colors, which these miserable wretches wore in the midst of the general mourning, as if in honor of a festival. From time to time the mournful cry resounded from one of the windows: "Here, *monatti!*" And, with a still more wretched sound, a harsh voice rose from this horrible source in reply: "Coming directly!" Or else there were lamentations nearer at hand, or entreaties to make haste; to which the *monatti* responded with oaths.

Having entered the street, Renzo quickened his steps, trying not to look at these obstacles further than was necessary to avoid them; his attention, however, was arrested by a remarkable object of pity, such pity as inclines to the contemplation of its object; so that he came to a pause almost without determining to do so.

Coming down the steps of one of the doorways, and advancing towards the convoy, he beheld a woman, whose appearance announced still-remaining, though somewhat advanced, youthfulness; a veiled and dimmed, but not destroyed, beauty was still apparent, in spite of much suffering, and a fatal languor — that delicate, and, at the same time, majestic, beauty which is conspicuous in the Lombard blood. Her gait was weary, but not tottering; no tears fell from her eyes, though they bore tokens of having shed many; there was something peaceful

and profound in her sorrow, which indicated a mind fully conscious and sensitive enough to feel it. But it was not only her own appearance which, in the midst of so much misery, marked her out so especially as an object of commiseration, and revived in her behalf a feeling now exhausted — extinguished, in men's hearts. She carried in her arms a little child, about nine years old, now a lifeless body; but laid out and arranged, with her hair parted on her forehead, and in a white and remarkably clean dress, as if those hands had decked her out for a long-promised feast, granted as a reward. Nor was she lying there, but upheld and adjusted on one arm, with her breast reclining against her mother's, like a living creature; save that a delicate little hand, as white as wax, hung from one side with a kind of inanimate weight, and the head rested upon her mother's shoulder with an abandonment deeper than that of sleep: her mother; for, even if their likeness to each other had not given assurance of the fact, the countenance which still depicted any feeling would have clearly revealed it.

A horrible-looking *monatto* approached the woman, and attempted to take the burden from her arms, with a kind of unusual respect, however, and with involuntary hesitation. But she, slightly drawing back, yet with the air of one who shows neither scorn nor displeasure, said, "No! don't take her from me yet; I must place her myself on this cart: here." So saying, she opened her hand, displayed a purse which she held in it, and dropped it into that which the *monatto* extended towards her. She then continued: "Promise me not to take a thread from around her, nor to let any one else attempt to do so, and to lay her in the ground thus."

The *monatto* laid his right hand on his heart; and then zealously, and almost obsequiously, rather from the new feeling by which he was, as it were, subdued, than on account of the unlooked-for reward, hastened to make a little room on the car for the infant dead. The lady, giving it a kiss on the forehead, laid it on the spot prepared for it, as upon a bed, arranged it there, covering it with a pure white linen cloth, and pronounced the parting words: "Farewell, Cecilia! rest in peace! This evening we, too, will join you, to rest together forever. In the mean while, pray for us; for I will pray for you and the others." Then, turning again to the *monatto*, "You," said she, "when you pass this way in the evening, may come to fetch me too, and not me only."

So saying, she reëntered the house, and, after an instant, appeared at the window, holding in her arms another more dearly loved one, still living, but with the marks of death on its countenance. She remained to contemplate these so unworthy obsequies of the first child, from the time the car started until it was out of sight, and then disappeared. And what remained for her to do, but to lay upon the bed the only one that was left her, and to stretch herself beside it, that they might die together? as the flower already full blown upon the stem, falls together with the bud still enfolded in its calyx, under the scythe which levels alike all the herbage of the field.

"O Lord!" exclaimed Renzo, "hear her! take her to Thyself, her and that little infant one; they have suffered enough! Surely, they have suffered enough!" . . .

[A party of sick passes by on the way to the Lazzeretto, some voluntarily, others driven by force, wailing and resisting.]

In the midst of the sadness and emotions of tenderness excited by these spectacles, a far different solicitude pressed more closely upon our traveler, and held him in painful suspense. The house must be near at hand, and who knew whether among these people . . . But the crowd having all passed by, and this doubt being removed, he turned to a *monatto* who was walking behind, and asked him for the street and dwelling of Don Ferrante. . . .

With new and still deeper anxiety of mind, the youth bent his steps thitherward, and quickly distinguished the house among others more humble and unpretending; he approached the closed door, placed his hand on the knocker, and held it there in suspense, as in an urn before drawing out the ticket upon which depends life or death. At length he raised the hammer and gave a resolute knock.

In a moment or two a window was slightly opened, and a woman appeared at it to peep out, looking towards the door with a suspicious countenance, which seemed to say — *Monatti?* robbers? commissaries? poisoners? devils? —

"Signora," said Renzo, looking upwards, in a somewhat tremulous tone, "is there a young country girl here at service, of the name of Lucia?"

"She's here no longer; go away," answered the woman, preparing to shut the window.

"One moment, for pity's sake! She's no longer here? Where is she?"

"At the Lazzeretto;" and she was again about to close the window.

"But one moment, for Heaven's sake! With the pestilence?"

"To be sure. Something new, eh? Get you gone."

"Oh stay! Was she very ill? How long is it? . . .

But this time the window was closed in reality.

"Oh Signora! Signora! one word, for charity! for the sake of your poor dead! I don't ask you for anything of yours: alas! oh!" But he might as well have talked to the wall.

Afflicted by this intelligence, and vexed with the treatment he had received, Renzo again seized the knocker, and standing close to the door, kept squeezing and twisting it in his hand, then lifted it to knock again, in a kind of despair, and paused, in act to strike. In this agitation of feeling, he turned to see if his eye could catch any person near at hand, from whom he might, perhaps, receive some more sober information, some direction, some light. But the first, the only person he discovered was another woman, distant, perhaps, about twenty yards; who, with a look full of terror, hatred, impatience, and malice, with a certain wild expression of eye which betrayed an attempt to look at him and something else at a distance at the same time, with a mouth opened as if on the point of shouting as loud as she could; but holding even her breath, raising two thin, bony arms, and extending and drawing back two wrinkled and clenched hands, as if reaching to herself something, gave evident signs of wishing to call people without letting somebody perceive it. On their eyes encountering each other, she, looking still more hideous, started like one taken by surprise.

"What the ——?" began Renzo, raising his fist towards the woman; but she, having lost all hope of being able to have him unexpectedly seized, gave utterance to the cry she had hitherto restrained: "The poisoner! seize him! seize him! seize him! the poisoner!"

"Who? I! ah, you lying old witch! hold your tongue there!" cried Renzo; and he sprang towards her to frighten her and make her be silent. He perceived, however, at this moment, that he must rather look after himself. At the screams of the woman people flocked from both sides; not the crowds, indeed, which, in a similar case, would have collected three months before; but still more than enough to crush a single individual. At this very instant, the window was again thrown

open, and the same woman who had shown herself so uncourteous just before, displayed herself this time in full, and cried out, "Take him, take him; for he must be one of those wicked wretches who go about to anoint the doors of gentlefolks."

Renzo determined in an instant that it would be a better course to make his escape from them, than stay to clear himself; he cast an eye on each side to see where were the fewest people; and in that direction took to his legs. He repulsed, with a tremendous push, one who attempted to stop his passage; with another blow on the chest he forced a second to retreat eight or ten yards, who was running to meet him; and away he went at full speed, with his tightly clenched fist uplifted in the air, in preparation for whomsoever should come in his way. The street was clear before him; but behind his back he heard resounding more and more loudly the savage cry: "Seize him! seize him! a poisoner!" he heard, drawing nearer and nearer, the footsteps of the swiftest among his pursuers. His anger became fury, his anguish was changed into desperation; a cloud seemed gathering over his eyes; he seized hold of his poniard, unsheathed it, stopped, drew himself up, turned round a more fierce and savage face than he had ever before put on in his whole life; and, brandishing in the air, with outstretched arm, the glittering blade, exclaimed, "Let him who dares come forward, you rascals! and I'll anoint him with this, in earnest."

But, with astonishment and a confused feeling of relief, he perceived that his persecutors had already stopped at some distance, as if in hesitation, and that while they continued shouting after him, they were beckoning with uplifted hands, like people possessed and terrified out of their senses, to others at some distance beyond him. He again turned round, and beheld before him, and a very little way off (for his extreme perturbation had prevented his observing it a moment before), a cart advancing, indeed a file of the usual funeral carts, with their usual accompaniments; and beyond them another small band of people, who were ready, on their part, to fall upon the poisoner, and take him in the midst; these, however, were also restrained by the same impediment. Finding himself thus between two fires, it occurred to him that what was to them a cause of terror might be for himself a means of safety; he thought that this was not a time for squeamish scruples; so again sheathing his poniard, he drew a little on one side, re-

sumed his way towards the carts, and passing by the first, remarked in the second a tolerably empty space. He took aim, sprang up, and lit with his right foot in the cart, his left in the air, and his arms stretched forward.

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the *monatti* with one voice, some of whom were following the convoy on foot, others were seated on the carts; and others, to tell the horrible fact as it really was, on the dead bodies, quaffing from a large flask which was going the round of the party. "Bravo! a capital hit!"

"You've come to put yourself under the protection of the *monatti:* you may reckon yourself as safe as in church," said one of the two who were seated on the cart upon which he had thrown himself.

The greater part of his enemies had, on the approach of the train, turned their backs upon him and fled, crying at the same time, "Seize him! seize him! a poisoner!" Some few of them, however, retired more deliberately, stopping every now and then, and turning with a hideous grin of rage and threatening gestures towards Renzo, who replied to them from the cart by shaking his fist at them.

"Leave it to me," said a *monatto;* and tearing a filthy rag from one of the bodies, he hastily tied it in a knot, and taking it by one of its ears, raised it like a sling towards these obstinate fellows, and pretended to hurl it at them, crying, "Here, you rascals!" At this action they all fled in horror; and Renzo saw nothing but the backs of his enemies, and heels which bounded rapidly through the air, like the hammers in a clothier's mill.

A howl of triumph arose among the *monatti*, a stormy burst of laughter, a prolonged "Eh!" as an accompaniment, so to say, to this fugue.

"Aha! look if we don't know how to protect honest fellows!" said the same *monatto* to Renzo: "one of us is worth more than a hundred of those cowards!"

"Certainly, I may say I owe you my life," replied he; "and I thank you with all my heart."

"Not a word, not a word," answered the *monatto:* "you deserve it; one can see you're a brave young fellow. You do right to poison these rascals; anoint away, extirpate all those who are good for nothing, except when they're dead; for in reward for the life we lead, they only curse us, and keep saying that when the pestilence is over, they'll have us

all hanged. They must be finished before the pestilence; the *monatti* only must be left to chant victory and revel in Milan."

"Long live the pestilence, and death to the rabble!" exclaimed the other; and with this beautiful toast he put the flask to his mouth, and holding it with both his hands amidst the joltings of the cart, took a long draught, and then handed it to Renzo, saying, "Drink to our health."

"I wish it you all, with my whole heart," said Renzo, "but I'm not thirsty: I don't feel any inclination to drink just now."

"You've had a fine fright, it seems," said the *monatto*. "You look like a harmless creature enough; you should have another face than that to be a poisoner."

"Let everybody do as he can," said the other.

"Here, give it me," said one of those on foot at the side of the car, "for I, too, want to drink another cup to the health of his honor, who finds himself in such capital company . . . there, there, just there, among that elegant carriageful."

And with one of his hideous and cursed grins he pointed to the cart in front of that upon which our poor Renzo was seated. Then, composing his face to an expression of seriousness still more wicked and revolting, he made a bow in that direction, and resumed: "May it please you, my lord, to let a poor wretch of a *monatto* taste a little of this wine from your cellar? Mind you, sir: our way of life is only so so: we have taken you into our carriage to give you a ride into the country; and then it takes very little wine to do harm to your lordships: the poor *monatti* have good stomachs."

And amidst the loud laughs of his companions, he took the flask, and lifted it up, but, before drinking, turned to Renzo, fixed his eyes on his face, and said to him, with a certain air of scornful compassion: "The devil, with whom you have made agreement, must be very young; for if we hadn't been by to rescue you, he'd have given you mighty assistance." And amidst a fresh burst of laughter, he applied the flagon to his lips.

"Give us some! What! give us some!" shouted many voices from the preceding car. The ruffian, having swallowed as much as he wished, handed the great flask with both hands into those of his fellow-ruffians, who continued passing it round, until one of them, having emptied it, grasped it by the neck,

slung it round in the air two or three times, and dashed it to atoms upon the pavement, crying, "Long live the pestilence!" He then broke into one of their licentious ballads, and was soon accompanied by all the rest of this depraved chorus.

PACK CLOUDS AWAY.

By THOMAS HEYWOOD.

(From "The Rape of Lucrece.")

[An author by 1596, died after 1640. A voluminous playwright, claiming share in over 200 plays, and author of long poems; but now known only by his songs.]

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air blow soft, mount lark aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing;
To give my love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
Sing birds in every furrow;
And from each bill, let music shrill,
Give my fair love good morrow.
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock sparrow;
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing birds in every furrow.

THE TIMES OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

By ZACHRIS TOPELIUS.

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NUREMBERG AND LÜTZEN.

WALLENSTEIN the Terrible had become reconciled with the emperor, collected a formidable army, and turned like a dark thundercloud toward the wealthy city of Nuremberg. Gustaf Adolf broke off his victorious career in Bavaria, to hurry to meet him; and there, in two strongly fortified encampments, both armies stood motionless, opposite each other, for eleven weeks — the panther and the lion, crouching ready for a spring, and watching sharply each other's slightest movement. The whole region was drained for the subsistence of these armies, and provisions were constantly brought in from a distance by foraging parties. Among the Imperialists, Isolani's Croats distinguished themselves in this work; among the Swedes, Taupadel's dragoons and Stålhandske's Finnish cavalry.

Famine, the heat of summer, disease, and the depredations of the German soldiers spread want and misery everywhere. Gustaf Adolf, who, after joining Oxenstjerna's and Banér's combined armies, had a force of fifty thousand men, marched, on the 24th of August, 1632, against Wallenstein, who, with sixty thousand men, stood behind impregnable fortifications. Long before day, Torstenson's artillery commenced to thunder against Alte Veste. In the darkness of night, five hundred German musketeers of the White Brigade climbed up the steep heights, and, in spite of the terrible shower of balls, mounted the ramparts. For a moment victory seemed to reward their contempt of death; the drowsy foes' bewilderment, the shrieks of the women, and the Swedish balls, which threw

down tents and people, favored the attack. But Wallenstein maintained sense and composure, sent away the women, and turned mass upon mass against the besiegers. The gallant brigade was driven back with loss. The king did not give way; once more the White Brigade stormed — in vain. Then Gustaf Adolf called his Finns, "in order," as Schiller says, "to put the German cowards to the blush with their northern courage."

These were the East Bothnians, in the ranks of the Swedish brigade. They saw death before their eyes in the shape of a hundred fiery mouths; but resolutely, with unshaken courage, they clambered up the precipice, slippery with rain and blood. But against these solid ramparts, against this murderous shower of balls, all their valor rebounded; in the midst of fire and death, they tried once more to gain a foothold on the rampart, but in vain; the few who had escaped the bullets and pikes were hurled violently back. For the first time, Gustaf Adolf's Finns were seen to retreat; and equally futile were all attempts of succeeding troops. The Imperialists hastened out in pursuit, but were driven back. With great loss of life, the strife waged all day; many of the bravest leaders fell; and the death angel again aimed a bullet at the king, but without harming more than the sole of his boot.

On the left wing, the Imperial cavalry came in collision with the Swedes. Cronenberg, with his cuirassiers, clad in mail from head to foot, and widely celebrated as the "Invincibles," bore the Hessians to the ground. The Landgrave of Hesse remarked, resentfully, that the king wished to spare his own troops at the expense of the Germans. "Well, then," said Gustaf Adolf, "I will send my Finns; and I hope that the change of men will give a change of luck." Stålhandske, with the Finns, were now sent against Cronenberg and the "Invincibles." Between these superb troops ensued a proud, a glorious struggle, of imperishable memory. On the shore of the Regnitz River, thickly overgrown with bushes, the two detachments encountered each other, man to man, horse to horse; sword blades were dulled against helmets, long pistols flashed, and many valiant horsemen were driven down in the whirl of the river. It is probable that the Finnish horses here also held out better than the beautiful and swift Hungarian chargers; and this contributed to the victory. The brave Cronenberg fell; his "Invincibles" fled before the Finns. In his place,

Fugger, with a formidable force, charged the Finns, and drove them, under constant fighting, with breast toward the enemy, slowly to the underbrush. But here the Imperialists were met by the fire of the Swedish infantry. Fugger fell, and his cavalry were again repulsed by the fatigued Finns.

At nightfall, more than three thousand dead covered the heights and plain. "In the battle of Alte Veste," says Schiller, "Gustaf Adolf was considered conquered because he did not himself conquer." The next day he withdrew to Bavaria. Forty-four thousand persons — friends and enemies — had pest and war swallowed up during these fatal weeks in and around Nuremberg.

The darkness of autumn increased; its fogs covered Germany's blood-stained soil; and yet there seemed to be no end to the struggle. But a great spirit was destined here, after many storms, to find a peaceful haven, and to go from life's autumnal evening to the eternal light. Nearer and nearer hovered the death angel over Gustaf Adolf's noble head, shedding upon it the halo of a higher world, which is often seen to beam around the noble of earth in their last moments. The multitude about them misunderstand it, but the departing ones divine the meaning. Two days before his death, the people of Naumburg paid homage to Gustaf Adolf as to a god; but through his soul flew a presentiment of the end of his career, and he said to the court minister, Fabricius: —

"Perhaps God will soon punish both their idolatrous folly, and me, who am the object of it, and show that I also am a weak and mortal person."

The king had gone up to Saxony, to follow in the track of the ravaging Wallenstein. At Arnstadt he took farewell of Axel Oxenstjerna; at Erfurt, of Queen Maria Eleonora. There and at Nuremberg it was perceived, from many of his arrangements, that he was prepared for what was coming. Wallenstein, who believed that the king had gone into winter quarters, sent Pappenheim, with twelve thousand men, to Halle; he remained at Lützen, with twenty-eight thousand men, and the king in Naumburg with twenty thousand.

But on the 4th of November, when Gustaf Adolf learned of Pappenheim's departure, he hastily broke camp to surprise his weakened enemy, and would have succeeded had he come to the attack on the 5th. But Providence threw in his triumphant path a slight obstacle — the little stream Rippach,

which, together with freshly plowed fields, hindered his progress. Not until late on the afternoon of the 5th did the king approach Lützen. Wallenstein had gained time, and knew how to use it. Along the highroad to Leipzig he had had ditches dug and breastworks thrown up on both sides of the way, and filled them with his best sharpshooters, intending to destroy with their cross fire the advancing Swedes. The king's council of war dissuaded from the attack. Only Duke Bernhard advised it, and the king was of the same opinion: "For," said he, "it is best to wash one's self thoroughly clean when one is once in the bath."

The night was dark and dreary. The king spent it in an old carriage, together with Kniephausen and Duke Bernhard. His restless soul had time to think of everything; and then, says the tradition, he drew from his right forefinger a little ring of copper, and handed it to Duke Bernhard, with instruction that, if anything should happen to him, he should deliver it to a young officer of the Finnish cavalry.

Early in the morning, Gustaf Adolf rode out to inspect the order of battle. He was clad in a jacket of elk skin, with a gray cloak. When exhorted to wear armor on such a day, he answered: —

"God is my armor."

A thick mist delayed the attack. At dawn the whole army joined in singing, "A mighty fortress is our God;" and as the fog continued, the king began, with his own voice, "God, be to us gracious and kind," as well as, "Be not dismayed, thou little flock," which latter he had shortly before composed. Then he rode along the ranks, crying: —

"To-day, boys, we will put an end to all our troubles;" and his horse stumbled twice.

It was eleven o'clock in the forenoon before the mist was dispelled by a slight gust of wind. The Swedish army immediately advanced to the assault. On the right wing, which was commanded by the king, again stood Stålhandske with the Finns, and behind them the Swedish troops; in the center, the Swedish Yellow and Green Brigades, under Nils Brahe; on the left wing, the German cavalry,under Duke Bernhard. Opposite the duke stood Colloredo, with the flower of the cavalry; in the center, Wallenstein himself, with close masses of infantry in four large tertiers, and seven cannon in their front; opposite Stålhandske stood Isolani, with his ferocious

but brave Croats. The battle cry was on both sides the same as at Breitenfeld. When the king gave the order to attack, he clasped his hands and exclaimed: —

"Jesu, Jesu, help me to fight to-day for the glory of Thy holy name!"

Lützen was now set on fire by the Imperialists; the artillery began to thunder, and the Swedish army advanced, but suffered great losses at the very outset. At last the Swedish center crossed the trenches, took the seven cannon, and routed the enemy's first two brigades. The third had already turned to flee, when Wallenstein succeeded in rallying them; the Swedes were taken in the flank by the cavalry, and the Finns, who had put the Croats and Polanders to flight, had not yet crossed the trenches. Then the king rushed forward at the head of the Smålanders, only a few of whom had sufficiently good horses to follow him. It is said that an Imperial musketeer aimed at the king with a silver bullet; the certainty is that his left arm was crushed, and that he endeavored to conceal his wound, but soon, weakened by the loss of blood, begged the Duke of Lauenburg, who rode at his side, to lead him, unobserved, from the strife. But in the midst of the tumult, Götz's cuirassiers came up, led by Moritz von Falkenberg, who recognized the king, and shot him through the body, with the exclamation: —

"Thee have I long sought!" and directly afterwards Falkenberg himself fell, struck by a ball.

Now the king has reeled in his saddle, and entreated the duke to save his own life; the duke has seized him around the waist to support him, but at that instant a whole swarm of enemies have rushed upon them and separated them. A pistol shot has singed the duke's hair; the king's horse has been shot through the neck, and has reared; Gustaf Adolf has sunk from the saddle, has been dragged a little way by the stirrups, and then left on the ground. The young page, Leubelfingen, from Nuremberg, has offered him his horse, but has not been able to lift up the fallen man. Some Imperial cavalrymen have come to the spot, and asked who the wounded person was; and when Leubelfingen has not been willing to answer, one of them has run a sword through his body, another has shot the king through the head; after this, others have discharged several shots at them, and the two have been left under a pile of corpses. But Leubelfingen lived a few days after, to relate

to after times the sad and never-to-be-forgotten story of Gustaf Adolf's heroic death.

In the mean time, the Swedish center had been compelled to retire, a thousand mutilated corpses covered the battlefield, and yet not a foot of soil had been gained. Both armies occupied nearly the same position as at the beginning of the battle.

Then the king's wounded horse, with the empty saddle covered with blood, galloped in among the ranks. "The king has fallen!" And, as Schiller beautifully says, "Life fell in value when the most sacred of all lives was no more; death had no longer any terror for the humblest, since it had not spared the crowned head."

Duke Bernhard galloped from rank to rank: —

"Ye Swedes, Finns, and Germans," said he, "liberty's defender, your defender, and ours, has fallen! Every man who holds the king dear will hasten forward to avenge his death!"

The first to respond to this appeal was Stålhandske and the Finns. With incredible exertion they leaped the trenches, and drove before them swarms of scattered enemies; all fell before their blows. Isolani, put to flight, wheeled round and attacked the Swedish wagon trains, but was again repulsed. With like fury, Brahe, with the center, pressed across the trenches; while Duke Bernhard, without heeding the ball which had crushed his arm, took one of the enemy's batteries. The whole Imperial army faltered, staggered, and broke before this fearful assault; their powder carts were blown into the air. Wallenstein's word of command and Piccolomini's brilliant valor were no longer able to stay the reckless flight.

But at that instant there resounded far over the plain the jubilant cry, "Pappenheim is here!" And Pappenheim, the bravest of the brave, was there with his cavalry, and his first question was: —

"Where is the King of Sweden?"

They pointed to Stålhandske's lines, and he started there. The hottest, the most infuriate contest now took place. The Imperialists, regaining courage, turned back and attacked from three sides at once. No one yielded ground. Brahe, and with him the Yellow Brigade, fell almost to the last man. Winckel, with the Blue, fell in like beautiful order, man by man, just as they stood in the ranks. The rest of the Swedish foot soldiers

drew slowly back, and victory seemed to smile upon the all-powerful Pappenheim.

But he, the Ajax of his time, the man with a hundred scars, was not destined to see the day of triumph. Already, in the first attack against the Finns, a falconet ball had struck his hip; two musket balls had pierced his scarred breast; it is said that Stålhandske's own hand had reached him. He fell, even in his last moments rejoicing over Gustaf Adolf's death; and the news of his fall spread terror through the Imperial ranks. "Pappenheim is dead; all is lost!" Once more the Swedes advanced. Duke Bernhard, Kniephausen, Stålhandske, performed miracles; but Piccolomini also, who, with six wounds, mounted his seventh horse, fought with more than mortal courage. The Imperial center stood firm, and only darkness suspended the conflict. Wallenstein withdrew, and the exhausted Swedish army encamped on the battlefield. Nine thousand dead covered the plain of Lützen.

The results of this battle were severely felt by the Imperialists. They had lost all their artillery — Pappenheim's and Wallenstein's reputation for invincibility. The great Friedlander raged with fury; his hard hand dispensed the gallows to the cowardly as liberally as ducats to the brave. Sick and gloomy, he retired with the remainder of his army, about ten thousand men, back to Bohemia, where the stars became his nightly companions, treasonable plans his daily relaxation, and death, by Butler's hand, the end of his brilliant career.

But over the whole Catholic world went a great jubilee of victory, for Lutherism and the Swedes had lost infinitely more than their foes. Paralyzed was the arm that had so powerfully wielded the victorious sword of light and liberty. The grief of the Protestants was general and deep, mingled with fear for the future. Not without ground was the *Te Deum* sung in the cathedrals of Vienna, Brussels, and Madrid; twelve days' brilliant bullfights celebrated in Madrid the fall of the dreaded hero; but Emperor Ferdinand, greater than his contemporaries, is said to have shed tears at the sight of his slain enemy's bloody jacket.

Many stories were circulated about the great Gustaf Adolf's death; now it was the Duke Franz Albert of Lauenburg, now Richelieu, now Duke Bernhard, whom popular belief accused of participation in the king's fall; but none of these suspicions have been confirmed by the impartial historian. A

recent German author communicates the following popular version: "Gustaf Adolf, King of Sweden, received, while he was yet very young, from a lady whom he much loved, a ring of iron, which he never afterwards allowed to be taken from his hand. The ring consisted of seven circles, which formed the letters of both his names. Seven days before his death, this ring was taken from him without his being aware, at the time, of the singular theft."

The reader knows that our story joins its thread to the same ring; but several reasons entitle us to the supposition that the ring was of copper.

The evening after the battle, Duke Bernhard sent his soldiers with lighted torches to look for the king's dead body; and they found it, plundered, disfigured, under a heap of corpses. Brought to the village of Meuchen, it was there embalmed, and the soldiers received permission to behold the remains of their king and hero. Bitter tears were there shed, but tears full of pride; for even the most humble considered himself great through the honor of having fought by the side of so heroic a king.

"See," said a veteran of Stålhandske's Finns, sobbing aloud, "they have robbed him of his gold chain and his copper ring. I still see the white mark left by the ring on his right forefinger."

"What would they care for a ring of copper?" asked a Scot, who had just come to the army, and knew nothing of the story which circulated among the people.

"His ring!" exclaimed a Pomeranian, mysteriously. "You may rely upon it that the Jesuits knew what it was good for. The ring was enchanted by a Finnish witch, and, as long as the king wore it, neither iron nor lead had any effect upon him."

"But, you see, to-day he lost it," joined in a third; "and therefore . . . do you comprehend?"

"What is that the Pomeranian pear eater says?" burst out the Finn, bitterly. "God's power, and no other, has protected our great king; but the ring was given him, a long while ago, by a Finnish girl whom he held very dear in his youth. I know something more about it than you, apple muncher!"

Duke Bernhard, who, somber and thoughtful, contemplated the king's pale features, looked around at these words, put his unhurt hand within his unbuttoned jacket, and turned to the Finn, saying: —

"Comrade, do you know one of Stålhandske's officers named Bertel?"

"Yes, certainly, your highness."

"Is he alive?"

"No, your highness."

The duke turned abstractedly to another, and gave orders right and left. In a few moments he again seemed, at the sight of the king, to be reminded of something.

"Was he a brave man?" asked he.

"He was one of Stålhandske's cavalry!" said the Finn, with emphasis, and with a pride which did not ill become him.

"When did he fall, and where?"

"In the last skirmish with the Pappenheimers."

"Search for him!"

The duke's command was executed without grumbling by these overwearied soldiers, who, with good reason, wondered why it was that one of the youngest officers should be searched for that very night, when Nils Brahe, Winckel, and so many other gray-haired generals were still lying in their blood on the battlefield. Not until early morning did those sent out return with the intelligence that Bertel's dead body was nowhere to be found.

"Hum!" said the duke, displeased; "great men have sometimes their little whims; what shall I now do with the king's ring?"

And the November sun rose blood-red over the field of Lützen. A new epoch dawned; the master was gone, and the pupils had now to see how they could carry out his work.

After Lützen.

It was a glorious but terrible sight when the Pappenheimers made their charge upon the Finns on the east side of the river Rippach. Mail-clad, irresistible, the cuirassiers descended upon Stålhandske, whose Finnish troopers reeled under this crushing attack: their horses, weary from the long conflict, recoiled, fell backwards, and for a time gave way. But Stålhandske rallied them again, man against man, horse against horse; they fought with their last strength, indifferent to death; and friends and enemies were mixed together in bloody confusion. Here fell Pappenheim; here fell his bravest men; half of

Stålhandske's cavalry were trampled under the horses' hoofs, and yet the strife raged without interruption until twilight.

At Stålhandske's side rode Bertel; and so it happened that he met Pappenheim. The youth of twenty was not able to cope with this arm of steel; a blow of the brave general's long sword struck Bertel across the helmet with such crushing force that his eyes were blinded and he became insensible. But in falling he unconsciously grasped his faithful horse, Lappen, by the mane, and Lappen, confused by the tumult, galloped away; while his master, with one foot in the stirrup and his hands convulsively twisted in the mane, was dragged with him.

When Bertel opened his eyes, he was in dense darkness. He remembered vaguely the adventures of the hot struggle; the last thing he there saw was Pappenheim's lifted sword. The thought entered his mind that he was now dead and lying in his grave. He put his hand to his heart, it beat; he bit his finger, it pained him. He realized that he was still living, but how and where it was impossible to guess. He stretched out his hand and picked up some straw. Under him he felt the damp ground, above him the empty air. He tried to raise himself up, but his head was as heavy as lead. It still felt the weight of Pappenheim's sword.

Then he heard not far from him a voice, which, half complaining, half mocking, uttered the following words in Swedish: —

"Ghosts and grenades! Not a drop of wine! Those scoundrelly Wallachians have stolen my flask; the miserable hen thieves! Holloa, Turk or Jew — it is all the same — bring here a drop of wine!"

"Is that you, Larsson?" said Bertel, in a faint voice; for his tongue was half paralyzed by a burning thirst.

"What sort of a marmot is it that whispers my name?" responded his neighbor, in the darkness. "Hurrah, boys! loose reins and a brisk gallop! When you have emptied your pistols, fling them to the devil, and slash away with swords! Cleave their skulls, the brutes; peel them like turnips. Beat them, grind them to powder! The king has fallen. . . . Devils and heroes, what a king! . . . To-day we shall bleed; to-day we shall die, but first we must be revenged. That's the way, boys! Hurrah! . . . Pitch in, East Bothnians!"

"Larsson," repeated Bertel; but his comrade did not hear

him. He continued in his delirium to lead his Finnish boys in the conflict.

After a while a streak of the late autumn morning dawned in through the window of the miserable hut where Bertel lay. He could now distinguish the straw which was strewn over the bare ground; and on the straw he saw two men asleep.

The door opened; a couple of wild bearded men entered, and pushed the slumberers rudely with the butts of their guns.

"*Raus!*" cried they, in Low Dutch; "reveille has sounded!"

And outside the hut was heard the well-known trumpet blast, which at that time was the usual signal to break camp.

"They may spear me like a frog," muttered one of the men, sulkily, "if I know what our reverend father intends to do with these unbelieving dogs. He might as well give them a passport to the archfiend, their lord and master."

"Blockhead!" retorted the other; "do you not know that the heretic king's death is to be celebrated with great pomp and state at Ingolstadt? The reverend father intends to hold a grand *auto-da-fé* in honor of the solemn occasion."

The two sleepers rose, half awake; and Bertel recognized, by the faint morning light, the little thick-set Larsson, of the East Bothnians, and his own faithful Pekka. But there was no time for explanations. All three were led out, bound, and packed into a cart; after which the train, consisting of a long line of wounded men and baggage wagons, under guard of the Croats, set itself slowly in motion.

Bertel now realized that he and his countrymen were prisoners of the Imperialists. His memory soon cleared, and he learned from his companions in misfortune how it had all happened. When the faithful Lappen felt the reins loose, he galloped with his unconscious rider back to the camp. But a swarm of the rapacious Croats were here, committing their depredations, and when they saw a Swedish officer dragged half dead after the horse, they took him with them in the hope of a good ransom. Pekka, who would not desert his master, was taken prisoner at the same time. Larsson, for his part, had, at the Pappenheimers' attack, ventured too far among the enemy, received a pike thrust in the shoulder and a wound in the arm, and being unable to cut his way through, had been

borne along by the stream. Who had conquered, Larsson did not know with certainty.

It was now the third day after the battle; they had marched in a southerly direction a day and a night without stopping, and then rested a few hours in a deserted and plundered village.

"Cursed pack!" exclaimed the little captain, whose jovial disposition did not abandon him even in the jolting peasant cart; "if only they hadn't stolen my flask, so that we might have drunk Finland's health together! But these Croats are a thieving set, compared to which our gypsies at home are innocent angels. I wish I had a couple of hundred of them to hang on the ramparts of Korsholm, as they hang petticoats on the walls of a Finnish garret."

In the mean time the march continued, with brief halts, for three or four days, not without great suffering and discomfort for the wounded, who, badly bandaged, were hindered by their fetters from assisting each other. In the beginning they traveled through a plundered region, where with difficulty they obtained the slightest refreshment, and where the population everywhere took to flight before the dreaded Croats. But they soon came to richer sections, where the Catholic inhabitants showed themselves only to curse the heretics and exult over their king's fall. The whole Catholic world shared this rejoicing. It is stated that in Madrid brilliant spectacles were performed, in which Gustaf Adolf, another dragon, was conquered by Wallenstein, another St. George.

After seven days' tiresome journey, the cart with the captive Finns drove, late one evening, over a clattering drawbridge, and stopped in a narrow castle yard. The prisoners, still disabled from their wounds, were led out and taken up two crumbling flights of stairs into a turret room in the form of a half-circle. It seemed to Bertel as if he had seen this place before; but darkness and fatigue did not allow him clearly to distinguish objects. The stars shone in through the grated windows. The prisoners were refreshed with a cup of wine, and Larsson exclaimed joyously: —

"I wager that the thieves have stolen their wine from our cellars, while we lay in Würtzburg; for better stuff I never drank!"

"Würtzburg!" exclaimed Bertel, thoughtfully. "Regina!" added he, almost unconsciously.

"And the wine cellar!" sighed Larsson, mimicking him. "I will tell you something, my dear boy: —

"The biggest fool in the world
Is he who believes a girl;
When love, the heart thief, comes to harry,
Espouse the girl, but the wine cup marry.

As far as Regina is concerned, the black-eyed maiden sits and knits stockings at Korsholm. Yes, yes, Lady Märtha is not one of those who sigh in the moonlight. Since we last met I have had news from Wasa through that jolly sergeant, Bengt Kristerson. He had fought with your father, he said. There is no nonsense about the old man; he carried Bengt out at arms' length, and threw him down the steps there at your home in Storkyro. Bengt swore he would stuff the old man and twelve of his men into the windmill, and grind them to groats; but Meri begged them off. Brave fellow, Bengt Kristerson! — fights like a dragon and lies like a skipper. Your health!"

"What else did you hear from East Bothnia?" asked Bertel, who, with a youth's bashfulness, colored at the thought of revealing to the prosaic friend his life's secret, his love for the dark-eyed, beautiful, and unhappy Regina von Emmeritz.

"Not much news, except scant harvests, heavy war taxes, and conscriptions. The old men on the farm, your father and mine, squabble as usual, and make up again. Meri pines for you, and sings sorrowful songs. Do you remember Katri? — splendid girl; round as a turnip, red as mountain-ash berries, and soft about the chin as a lump of butter. Your health, my boy! — she has run away with a soldier!"

"Nothing else?" said Bertel, abstractedly.

"Nothing else! What the d——l do you want to know, when you don't care for the most buxom girl in all Storkyro? '*Ja, noch etwas*,' says the German. There has been a great fray at Korsholm. The recruits got it into their heads that Lady Regina had tried to kill the king with witchcraft, so they stormed Korsholm, and burned the girl alive. Cursedly jolly! — here's to the heretics! We also know how to get up *autos-da-fé*."

Bertel started up, forgetting his wounds; but pain overpowered him. Without a sound, he sank fainting in Larsson's arms.

The honest captain became both angry and troubled. While

he bathed Bertel's temples with the wine left in the tankard, and finally brought him to life again, he gave vent to his feelings in the following words — crescendo from piano to forte, from minor to major: —

"There, there, Bertel . . . what ails you? Does the devil ride you, boy? Are you in love with the girl? Well, well, calm yourself. Faint like a lady's maid? Courage! — did I say they had burned her? No, my boy, she was only roasted a little, according to what Bengt Kristerson says, and afterward she scratched both eyes out of Lady Märtha and climbed like a squirrel up on top of the castle. Such things happen every day in war. . . . Well, you have got your eyes open at last. So you are still alive, you milk-baked wheat cake! Are you not ashamed, boy, to be like a piece of china? You a soldier? A pretty soldier you are! *Blitzdonnerwetterkreutspappenheim!* you are a pomade pot, and no soldier! Curse it! now the tankard is empty!"

The little round warrior would undoubtedly have continued to give free reins to his bad humor, especially as he had no longer any consolation in the tankard, had not the door opened and a female form stepped in among the prisoners. At this sight, the captain's puffy although now somewhat pale face brightened perceptibly. Bertel was pushed aside, and Larsson leaned forward, so as to see better; for the light of the single lamp was quite dim. But the result of his survey did not seem especially satisfactory.

"A nun! Ah, by Heaven . . . to convert us!"

"Peace be with you," sounded a youthful voice, of fresh and agreeable tone, from under the veil. "I am sent here by the reverend prioress of the convent of Our Lady, to bind your wounds and, if it is the will of the saints, to heal them."

"Upon my honor, beautiful friend, I am very much obliged; let us then become a little better acquainted," replied the captain, somewhat more mildly disposed, and stretched out his hand with the intention of raising the nun's veil. Instantly the latter drew back a few steps; and just then two soldiers, of forbidding aspect, appeared at the door.

"Ah, I understand!" exclaimed Larsson, startled. "The devil! what proud nuns they have here! When I was in Franconia, at Würtzburg, I used to get at least half a dozen kisses a day from the young sisters in the convent; for such sins are never refused absolution. Well," continued the brave

captain, when the nun still lingered, hesitating, at the door, "your reverence must not take offense at a soldier's freedom of speech. *Nunquam nemo nasitur caballerus*, says the Spaniard; an honest soldier is born a gallant. Your reverence sees that I, although an unbelieving heretic, can talk Latin like a true monk. When we were at Munich I lived in intimate friendship with a genuine Bavarian nun, twenty-seven years old, brown eyes, Roman nose . . ."

"Hold your tongue!" whispered Bertel, impatiently. "You will drive the nun away."

"I haven't said a word. Walk in, your reverence; don't be frightened. I wager it is a good while since your reverence was twenty-seven. *Posito*, as the Frenchman says, that your reverence is an old granny."

The nun returned in silence, accompanied by two sisters in waiting, and began to examine the wound on Bertel's head, which had been badly dressed. A delicate white hand drew out a pair of scissors and cut off the youth's hair at each side of the broad mark left by Pappenheim's sword. Within twenty minutes Bertel's wounds were dressed by a skillful hand. The youth, touched by this compassion, raised the nun's hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Upon my honor, beautiful matron," cried the voluble captain, "I feel half inclined to be jealous of my friend, who is fifteen years younger than I. Now deign to stretch out your gentle hand and plaster this brave arm, which has conquered the piety of so many pious sisters."

The nun, still without speaking, began to undo the ragged scarf which covered Larsson's wounds. Her hand, in doing this, happened to touch his.

"*Potz donnerwetter!*" burst out the captain, with a connoisseur's surprise. "What a fine, soft little hand! I beg your pardon, amiable lady doctor; *ex ungua leonem*, says Saint Homer, one of the fathers of the church . . . for I also have studied the fathers of the church . . . that is to say, in good Swedish, by the paw one knows the lion. I wager ten bottles of old Rhine wine against a cast-off stirrup, that this little white hand is much better fitted to caress a cavalier's cheek than to finger rosaries night and day."

The nun drew her hand away for an instant, and seemed to hesitate. The gallant captain began to fear the consequences of his gallantry. "I will say nothing more; I am as silent as

a Carthusian monk. But I do say that one who dares to presume that such a soft hand belongs to an old granny . . . well, well, your lovely reverence hears that I am silent."

"*Tempus est consummatum, itur in missam*," said a sepulchral voice at the door, and the nun hastened to finish dressing the wound. In a few moments the two prisoners were again alone.

"I have heard that voice before," remarked Bertel, thoughtfully. "Are we then surrounded by nothing but mysteries?"

"Bah!" replied the captain, "it was a bald-headed, jealous monk. Bless me, what a sweet little hand!"

Two Old Acquaintances.

The following morning, as the late autumn sun sent its first rays into the turret room, Bertel arose and went to take a look out of the narrow grated window. It was a glorious prospect. Below him wound a magnificent stream, on whose further shore lay a town with thirty spires, and beyond were seen a number of still verdant vineyards.

At the first glance, Bertel recognized Würtzburg. Castle Marienburg, where the prisoners were confined, had, at the Swedes' retreat, fallen again into the bishop's hands; but on account of the insecurity of the times, his princely grace had not returned there himself, but remained most of the time in Vienna. The castle had suffered much from the last conquest and the attendant plundering; one tower had been destroyed, and the moat was filled up in several places. At present there were only fifty men in the garrison, but there were sick and wounded, nursed by the sisters of charity from the convent in the town. When Bertel inspected his prison more closely, he thought he recognized Regina's chamber, the same one where the beautiful lady with her maid contemplated the strife, and where the Swedish cannon ball shattered the image of the saint in the window. This discovery seemed beyond value to the romantic youth. Here had she stood, the wondrously beautiful unhappy daughter of the prince; here had she slumbered the last night before the assault. It was in Bertel's eyes a sacred place; when he pressed his lips to the cold walls, he fancied that he kissed the traces of Regina's tears.

Like a flash, a strange thought ran through his mind. If

the nun who visited them yesterday could have been a disguised princess! . . . if the delicate white hand belonged to — Regina! That would be a miracle, but . . . love believes in miracles. Bertel's heart beat violently. The gentle nurse's care had already greatly improved his neglected wounds. He felt twice as strong already.

His companions in misfortune, tired from the journey, were still asleep. Then the door opened softly, and with noiseless step the nun entered, to bring the wounded men a healing draught. Bertel felt his head swim. Overcome by his violent emotion, he fell on his knees before her.

"Your name, you angel of mercy, who remember the imprisoned!" exclaimed he. "Tell me your name, reveal your face! . . . Ah, I should recognize you among a thousand. . . . You are Regina herself!"

"You are mistaken," said the same fresh voice which Bertel had heard yesterday. It was not Regina's voice, and yet it was a very familiar one; but whose?

Bertel sprang up, and snatched the veil from the nun's head. Before him stood the pretty and gentle Kätchen, with a smiling face. Bertel stepped back, bewildered.

"Impudent one!" said Kätchen, and hastily covered her face. "I had desired to have you under my charge, and you force me to leave my place to another."

Kätchen disappeared. That same day, in the afternoon, a nun again entered the room. Larsson delivered an eloquent harangue, raised her hand to his lips, and pressed upon it a resounding kiss. Then he swore by a million devils; he had kissed an old withered hand, whose surface was like hundred-year-old parchment.

"Verily, my dear Bertel," said the deceived captain, with philosophic resignation, "there are things in nature which must eternally remain an enigma to human sagacity. This hand, for example . . . *manus*, *mana*, *manum*, hand, as the old Roman so truly expressed himself . . . this hand, my friend, would undoubtedly occupy a conspicuous place in the Greek poet Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' which we formerly studied in the cathedral school at Åbo, the time my father wanted to make me a priest. Yesterday I could have pledged my soul that it was a delicate lady's hand; and to-day I will let them shave me into a monk if this hand does not belong to a seventy-year-old washerwoman. *Sic unde ubi apud unquam post*, as they expressed themselves in

olden times. That is to say: so can a pretty girl become a witch before any one knows it."

The prisoners' wounds healed rapidly under the careful nursing of the nuns. The dark autumn storm roared around the castle turrets, and the heavy rains beat against the small windows. The vineyards withered; a thick and chilling mist arose from the Main, and obscured the view of the town.

"I can't stand it any longer," grumbled Larsson. "These wretches give us neither wine nor dice. And may Saint Brita forgive me, but the devil may kiss their nuns; I will neither kiss hand nor mouth, for *habeo multum respectum pro matronibus*, — I have much respect for old women. No, I can't stand it, I will jump out of the window. . . ."

"Do it," said Bertel, provoked.

"No, I will not jump out of the window," rejoined the captain. "No, my friend, *micus ameus*, as we used to express ourselves. . . . I shall instead honor this fellow-prisoner of ours with a game of pitch and toss."

And the captain, fertile in resources, was pleased to honor Pekka for the thirtieth time with the monotonous game which constituted his diversion, and which was played with a six-öre piece of Charles X.

"Tell me, rather," resumed Bertel, "what they are building there on the square in Würtzburg opposite us?"

"A tavern," answered Larsson. "Heads!"

"It seems to me to look more like a pyre."

"Tails!" repeated Larsson, mechanically. "Plague on it, what ill luck I have! That cursed Limingo peasant wins from me horse, saddle, and stirrups."

"The first morning of our imprisonment," continued Bertel, "I heard them say something about an *auto-da-fé*, in celebration of the battle of Lützen. What do you think of it?"

"I? What should I have against burning a dozen witches, much to our amusement?"

"But if it now concern us? If they were only waiting for the bishop's arrival?"

Larsson opened his small gray eyes, and stroked his goatee. "*Blitzdonnerkreutz!* . . . the miserable Jesuits! They would roast us like turkeys — us, the conquerors of the holy Roman empire! . . . It seems to me, friend Bertel, that in such desperate circumstances, *in rebus desperatus*, an honest soldier could

not be blamed if he should quietly steal away — for example, through the window. . . ."

"It is seventy feet above the Main, and the flood is straight beneath."

"The door?" . . . continued the captain, inquiringly.

"It is guarded night and day by two armed men."

The honest captain sank into melancholy reflections. Time passed; it became afternoon; it became night. The nun with the evening repast was not heard from.

"Festivities begin with fasting," muttered the captain, gruffly. "May I turn into a fish if I don't wring the neck of our neglectful nun the first time she shows herself."

At that instant the door opened and the nun entered, but this time without attendants. Larsson exchanged an expressive glance with his comrades, approached the nun hastily, seized her by the neck, and held her fast against the wall.

"Keep still, like a good child, most reverend abbess," mocked the captain. "If you make a sound, it is all over with you. I ought really to throw you out of the window to swim in the Main, so as to teach you *punctum preciosum*, that is to say, a precise punctuality in your attendance upon us. But I will let grace prevail instead of justice. Tell me only, you most miserable of all meal bringers, *miserabile pecorale*, what is the meaning of that fire they are preparing on the square, and who is going to be roasted there?"

"For the sake of all the saints, speak low!" whispered the nun, in a scarcely audible voice. "I am Kätchen, and have come to save you. A great danger threatens you. The prince bishop is expected to-morrow, and Father Hieronymus, the implacable enemy of you and all other Finns, has sworn to burn you alive in honor of the saints."

"The little, delicate, soft hand!" exclaimed Larsson, in delight. "Upon my honor, if I was not a booby not to recognize it immediately. Well, then, my charming friend, to Saint Brita's honor I will take a kiss on the spot. . . ."

And the captain kept his word. But Kätchen tore herself from him, and said rapidly: —

"If you do not behave yourself, young man, you will furnish fuel to the flame, that is certain. Quick, bind me fast to the bedpost and tie a handkerchief over my mouth."

"Bind you fast . . ." replied the captain, roguishly.

"Quick! The guards have had wine and are asleep, but in

twenty minutes they will be visited by the father himself. Take their cloaks and hasten out. The watchword is 'Peter and Paul.'"

"And you, yourself?" demurred the captain.

"They will find me bound; I have been overpowered and gagged."

"Noble girl! Crown among all Franconia's sisters of charity! Had I not sworn never to marry . . . Well, hurry up, Bertel! Hurry, Pekka, you lazy dog! Farewell, little rogue! One more kiss . . . good-by!"

And the three prisoners hastened out.

But scarcely were they outside the door, on the dark spiral staircase, before they felt themselves seized by iron hands, thrown down and bound.

"Take the dogs down to the treasure room!" said a well-known voice.

It was the voice of the Jesuit Hieronymus.

Overpowered and bound hand and foot, the prisoners soon found themselves in the dark, damp dungeon, hewn deep in the rock, where the bishop of Würtzburg had kept his treasure before the Swedes saved him the trouble. No ray of light penetrated into this musty vault, and the moisture from the rocks trickled through and dripped monotonously on the ground.

L'ALLEGRO.

By JOHN MILTON.

[JOHN MILTON: English poet; born in London, December 9, 1608; died in London, November 8, 1674. He was graduated from Cambridge, 1629; was Latin secretary, 1649–1660. He became totally blind in 1652. At the Restoration he was proscribed and his works were ordered burnt by the hangman; but after a time he was left unmolested and spent the last years of his life in quiet literary labors. "Paradise Lost" was issued in 1666, "Paradise Regained" in 1671, and "Samson Agonistes" in 1671. His masque of "Comus" was published in 1634, "Lycidas" in 1637, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" in 1645. Among his prose works the "Areopagitica" (1644), advocating the freedom of the press, his work on Divorce, and his "Defense of the English People" (1654) are most famous. His sonnets in the Italian manner are among the finest in the English language.]

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,

'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,

Through the sweetbrier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

By JOHN MILTON.

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or filled the fixèd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But, hail! thou Goddess sage and holy!
Hail, divinest melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery wheelèd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!

Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy evensong;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptere pall come sweeping by
Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride!
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;

And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give;
And I with thee will choose to live.

HISTRIO-MASTIX:

The Players' Scourge or Actors' Tragædie.

By WILLIAM PRYNNE.

[William Prynne, Puritan and royalist, victim by fortune and persecutor by desire, has a permanent place in history much beyond his magnitude, through the dramatic events in which he was a furious and not too rational actor; and the savage punishment he drew on himself, coming casually from the royal side, has made him seem without much reason a sort of martyr for liberty. He was born near Bath in 1600; graduated from Oriel College, Oxford; became a lawyer, learned in legal and constitutional antiquities; and applied a narrow eager mind and harsh ungenial nature to denouncing amusements, ornaments, fine dress, etc., without stint, proportion, or decency of language. His most famous work,

"Histrio-mastix" (*i.e.* Players' Scourge: 1633), practically warned the King (Charles I.) that favoring the drama might lead to a violent death, and applied the foulest of epithets to all actresses just when the Queen (Henrietta Maria) was rehearsing a ballet. He was degraded from his profession and his university degree, put in the pillory, and lost his ears (May 1634), few objecting or pitying. In 1637 a fresh onslaught on the ill-judged Declaration of Sports and the bishops got the stumps of his ears cut off again, and an imprisonment for him meant to be perpetual; but the monarchy had so alienated the whole country in these three years that Prynne's journey was a triumphal progress strewn with flowers. He was liberated and recompensed by the Long Parliament, and took their side against the King and Laud; but he denounced the Independents without measure for holding the right of individual worship and the principle of toleration, and maintained the right of the state to establish a church and exterminate dissent — as did Laud. In 1648 he favored "conciliating" Charles, and opposed his execution. He opposed the new government, refused to pay taxes, and was laid by the heels again. He published a venomous attack on the Quakers as disguised Jesuits, and tried to have Jews excluded from the country (1658); and upheld the patronage system in the church. In 1659–1660 he spent all his time assailing Richard Cromwell's government, and was active in preparing for the restoration of Charles II. After the latter, he was as vindictive in hounding all who had held office under Cromwell, or had dealings with any who had so held office, as if his ears had been lost through them; he supported the attainder of the dead Cromwell, proposed to make all his officials refund their salaries, and even moved against paying the private debts of the regicide judges out of their confiscated estates. He was member of Parliament till his death in October 1669, censured by it once for gross libel and once for altering a bill after commitment, quarreling in person or by pen to the last.]

[The italic passages are quotations — literal or virtual; authors given in original.]

The Prologue.

Such hath alwayes beene, and yet is, the perverse, and wretched condition of sinfull man, (*a*) *the cogitations of whose heart are evill, and onely evill before God, and that continually:* that it is farre more easie to estrange him from his best, and chiefest joyes; then to divorce him from his (*b*) *truest misery,* (*c*) *the pleasures of sinne, which are but for a season,* (*d*) *yet set in endlesse griefe:* (Man alwayes hugges his pleasurable sinnes so fast, out of a *preposterous, and misguided love,* (*e*) *which makes his reformation desperate:*) that if any soule-compassionating Christians attempt to wrest them from him; hee forthwith takes up armes against them; returning them no other answere, then that of Ruth to Naomie, in a farre better case: (*f*) *The Lord doe so to mee, and more also, if ought but death part them and mee: where they dye, I will dye, and there will I bee buried:* and thus alas hee lives, (*g*) *nay, dies, and lies* (*as too many dayly doe*) *intombed both with, and in, his darling crimes.*

How naturally prone men are to cleave to worldly pleasures, and delights of sinne, in despite of all those powerfull attractives, which might withdraw them from them; to omit all other particular instances: wee may behold a reall, and lively experiment of it, in prophane, and poysonous STAGE-PLAYES; the common Idole, and prevailing evill of our dissolute, and degenerous Age: which though they had their rise from Hell; yea, their birth, and pedegree from the very Devill himselfe, to whose honour, and service they were at first devoted: though they have beene oft condemned, and quite exploded by the whole Primitive Church, both under the Law, and Gospel: by the unanimous vote of all the Fathers, and sundry Councells from age to age: by Moderne Divines, and Christian Authours of all sorts: by divers Heathen States, and Emperours; and by whole Grand-juries of prophane writers, as well Historians, and Poets, as Philosophers: (*h*) *as the Incendiaries, and common Nurseries of all Villany, and Wickednesse; the bane, and overthrow of all Grace, and Goodnesse; the very poyson, and corruption of mens mindes, and manners; the very fatall plagues, and overtures of those States, and Kingdomes where they are once tollerated*, as I shall proove anon.

Yet wee, we miserable, and gracelesse wretches, after so many sentences passed upon them: after so many Judgements already inflicted on, and yet threatened to us, for them: after so many yeres, and Jubilies of the glorious Gospel-sun-shine: (*i*) *which teacheth us to deny ungodlinesse, and all worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for the comming, and appearance of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ:* yea, after our very vow, and sacred covenant in Baptisme, which bindes us, (*k*) *to forsake the Devill, and all his Workes, the Pomps, and Vanities of this wicked World, and all the sinfull lusts of the flesh,* (*l*) *of which these Stage-Players are the chiefe:* as if wee were quite degenerated, not onely from the grace, and holinesse of Christians; but even from the naturall goodnesse, and moralitie of Pagans in former Ages; doe now, even now, in the middest of all our feares at home, and the miserable desolations of Gods Church abroade; (the very thoughts of which should cause our hearts to bleed, *and soules* (*m*) *to mourne; much more our Hellish jollitie, and mirth to cease:*) as if wee had made a covenant with Hell, and sworn allegeance to the Devill himselfe; (*n*) *inthrall, and sell our selves to these Diabolicall, and hellish Enter-ludes*, notwith-

standing, all that God, or man have said against them: and would rather part with Christ, Religion, God, or Heaven, then with them.

Yea so farre are many mens affections wedded to these prophane, and Heathenish vanities; that as it was in Saint Augustines time, even so it is now: (*o*) *whosoever is but displeased, and offended with them, is presently reputed for a common Enemie:* he that speaks against them, or comes not at them, is forthwith branded for a Scismaticall, or factious *Puritan:* and if *any one assay to alter, or suppresse them, he becomes so odious unto many: that did not the feare of punishment restraine their malice, they would not onely scorne, and disgrace, but even stone, or rent him all to pieces, as a man unworthy for to live on earth: whereas such who further these delights of sinne, are highly magnified,* as the chiefe contrivers of the publike happinesse.

There was once a time, (if Tertullian, with some other ancient Fathers, may bee credited:) (*p*) *when as it was the chiefest badge and character of a Christian, to refraine from Stage-Playes: yea, this* (*q*) *was one great crime which the Pagans did* object against the Christians in the Primitive Church; that they came not to their Enterludes. But now, (as if Stage-Playes were our *Creed*, and *Gospel*, or the truest embleme of our Christian profession,) those are not worthy of the name of *Christians;* they must be *Puritans*, and *Precisians;* not *Protestants*, who dislike them.

(*r*) *Heu quantum mutatus ab illo?*

Alas, how farre are Christians now degenerated, from what they were in ancient times; when as that which was their badge and honour heretofore, is now become their brand and shame? (*s*) *Quantus in Christiano populo honor Christi est, ubi religio ignobilem facit?* How little doe we Christians honour Christ, when as the ancient character, and practicall power, of Religion, (I meane the abandoning, and renouncing of sinne-fomenting Stage-Playes) subject men unto the highest censure, and disgrace?

(*t*) *Conquerar? an taceam?*

This being the dissolute, and unhappy constitution of our depraved times, it put mee at the first to this Dilemma; whether to sit mute and silent still, and (*u*) *mourne in secret* for these

(*x*) *over-spredding abominations*, (which have got such head of late among us; that many who visit the *Church* scarce once a weeke, frequent the *Play-house* once a day:) or whether (*y*) *I should lift up my voyce like a trumpet, and crie against them*, to my power? If I should bend my tongue, or pen against them, (as I have done against some other sinfull, and Unchristian vanities,) my thoughts informed me; that I might with the unfortunate Disciples, (*z*) *fish all night, and catch just nothing at the last*, but the reproach, and scorne of the Histrionicall, and prophaner sort, (*a*) *whose tongues are set on fire of Hell*, against all such as dare affront their Hellish practises; and so my hopes and travell would bee wreckt at once: If I should on the other side, neglect to doe my uttermost, to extirpate, or withstand these dangerous spectacles, or to withdraw such persons from them, as my paines, and briefe collections in this subject might reclaime, when God had put this opportunitie into my hand, and will into my heart, to doe it: my Conscience then perswaded me; that my negligence, and slacknesse in this kinde, (*b*) *might make mee guiltie of the death of all such ignorant, and seduced Soules, which these my poore endevours might rescue from these chaines of Hell, and cordes of sinne:* and (*c*) *interest me, in all the evill which they might suppresse.*

Whereupon I resolved with my selfe at last, (*d*) *to endure the crosse, and despise the hate, and shame*, which the publishing of this HISTRIO-MASTIX might procure mee, and to (*e*) *asswage* (at least in my (*f*) *endevours*, if not otherwise,) *these inveterate, and festred* ulcers, (which may endanger Church, and State at once,) *by applying some speedy corrosives, and emplaisters to them*, and ripping up their noxious, and infectious nature on the publike Theater, in these ensuing Acts, and Scenes: which I thought good to stile, *The Players,* or *Actors Tragœdie:* not so much for the Stile, or Method of it, (for alas, here is neither (*g*) *Tragicke stile*, nor Poeticall straines, nor rare Invention, nor Clowne, nor Actor in it, but onely bare, and naked (*h*) *Trueth, which needes no Eloquence, nor straine of wit for to adorne, or pleade its cause:*) as for the good effects I hope it may, and will produce, to the suppression, and extirpation; at least the restraint, and diminution both of Playes and common Actors, and all those severall mischievous, and pestiferous fruites of Hellish wickednesses that issue from them: which much desired successe, and reformation, if I could but live to see; I should deeme my selfe an happy man, and think my labour richly recompenced.

THE UNACCEPTED SACRIFICE.

By JOHN FORD.

(From "Love's Sacrifice.")

[John Ford, English playwright, was born in Devonshire in 1586, and died after 1639. He was a lawyer with a competency, not writing for need; and was perhaps the truest poet of all the group of dramatists under James I. and Charles I. But the morbid gloom and often repulsiveness of his tragic situations, of which bloodshed is the least tragic, make it difficult to quote — sometimes even to name — his plays. "The Lover's Melancholy," "'Tis Pity She's a W——," "The Broken Heart," "Love's Sacrifice," "Perkin Warbeck," "Fancies Chaste and Noble," "The Lady's Trial" (all printed 1629–1639), are the chief, besides some in collaboration.]

Persons: Bianca, *Duchess of Pavia;* Fernando, *a favorite of the Duke.*

Fernando —
Madam, —
Bianca — To me, my lord?
Fernando — Please but to hear
The story of a castaway in love;
And, O, let not the passage of a jest
Make slight a sadder subject, who hath placed
All happiness in your diviner eyes!
Bianca —
My lord, the time —
Fernando — The time! yet hear me speak
For I must speak or burst: I have a soul
So anchored down with cares in seas of woe
That passion and the vows I owe to you
Have changed me to a lean anatomy:
Sweet princess of my life, —
Bianca — Forbear, or I shall —
Fernando —
Yet, as you honor virtue, do not freeze
My hopes to more discomfort than as yet
My fears suggest; no beauty so adorns
The composition of a well-built mind
As pity: hear me out.
Bianca — No more! I spare
To tell you what you are, and must confess
Do almost hate my judgment, that it once
Thought goodness dwelt in you. Remember now,
It is the third time since your treacherous tongue

Hath pleaded treason to my ear and fame;
Yet, for the friendship 'twixt my lord and you,
I have not voiced your follies: if you dare
To speak a fourth time, you shall rue your lust;
'Tis all no better: learn and love yourself. [*Exit.*

Fernando —

Gone! O, my sorrows! how am I undone!
Not speak again? no, no, in her chaste breast
Virtue and resolution have discharged
All female weakness: I have sued and sued,
Knelt, wept, and begged; but tears and vows and words
Move her no more than summer-winds a rock.
I must resolve to check this rage of blood,
And will: she is all icy to my fires,
Yet even that ice inflames in me desires.

Later: At Chess.

Bianca —

Play.

Fernando —

I must not lose the advantage of the game:
Madam, your queen is lost.

Bianca — My clergy help me!
My queen! and nothing for it but a pawn?
Why, then, the game's lost too; but play.

Fernando — What, madam?

[Fernando *often looks about.*

Bianca —

You must needs play well, you are so studious. —
Fie upon't! you study past patience: —
What do you dream on? here is demurring
Would weary out a statue! — Good, now, play.

Fernando —

Forgive me; let my knees forever stick [*Kneels.*
Nailed to the ground, as earthy as my fears,
Ere I arise, to part away so cursed
In my unbounded anguish as the rage
Of flames beyond all utterance of words
Devour me, lightened by your sacred eyes.

Bianca —

What means the man?

Fernando — To lay before your feet
In lowest vassalage the bleeding heart
That sighs the tender of a suit disdained.
Great lady, pity me, my youth, my wounds;
And do not think that I have culled this time

From motion's swiftest measure to unclasp
The book of lust: if purity of love
Have residence in virtue's breast, lo here,
Bent lower in my heart than on my knee,
I beg compassion to a love as chaste
As softness of desire can intimate.

Bianca—

Am I again betrayed? bad man!—

Fernando— Keep in,
Bright angel, that severer breath, to cool
That heat of cruelty which sways the temple
Of your too stony breast: you cannot urge
One reason to rebuke my trembling plea,
Which I have not with many nights' expense
Examined; but, O, madam, still I find
No physic strong to cure a tortured mind,
But freedom from the torture it sustains.

Bianca—

Rise up; we charge you, rise! [*He rises.*
Look on our face:
What see you there that may persuade a hope
Of lawless love? Know, most unworthy man,
So much we hate the baseness of thy lust,
As, were none living of thy sex but thee,
We had much rather prostitute our blood
To some envenomed serpent than admit
Thy bestial dalliance. Couldst thou dare to speak
Again, when we forbade? no, wretched thing,
Take this for answer: if thou henceforth ope
Thy leprous mouth to tempt our ear again,
We shall not only certify our lord
Of thy disease in friendship, but revenge
Thy boldness with the forfeit of thy life.
Think on't.

Fernando—

Stay; go not hence in choler, blessèd woman!
You've schooled me; lend me hearing: though the float
Of infinite desires swell to a tide
Too high so soon to ebb, yet, by this hand, [*Kisses her hand.*
This glorious, gracious hand of yours,—
I swear,
Henceforth I never will as much in word,
In letter, or in syllable, presume
To make a repetition of my griefs.
Good-night t'ye! If, when I am dead, you rip
This coffin of my heart, there shall you read

With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,
Bianca's name carved out in bloody lines.
Forever, lady, now good-night!

Bianca — Good-night!

Rest in your goodness.

* * * * * * *

SCENE: *A Bedchamber in the Palace.*

Enter BIANCA, *her hair loose, in her night-mantle. She draws a curtain, and* FERNANDO *is discovered in bed, sleeping; she sets down the candle, and goes to the bedside.*

Bianca —

Resolve, and do; 'tis done. — What! are those eyes,
Which lately were so overdrowned in tears,
So easy to take rest? O happy man!
How sweetly sleep hath sealed up sorrows here!
But I will call him. — What, my lord, my lord,
My Lord Fernando!

Fernando — Who calls me?

Bianca — My lord,

Sleeping or waking?

Fernando — Ha! who is't?

Bianca — 'Tis I:

Have you forgot my voice? or is your ear
But useful to your eye?

Fernando —

Madam the duchess!

Bianca — She, 'tis she; sit up,

Sit up and wonder, whiles my sorrows swell:
The nights are short, and I have much to say.

Fernando —

Is't possible 'tis you?

Bianca — 'Tis possible:

Why do you think I come?

Fernando — Why! to crown joys,

And make me master of my best desires.

Bianca —

'Tis true, you guess aright; sit up and listen.
With shame and passion now I must confess,
Since first mine eyes beheld you, in my heart
You have been only king; if there can be
A violence in love, then I have felt

That tyranny: be record to my soul
The justice which I for this folly fear!
Fernando, in short words, howe'er my tongue
Did often chide thy love, each word thou spak'st
Was music to my ear; was never poor,
Poor wretched woman lived that loved like me,
So truly, so unfeignedly.

Fernando— O, madam!

Bianca—

To witness that I speak is truth, look here!
Thus singly [single-garmented] I adventure to thy bed,
And do confess my weakness: if thou tempt'st
My bosom to thy pleasures, I will yield.

Fernando—

Perpetual happiness!

Bianca— Now hear me out.
When first Caraffa, Pavy's duke, my lord,
Saw me, he loved me; and without respect
Of dower took me to his bed and bosom;
Advanced me to the titles I possess,
Not moved by counsel or removed by greatness;
Which to requite, betwixt my soul and Heaven
I vowed a vow to live a constant wife:
I have done so; nor was there in the world
A man created could have broke that truth
For all the glories of the earth but thou,
But thou, Fernando! Do I love thee now?

Fernando—

Beyond imagination.

Bianca— True, I do,
Beyond imagination: if no pledge
Of love can instance what I speak is true
But loss of my best joys, here, here, Fernando,
Be satisfied and ruin me.

Fernando— What d'ye mean?

Bianca—

To give my body up to thy embraces,
A pleasure that I never wished to thrive in
Before this fatal minute. Mark me now;
If thou dost spoil me of this robe of shame,
By my best comforts, here I vow again,
To thee, to Heaven, to the world, to time,
Ere yet the morning shall new-christen day,
I'll kill myself!

Fernando— How, madam, how!

Bianca — I will:
Do what thou wilt, 'tis in thy choice: what say ye?
Fernando —
Pish! do you come to try me? tell me, first,
Will you but grant a kiss?
Bianca — Yes, take it; that,
Or what thy heart can wish: I am all thine.
[FERNANDO *kisses her.*
Fernando —
O, me! — Come, come; how many women, pray,
Were ever heard or read of, granted love,
And did as you protest you will?
Bianca — Fernando,
Jest not at my calamity. I kneel: [*Kneels*
By these dishevelled hairs, these wretched tears,
By all that's good, if what I speak my heart
Vows not eternally, then think, my lord,
Was never man sued to me I denied, —
Think me a common and most cunning w——;
And let my sins be written on my grave,
My name rest in reproof! [*Rises.*] — Do as you list.
Fernando —
I must believe ye, — yet I hope [expect] anon,
When you are parted from me, you will say
I was a good, cold, easy-spirited man,
Nay, laugh at my simplicity: say, will ye?
Bianca —
No, by the faith I owe my bridal vows!
But ever hold thee much, much dearer far
Than all thy joys on earth, by this chaste kiss.
[*Kisses him.*
Fernando —
You have prevailed; and Heaven forbid that I
Should by a wanton appetite profane
This sacred temple! 'tis enough for me
You'll please to call me servant.
Bianca — Nay, be thine:
Command my power, my bosom; and I'll write
This love within the tables of my heart.
Fernando —
Enough: I'll master passion and triumph
In being conquered; adding to it this,
In you my love as it begun shall end.
Bianca —
The latter I new-vow. But day comes on;

What now we leave unfinished of content,
Each hour shall perfect up: sweet, let us part.

Fernando—

This kiss,—best life, good rest! [*Kisses her.*

Bianca— All mine to thee!

Remember this, and think I speak thy words:
"When I am dead, rip up my heart, and read
With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,
Fernando's name carved out in bloody lines."
Once more, good rest, sweet!

Fernando— Your most faithful servant!

[*Exit* BIANCA.

POEMS OF GEORGE HERBERT.

[GEORGE HERBERT, English poet, brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was born at Montgomery Castle, Wales, April 3, 1593. He was elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, became public orator of the university, and after spending several years at court in the hope of preferment, studied divinity and entered the church. About 1630 he was presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Bemerton, and here he wrote "The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations" (1633), of which, in 1670, more than twenty thousand copies had been sold. "A Priest to the Temple, or the Country Parson" (1652) is his chief prose work. Herbert was a great favorite with James I., Bacon, and Bishop Andrewes, and numbered among his intimate friends Dr. Donne and Nicholas Ferrar. He died at Bemerton, 1633.]

THE ONE IMPERISHABLE THING.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

The Collar.

I struck the board, and cried, "No more;
I will abroad!
What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it;
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it,
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted
All wasted?
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands
Which petty thoughts have made; and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away! take heed;
I will abroad
Call in thy death's head there, tie up thy fears;
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load.

The Pulley.

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessing standing by;
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can:

Let the world's riches which dispersed lie
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

The Elixir.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,

Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

THE CID.[1]

By CORNEILLE.

[Pierre Corneille, the great French dramatist, was born at Rouen, June 6, 1606. He practiced law for a time at Rouen, but the success of his first comedy, "Mélite," induced him to enter upon a literary career. After producing a series of comedies, he began writing tragedies, and brought out in rapid succession "Médée"; "Le Cid," which established his fame; "Horace"; "Cinna"; "Polyeucte," frequently regarded as his greatest work; "La Mort de Pompée" (Death of Pompey); "Théodore"; "Rodogune." "Le Menteur" (The Liar) entitles him to be called the father of French comedy as well as of tragedy. There was a distinct decline in the quality of Corneille's later works, and during the closing years of his life he was overshadowed by his younger contemporary, Racine. Corneille became a member of the French Academy in 1647. He died in Paris, October 1, 1684.]

Chimène — What! Rodrigo! In broad daylight! Whence comes this audacity? Go, thou art ruining my honor; retire, I beseech thee.

Don Rodrigo — I go to die, dear lady, and I come to bid you in this place, before the mortal blow, a last adieu. This unchangeable love, which binds me beneath your laws, dares not to accept my death without paying to you homage for it.

Chimène — Thou art going to death!

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Don Rodrigo — I speed to those happy moments which will deliver my life from your resentment.

Chimène — Thou art going to death! Is Don Sancho, then, so formidable that he can inspire terror in this invincible heart? What has rendered thee so weak? or what renders him so strong? Does Rodrigo go to fight, and believe himself already slain? He who has not feared the Moors nor my father, goes to fight Don Sancho, and already despairs? Thus, then, thy courage lowers itself in the hour of need.

Don Rodrigo — I speed to my punishment, and not to the combat; and, since you seek my death, my faithful ardor will readily deprive me of the desire of defending my life. I have always the same courage, but I have not the arm, when it is needed, to preserve that which does not please you; and already this night would have been fatal to me, if I had fought for my own private wrong; but, defending my king, his people, and my country, by carelessly defending myself, I should have betrayed *them*. My highborn spirit does not hate life so much as to wish to depart from it by perfidy, now that it regards my interests only. You demand my death — I accept its decree. Your resentment chose the hand of another; I was unworthy to die by yours. They shall not see me repel its blows; I owe more respect to him who fights for you; and delighted to think that it is from you these blows proceed — since it is your honor that his arms sustain — I shall present to him my unprotected breast, worshiping through his hand thine that destroys me.

Chimène — If the just vehemence of a sad sense of duty, which causes me, in spite of myself, to follow after thy valiant life, prescribes to thy love a law so severe that it surrenders thee without defense to him who combats for me, in this infatuation, lose not the recollection that, with thy life, thine honor is tarnished, and that, in whatever renown Rodrigo may have lived, when men shall know him to be dead, they will believe him conquered. Thine honor is dearer to thee than I am dear, since it steeps thine hands in the blood of my father, and causes thee to renounce, in spite of thy love, the sweet hope of gaining me. I see thee, however, pay such little regard to it that, without fighting, thou wishest to be overcome. What inconsistency mars thy valor! Why hast thou it no more? or why didst thou possess it formerly? What! art thou valiant only to do me an injury? Unless it be to offend me, hast thou no

courage at all? And dost thou treat my father with such rigor that, after having conquered him, thou wilt endure a conqueror? Go! without wishing to die, leave me to pursue thee, and defend thine honor, if thou wilt no longer live.

Don Rodrigo — After the death of the count and the defeat of the Moors, will my renown still require other achievements? That may scorn the care of defending myself; it is known that my courage dares to attempt all, that my valor can accomplish all, and that, here below, in comparison with mine honor, nothing is precious to me. No! no! in this combat, whatever thou mayest please to think, Rodrigo may die without risking his renown: without men daring to accuse him of having wanted spirit: without being considered as conquered, without enduring a conqueror. They will say only: "He adored Chimène; he would not live and merit her hatred; he yielded himself to the severity of his fate, which compelled his mistress to seek his death; she wished for his head, and his magnanimous heart, had that been refused to her, would have considered it a crime. To avenge his honor, he lost his love; to avenge his mistress, he forsook life, preferring (whatever hope may have enslaved his soul) his honor to Chimène, and Chimène to his existence." Thus, then, you will see that my death in this conflict, far from obscuring my glory, will increase its value; and this honor will follow my voluntary death, that no other than myself could have satisfied you.

Chimène — Since, to prevent thee from rushing to destruction, thy life and thine honor are feeble inducements, if ever I loved thee, dear Rodrigo, in return, defend thyself now, to rescue me from Don Sancho. Fight, to release me from a compact which delivers me to the object of my aversion. Shall I say more to thee? Go, think of thy defense, to overcome my sense of duty, to impose on me silence; and if thou feelest thine heart still enamored for me, come forth, as a conqueror. from a combat of which Chimène is the reward. Adieu; this thoughtlessly uttered word causes me to blush for shame!

[*Exit* CHIMÈNE.

Don Rodrigo — Where is the foe I could not now subdue? Come forth, warriors of Navarre, Morocco, and Castile! and all the heroes that Spain has produced; unite together and form an army, to contend against one hand thus nerved. Unite all your efforts against a hope so sweet — you have too little power to succeed in destroying it! . . .

The Infanta — Shall I listen to thee still, pride of my birth, that makest a crime out of my passions? Shall I listen to thee, love, whose delicious power causes my desires to rebel against this proud tyrant? Poor princess! to which of the two oughtest thou to yield obedience? Rodrigo, thy valor renders thee worthy of me; but although thou art valiant, thou art not the son of a king.

Pitiless fate, whose severity separates my glory and my desires! Is it decreed that the choice of such rare merit should cost my passion such great anguish? O heaven! for how many sighs must my heart prepare itself, if, after such a long, painful struggle, it never succeeds in either extinguishing the love, or accepting the lover!

But there are too many scruples, and my reason is alarmed at the contempt of a choice so worthy; although to monarchs only my birth may assign me, Rodrigo, with honor I shall live under thy laws. After having conquered two kings, couldst thou fail in obtaining a crown? And this great name of Cid, which thou hast just now won — does it not show too clearly over whom thou art destined to reign?

He is worthy of me, but he belongs to Chimène; the present which I made of him injures me. Between them, the death of a father has interposed so little hatred that the duty of blood with regret pursues him. Thus let us hope for no advantage, either from his transgression or from my grief, since, to punish me, destiny has allowed that love should continue even between two enemies.

Infanta — Why comest thou, Leonora?

Leonora — To congratulate you, dear lady, on the tranquillity which at last your soul has recovered.

Infanta — Whence should this tranquillity come, — in an accumulation of sorrow?

Leonora — If love lives on hope, and if it dies with it, Rodrigo can no more charm your heart; you know of the combat in which Chimène involves him; since he must die in it, or become her husband, your hope is dead and your spirit is healed.

Infanta — Ah! how far from it!

Leonora — What more can you expect?

Infanta — Nay, rather, what hope canst thou forbid me? If Rodrigo fights under these conditions, to counteract the effect of it I have too many resources. Love, this sweet author

of my cruel punishments, teaches the minds of lovers too many stratagems.

Leonora — Can *you* accomplish anything, since a dead father has not been able to kindle discord in their minds. For Chimène clearly shows by her behavior that hatred to-day does not cause her pursuit. She obtains the combat, and for her champion, she accepts on the moment the first that offers. She has not recourse to those noble hands whom so many famous exploits render so glorious; Don Sancho suffices her, and merits her choice, because he is going to arm himself for the first time; she loves in this duel his want of experience; as he is without renown, so is she without apprehension; and her readiness ought to make you clearly see that she seeks for a combat which her duty demands, but which yields her Rodrigo an easy victory, and authorizes her at length to seem appeased.

Infanta — I observe it clearly; and nevertheless my heart, in rivalry with Chimène, adores this conqueror. On what shall I resolve, hopeless lover that I am?

Leonora — To remember better from whom you are sprung. Heaven owes you a king; you love a subject!

Infanta — The object of my attachment has completely changed: I no longer love Rodrigo as a mere nobleman. No; it is not thus that my love entitles him. If I love him, it is as the author of so many brilliant deeds, — as the valiant Cid, the master of two kings. I shall conquer myself, however; not from dread of any censure, but in order that I may not disturb so glorious a love; and even though, to favor me, they should crown him, I will not take back a gift which I have given. Since in such a combat his triumph is certain, let us go once more to give that gift to Chimène. And thou, who seest the love arrows with which my heart is pierced, come see me finish as I have begun.

Chimène — Elvira, how greatly I suffer; and how much I am to be pitied! I know not what to hope, and I see everything to be dreaded. No wish escapes me to which I dare consent. I desire nothing without a quick repentance. I have caused two rivals to take up arms for me: the most happy result will cause me tears; and though fate may decree in my favor, my father is without revenge, or my lover is dead.

Elvira — On the one side and the other I see you consoled: either you have Rodrigo, or you are avenged. And however

fate may ordain for you, it maintains your honor and gives you a spouse.

Chimène — What! the object of my hatred or of such resentment! — the slayer of Rodrigo, or that of my father! In either case they give me a husband, still all stained with the blood that I cherished most; in either case my soul revolts, and I fear more than death the ending of my quarrel. Away! vengeance, love — which agitate my feelings. Ye have no gratifications for me at such a price; and Thou, Powerful Controller of the destiny which afflicts me, terminate this combat without any advantage, without rendering either of the two conquered or conqueror.

Elvira — This would be treating you with too much severity. This combat is a new punishment for your feelings, if it leaves you compelled to demand justice, to exhibit always this proud resentment, and continually to seek after the death of your lover. Dear lady, it is far better that his unequaled valor, crowning his brow, should impose silence upon you; that the conditions of the combat should extinguish your sighs; and that the King should compel you to follow your inclinations.

Chimène — If he be conqueror, dost thou believe that I shall surrender? My sense of duty is too strong and my loss too great; and this combat and the will of the King are not strong enough to dictate conditions to them. He may conquer Don Sancho with very little difficulty, but he shall not with him conquer the sense of duty of Chimène; and whatever reward a monarch may have promised to his victory, my self-respect will raise against him a thousand other enemies.

Elvira — Beware lest, to punish this strange pride, Heaven may at last permit you to revenge yourself. What! — you will still reject the happiness of being able now to be silent with honor? What means this duty, and what does it hope for? Will the death of your lover restore to you a father? Is one stroke of misfortune insufficient for you? Is there need of loss upon loss, and sorrow upon sorrow? Come, in the caprice in which your humor persists, you do not deserve the lover that is destined for you, and we may see the just wrath of Heaven, by his death, leaving you Don Sancho as a spouse.

Chimène — Elvira, the griefs which I endure are sufficient: do not redouble them by this fatal augury. I wish, if I can, to avoid both; but if not, in this conflict Rodrigo has all my prayers; not because a weak affection inclines me to his side,

but because, if he were conquered, I should become the bride of Don Sancho. This fear creates my desire ——

[*Enter* Don Sancho.

What do I see, unhappy I! Elvira, all is lost!

Don Sancho — Compelled to bring this sword to thy feet——

Chimène — What! still reeking with the blood of Rodrigo! Traitor, dost thou dare to show thyself before mine eyes, after having taken from me that which I love the best? Declare thyself my love, and thou hast no more to fear. My father is satisfied; cease to restrain thyself. The same stroke has placed my honor in safety, my soul in despair, and my passion at liberty!

Don Sancho — With a mind more calmly collected ——

Chimène — Dost thou still speak to me, detestable assassin of a hero whom I adore? Go; you fell upon him treacherously. A warrior so valiant would never have sunk beneath such an assailant! Hope nothing from me. Thou hast not served me; and believing that thou wert avenging me, thou hast deprived me of life.

Don Sancho — Strange delusion, which, far from listening to me ——

Chimène — Wilt thou that I should listen to thee while boasting of his death? — that I should patiently hear with what haughty pride thou wilt describe his misfortune, my own crime, and thy prowess?

Chimène — Sire, there is no further need to dissemble that which all my struggles have not been able to conceal from you. I loved, you knew it; but, to avenge my father, I even wished to sacrifice so dear a being. Sire, your majesty may have seen how I have made love yield to duty. At last, Rodrigo is dead; and his death has converted me from an unrelenting foe into an afflicted lover. I owed this revenge to him who gave me existence; and to my love I now owe these tears. Don Sancho has destroyed me in undertaking my defense; and I am the reward of the arm which destroys me. Sire, if compassion can influence a king, for mercy's sake revoke a law so severe. As the reward of a victory by which I lose that which I love, I leave him my possessions; let him leave me to myself, that in a sacred cloister I may weep continually, even to my last sigh, for my father and my lover.

Don Diego — In brief, she loves, sire, and no longer believes it a crime to acknowledge with her own lips a lawful affection.

Don Fernando — Chimène, be undeceived; thy lover is not dead, and the vanquished Don Sancho has given thee a false report.

Don Sancho — Sire, a little too much eagerness, in spite of me, has misled her; I came from the combat to tell her the result. This noble warrior of whom her heart is enamored, when he had disarmed me, spoke to me thus: "Fear nothing — I would rather leave the victory uncertain, than shed blood risked in defense of Chimène; but, since my duty calls me to the King, go, tell her of our combat; on the part of the conqueror, carry her thy sword." Sire, I came; this weapon deceived her; seeing me return, she believed me to be conqueror, and her resentment suddenly betrayed her love, with such excitement and so much impatience, that I could not obtain a moment's hearing. As for me, although conquered, I consider myself fortunate; and in spite of the interests of my enamored heart, though losing infinitely, I still love my defeat, which causes the triumph of a love so perfect.

Don Fernando — My daughter, there is no need to blush for a passion so glorious, nor to seek means of making a disavowal of it; a laudable shame in vain solicits thee; thy honor is redeemed, and thy duty performed; thy father is satisfied, and it was to avenge him that thou didst so often place thy Rodrigo in danger. Thou seest how Heaven otherwise ordains. Having done so much for him, do something for thyself; and be not rebellious against my command, which gives thee a spouse beloved so dearly.

Infanta — Dry thy tears, Chimène, and receive without sadness this noble conqueror from the hands of thy princess.

Don Rodrigo — Be not offended, sire, if in your presence an impassioned homage causes me to kneel before her. I come not here to ask for the reward of my victory; I come once more to offer you my head, dear lady. My love shall not employ in my own favor either the law of the combat or the will of the King. If all that has been done is too little for a father, say by what means you must be satisfied. Must I still contend against a thousand and a thousand rivals, and to the two ends of the earth extend my labors, myself alone storm a camp, put to flight an army, surpass the renown of fabulous heroes? If my deep of-

fense can be by that means washed away, I dare undertake all, and can accomplish all. But if this proud honor, always inexorable, cannot be appeased without the death of the guilty, arm no more against me the power of mortals; mine head is at thy feet, avenge thyself by thine own hands; thine hands alone have the right to vanquish the invincible. Take thou a vengeance to all others impossible. But at least let my death suffice to punish me; banish me not from thy remembrance, and, since my doom preserves your honor, to recompense yourself for this, preserve my memory, and say sometimes, when deploring my fate: "Had he not loved me, he would not have died."

Chimène — Rise, Rodrigo. I must confess it, sire, I have said too much to be able to unsay it. Rodrigo has noble qualities which I cannot hate; and, when a king commands, he ought to be obeyed. But to whatever you may have already doomed me, can you, before your eyes, tolerate this union? And when you desire this effort from my feeling of duty, is it entirely in accord with your sense of justice? If Rodrigo becomes so indispensable to the state, of that which he has done for you ought I to be the reward, and surrender myself to the everlasting reproach of having imbrued my hands in the blood of a father?

Don Fernando — Time has often rendered lawful that which at first seemed impossible, without being a crime. Rodrigo has won thee, and thou art justly his. But, although his valor has by conquest obtained thee to-day, it would need that I should become the enemy of thy self-respect, to give him so soon the reward of his victory. This bridal deferred does not break a law which, without specifying the time, devotes thy faith to him. Take a year, if thou wilt, to dry thy tears; Rodrigo, in the mean time, must take up arms. After having vanquished the Moors on our borders, overthrown their plans, and repulsed their attacks, go, carry the war even into their country, command my army, and ravage their territory. At the mere name of Cid they will tremble with dismay. They have named thee lord! they will desire thee as their king! But, amidst thy high achievements, be thou to her always faithful; return, if it be possible, still more worthy of her, and by thy great exploits acquire such renown that it may be glorious for her to espouse thee then.

PORTRAITS AND SCENES UNDER CHARLES I.

By LORD CLARENDON.

(From the "History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England.")

[Edward Hyde, first Earl of Clarendon, the eminent English historian and statesman, was born at Dinton, Wiltshire, in 1609, the third son of Henry Hyde of that place. After a course of law under his uncle, Sir Nicholas Hyde, he entered the Long Parliament. At first he acted with the popular party in their efforts for reform, but about 1642 espoused the royalist cause and was the chief advisor of Charles I. during the civil war, and of Prince Charles during his exile. On the Restoration he became lord chancellor of England, and was prominent in state affairs until 1667, when, on account of his great unpopularity with all classes, he was deprived of the great seal, impeached and banished. He died at Rouen, France, December 9, 1674. His daughter, Anne Hyde, married the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and was the mother of Mary and Anne, both Queens of England. Hyde's notable contribution to literature is the "History of the Rebellion in England" (1704–1707).]

Weston, Earl of Portland.

He spent the best part of his fortune (a fair one, that he inherited from his father) in his attendance at Court, and involved his friends in securities with him, who were willing to run his hopeful fortune, before he received the least fruit from it but the countenance of great men and those in authority, the most natural and most certain stairs to ascend by.

He was then sent ambassador to the archdukes Albert and Isabella, into Flanders; and to the Diet in Germany, to treat about the restitution of the palatinate; in which negotiation he behaved himself with great prudence, and with the concurrent testimony of a wise man from all those with whom he treated, princes and ambassadors, and upon his return was made a Privy Councilor, and Chancellor of the Exchequer in the place of the Lord Brooke, who was either persuaded, or put out of the place; which, being an office of honor and trust, is likewise an excellent stage for men of parts to tread and expose themselves upon, and where they have occasion of all natures to lay out and spread all their faculties and qualifications most for their advantage. He behaved himself very well in this function, and appeared equal to it; and carried himself so luckily in Parliament that he did his master much service, and preserved himself in the good opinion and acceptation of the House; which is a blessing not indulged to many by those

high powers. He did swim in those troubled and boisterous waters in which the duke of Buckingham rode as admiral with a good grace, when very many who were about him were drowned, or forced on shore with shrewd hurts and bruises: which showed he knew well how and when to use his limbs and strength to the best advantage, sometimes only to avoid sinking, and sometimes to advance and get ground. And by this dexterity he kept his credit with those who could do him good, and lost it not with others who desired the destruction of those upon whom he most depended.

He was made Lord Treasurer in the manner and at the time mentioned before, upon the removal of the earl of Marlborough, and few months before the death of the duke. The former circumstance, which is often attended by compassion towards the degraded and prejudice towards the promoted, brought him no disadvantage: for, besides the delight that season had in changes, there was little reverence towards the person removed; and the extreme visible poverty of the Exchequer sheltered that province from the envy it had frequently created, and opened a door for much applause to be the portion of a wise and provident minister. For the other, of the duke's death, though some who knew the duke's passions and prejudice (which often produced rather sudden indisposition than obstinate resolution) believed he would have been shortly cashiered, as so many had lately been; and so that the death of his founder was a greater confirmation of him in the office than the delivery of the white staff had been: many other wise men, who knew the Treasurer's talent in removing prejudice and reconciling himself to wavering and doubtful affections, believed that the loss of the duke was very unseasonable, and that the awe or apprehension of his power and displeasure was a very necessary allay for the impetuosity of the new officer's nature, which needed some restraint and check, for some time, to his immoderate pretenses and appetite of power.

He did indeed appear on the sudden wonderfully elated, and so far threw off his old affectation to please some very much and to displease none, in which art he excelled, that in few months after the duke's death he found himself to succeed him in the public displeasure and in the malice of his enemies, without succeeding him in his credit at Court or in the affection of any considerable dependents. And yet, though he was not superior to all other men in the affection, or rather resigna-

tion, of the King, so that he might dispense favors and disfavors according to his own election, he had a full share in his master's esteem, who looked upon him as a wise and able servant and worthy of the trust he reposed in him, and received no other advice in the large business of his revenue; nor was any man so much his superior as to be able to lessen him in the King's affection by his power. So that he was in a post in which he might have found much ease and delight if he could have contained himself within the verge of his own province, which was large enough, and of such an extent that he might, at the same time, have drawn a great dependence upon him of very considerable men, and appeared a very useful and profitable minister to the King, whose revenue had been very loosely managed during the late years, and might by industry and order have been easily improved; and no man better understood what method was necessary towards that good husbandry than he.

But I know not by what frowardness in his stars he took more pains in examining and inquiring into other men's offices than in the discharge of his own; and not so much joy in what he had as trouble and agony for what he had not. The truth is, he had so vehement a desire to be the sole favorite, that he had no relish of the power he had: and in that contention he had many rivals, who had credit enough to do him ill offices, though not enough to satisfy their own ambition; the King himself being resolved to hold the reins in his own hands, and to put no further trust in others than was necessary for the capacity they served in. Which resolution in his majesty was no sooner believed, and the Treasurer's pretense taken notice (of), than he found the number of his enemies exceedingly increased, and others to be less eager in the pursuit of his friendship. And every day discovered some infirmities in him, which, being before known to few and not taken notice of, did now expose him both to public reproach and to private animosities; and even his vices admitted those contradictions in them that he could hardly enjoy the pleasant fruit of any of them. That which first exposed him to the public jealousy, which is always attended with public reproach, was the concurrent suspicion of his religion. His wife and all his daughters were declared of the Roman religion; and though himself and his sons sometimes went to church, he was never thought to have zeal for it; and his domestic conversation and dependents, with whom only

he used entire freedom, were all known Catholics, and were believed to be agents for the rest. And yet, with all this disadvantage to himself, he never had reputation and credit with that party, who were the only people of the kingdom who did not believe him to be of their profession. For the penal laws (those only excepted which were sanguinary, and even those sometimes let loose) were never more rigidly executed, nor had the Crown ever so great a revenue from them, as in his time; nor did they ever pay so dear for the favors and indulgences of his office towards them.

No man had greater ambition to make his family great, or stronger designs to leave a great fortune to it. Yet his expenses were so prodigiously great, especially in his house, that all the ways he used for supply, which were all that occurred, could not serve his turn; insomuch that he contracted so great debts (the anxiety whereof, he pretended, broke his mind, and restrained that intentness and industry which was necessary for the due execution of his office), that the King was pleased twice to pay his debts; at least, towards it, to disburse forty thousand pounds in ready money out of his Exchequer. Besides, his majesty gave him a whole forest, Chute forest in Hampshire, and much other land belonging to the Crown; which was the more taken notice of and murmured against, because, being the chief minister of the revenue, he was particularly obliged, as much as in him lay, to prevent and even oppose such disinherison, and because, under that obligation, he had, avowedly and sourly, crossed the pretenses of other men, and restrained the King's bounty from being exercised almost to any. And he had that advantage (if he had made the right use of it), that his credit was ample enough (seconded by the King's own experience and observation and inclination) to retrench very much of the late unlimited expenses, and especially those of bounties, which from the death of the duke ran in narrow channels, which never so much overflowed as towards himself who stopped the current to other men.

He was of an imperious nature, and nothing wary in disobliging and provoking other men, and had too much courage in offending and incensing them; but, after having offended and incensed them, he was of so unhappy a feminine temper that he was always in a terrible fright and apprehension of them.

He had not that application and submission and reverence

for the Queen as might have been expected from his wisdom and breeding, and often crossed her pretenses and desires with more rudeness than was natural to him. Yet he was impertinently solicitous to know what her majesty said of him in private, and what resentments she had towards him. And when by some confidants (who had their ends upon him from those offices) he was informed of some bitter expressions fallen from her majesty, he was so exceedingly afflicted and tormented with the sense of it that, sometimes by passionate complaints and representations to the King, sometimes by more dutiful addresses and expostulations with the Queen in bewailing his misfortunes, he frequently exposed himself, and left his condition worse than it was before: and the *éclaircissement* commonly ended in the discovery of the persons from whom he had received his most secret intelligence.

He quickly lost the character of a bold, stout, and magnanimous man, which he had been long reputed to be in worse times; and, in his most prosperous season, fell under the reproach of being a man of big looks and of a mean and abject spirit.

Archbishop Williams.

The bishops, who were in this manner driven and kept from the House of Peers and not very secure in their own, could not have the patience to attend the dissolution of this storm, which in wisdom they ought to have done; but considering right and reason too abstractly, and what in justice was due, not what in prudence was to be expected, suffered themselves implicitly to be guided by the archbishop of York (who was of a proud, restless, overweening spirit) to such an act of indiscretion and disadvantage to themselves, that all their enemies could not have brought upon them. This bishop, as is said, was a man of very imperious and fiery temper, Dr. Williams, who had been Keeper of the Great Seal of England in the time of King James, and bishop of Lincoln. After his removal from that church he had lived splendidly in his diocese, and made himself very popular amongst those who had no reverence for the Court, of which he would frequently, and in the presence of many, speak with too much freedom, and tell many stories of things and persons upon his own former experience; in which being a man of great pride and vanity, he did not always confine himself to a precise veracity, and did

often presume in those unwary discourses to mention the person of the King with too little reverence. He did affect to be thought an enemy to the archbishop of Canterbury, whose person he seemed exceedingly to contemn; and to be much displeased with those ceremonies and innovations, as they were then called, which were countenanced by the other; and had himself written and published in his own name, and by his own authority, a book against the using those ceremonies, in which there was much good learning and too little gravity for a bishop. His passion and his levity gave every day great advantages to those who did not love him; and he provoked too many, not to have those advantages made use of: so that, after several informations against him in the Star Chamber, he was sentenced for no less crimes than for perjury and subordination of perjury, and fined in a great sum of money to the King, and committed prisoner to the Tower, without the pity or compassion of any but those who, out of hatred to the government, were sorry that they were without so useful a champion; for he appeared to be a man of a very corrupt nature, whose passions could have transported him into the most unjustifiable actions.

He had a faculty of making relations of things done in his own presence, and discourses made to himself or in his own hearing, with all the circumstances of answers and replies, and upon arguments of great moment; all which upon examination were still found to have nothing in them that was real, but to be the pure effect of his own invention. After he was sentenced in the Star Chamber, some of his friends resorted to him to lament and condole with him for his misfortune; and some of them seemed to wonder that, in an affair of such a nature, he had not found means to have made some submission and composition that might have prevented the public hearing, which proved so much to his prejudice in point of reputation as well as profit. He answered them, with all the formality imaginable, that "they had reason indeed to wonder at him upon the event; but when they should know how he had governed himself he believed they would cease to think him worthy of blame." And then related to them that "as soon as publication had passed in his cause, and the books were taken out, he had desired his counsel (who were all able men, and some of them very eminent) in the vacation time, and they at most leisure, to meet together, and carefully to look over and peruse all the evidence that was

taken on both sides; and that then they would all attend him such a morning, which he appointed upon their consent, at his own house at Westminster: that they came at the time appointed, and, being then shut up in a room together, he asked them whether they had sufficiently perused all the books, and were thoroughly informed of his case? To which they all answered that they had not only read them all over together, but had severally, every man by himself, perused (them) again, and they believed they were all well informed of the whole. That he then told them, he had desired this conference with them not only as his counsel, by whose opinion he meant to govern himself, but as his particular friends, who, he was sure, would give him their best advice, and persuade him to do everything as they would do themselves if they were in his condition. That he was now offered to make his peace at Court, by such an humble submission to the King as he was most inclined and ready to make, and which he would make the next day after his cause was heard, though he should be declared to be innocent, of which he could make no doubt; but that which troubled him for the present was that the infamousness of the charge against him, which had been often exposed and enlarged upon in several motions, had been so much taken notice of through the kingdom that it could not consist with his honor to divert the hearing, which would be imputed to his want of confidence in his innocence, since men did not suspect his courage if he durst rely upon the other; but that he was resolved, as he said before, the next day after he should be vindicated from those odious aspersions, he would cast himself at the King's feet, with all the humility and submission which the most guilty man could make profession of. It was in this point he desired their advice, to which he would, without adhering to his own inclination, entirely conform himself; and therefore desired them, singly in order, to give him their advice." He repeated the several and distinct discourse every man had made, in which he was so punctual that he applied those phrases and expressions and manner of speech to the several men which they were all taken notice of frequently to use; as many men have some peculiar words in discourse, which they are most delighted with or by custom most addicted to; and in conclusion, that "they were unanimous in their judgments, that he could not, with the preservation of his honor and the opinion of his integrity, decline the public hearing; where he must be unquestionably declared

innocent, there being no crime or misdemeanor proved against him in such a manner as could make him liable to censure: they all commended his resolution of submitting to the King as soon as he had made his innocence to appear, and they all advised him to pursue that method. This," he said, "had swayed him, and made him decline the other expedient that had been proposed to him."

This relation wrought upon those to whom it was made, to raise a prejudice in them against the justice of the cause, or the reputation of the counsel, as they were most inclined; whereas there was not indeed the least shadow of truth in the whole relation, except that there was such a meeting and conference as was mentioned, and which had been consented to by the bishop upon the joint desire and importunity of all the counsel; who at that conference unanimously advised and desired him "to use all the means and friends he could that the cause might not be brought to hearing; but that he should purchase his peace at any price, for that, if it were heard, he would be sentenced very grievously, and that there were many things proved against him which would so much reflect upon his honor and reputation, and the more for being a bishop, that all his friends would abandon him, and be ever after ashamed to appear on his behalf." Which advice, with great passion and reproaches upon the several persons for their presumption and ignorance in matters so much above them, he utterly and scornfully rejected. Nor indeed was it possible at that time for him to have made his peace; for though upon some former addresses and importunity on his behalf by some persons of power and place in the Court, in which the Queen herself had endeavored to have done him good offices, the King was inclined to have saved him, being a bishop, from the infamy he must undergo by a public trial, yet the bishop's vanity had, in those conjunctures, so far transported him that he had done all he could to have it insinuated that the Court was ashamed of what they had done, and had prevailed with some of his powerful friends to persuade him to that composition: upon which the King would never hear more any person who moved on his behalf.

It had been once mentioned to him, whether by authority or no was not known, that his peace should be made if he would resign his bishopric and deanery of Westminster (for he held that *in commendum*) and take a good bishopric in Ireland; which he positively refused, and said, "he had much to do to

defend himself against the archbishop here: but if he were in Ireland, there was a man" (meaning the earl of Strafford) "who would cut off his head within one month."

This bishop had been for some years in the Tower, by the sentence of the Star Chamber, before this Parliament met, when the lords who were the most active and powerful presently resolved to have him at liberty. Some had much kindness for him, not only as a known enemy to the archbishop of Canterbury, but as a supporter of those opinions and those persons which were against the Church itself. And he was no sooner at liberty and brought in (to) the House, but he defended and seconded the Lord Say when he made an invective, with all the malice and bitterness imaginable, against the archbishop, then in prison; and when he had concluded, that bishop said that "he had long known that noble lord, and had always believed him to be as well affected to the Church as himself;" and so he continued to make all his address to that lord and those of the same party. Being now in full liberty, and in some credit and reputation, he applied himself to the King, and made all possible professions of duty to his majesty and zeal to the Church, protesting to have a perfect detestation of those persons who appeared to have no affection or duty towards his majesty and all evil intentions against the religion established; and that the civilities he had expressed towards them was only out of gratitude for the good will they had shown to him, and especially that he might the better promote his majesty's service. And it being his turn shortly after, as dean of Westminster, to preach before the King, he took occasion to speak of the factions in religion; and mentioning the Presbyterian, he said, "it was a government only fit for tailors and shoemakers and the like, and not for noblemen and gentlemen;" which gave great scandal and offense to his great patrons, to whom he easily reconciled himself, by making them as merry with some sharp sayings of the Court, and by performing more substantial offices for them.

The Attempt on the Five Members.

In the afternoon of a day when the two Houses sat, Harbert, the King's Attorney, informed the House of Peers that he had somewhat to say to them from the King; and thereupon, having a paper in his hand, he said that the King commanded

him to accuse the Lord Kimbolton, a member of that House, and five gentlemen who were all members of the House of Commons, of high treason, and that his majesty had himself delivered him in writing several articles upon which he accused them; and thereupon he read in a paper the ensuing articles, by which the Lord Mandevill, Denzil Hollis, Sir Arthur Haslerigg, Mr. Pimm, Mr. Hambden, and Mr. Strowde stood accused of high treason for conspiring against the King and the Parliament.

Articles of high treason, and other misdemeanors, against the Lord Kimbolton, Mr. Pymm, John Hampden, Denzil Hollis, Sir Arthur Haslerigg, and William Strode, members of the House of Commons.

1. "That they have traitorously endeavored to subvert the fundamental laws and government of this kingdom, and deprive the King of his regal power, and to place on his subjects an arbitrary and tyrannical power.

2. "That they have endeavored by many foul aspersions upon his majesty and his government to alienate the affections of his people, and to make his majesty odious unto them.

3. "That they have endeavored to draw his majesty's late army to disobedience to his majesty's command, and to side with them in their traitorous design.

4. "That they have traitorously invited and encouraged a foreign power to invade his majesty's kingdom of England.

5. "That they have traitorously endeavored to subvert the very rights and beings of parliaments.

6. "That, for the completing of their traitorous designs, they have endeavored, as far as in them lay, by force and terror to compel the Parliament to join with them in their traitorous designs, and to that end have actually raised and countenanced tumults against the King and Parliament.

7. "That they have traitorously conspired to levy, and actually have levied, war against the King."

The House of Peers was somewhat appalled at this alarum, but took time to consider of it till the next day, that they might see how their masters the Commons would behave themselves; the Lord Kimbolton being present in the House and making great professions of his innocence, and no lord being so hardy (as) to press for his commitment on the behalf of the King.

At the same time, a sergeant at arms demanded to be heard at the House of Commons from the King, and, being sent for to the bar, demanded the persons of the five members to be delivered to him in his majesty's name, his majesty having accused them of high treason. But the Commons were not so much surprised with the accident; for, besides that they quickly knew what had passed with the Lords, some servants of the King's, by special warrant, had visited the lodgings of some of the accused members, and sealed up their studies and trunks; upon information whereof, before the sergeant came to the House, or public notice was taken of the accusation, an order was made by the Commons, "That if any person whatsoever should come to the lodgings of any member of that House, and there offer to seal the doors, trunks, or papers of such member, or to seize upon their persons, that then such member should require the aid of the next constable to keep such persons in safe custody till the House should give further order; that if any person whatsoever should offer to arrest or detain any member of that House, without first acquainting that House therewith and receiving further order from thence, that it should be lawful for such member to stand upon his guard and make resistance, and (for) any person to assist him, according to the protestation taken to defend the privileges of Parliament." And so, when the sergeant had delivered his message, he was no more called in, but a message sent to the King that "the members should be forthcoming as soon as a legal charge should be preferred against them;" and so the House adjourned till the next day, every one of the accused persons taking a copy of that order which was made for their security.

The next day, in the afternoon, the King, attended only by his own guard, and some few gentlemen who put themselves into their company in the way, came to the House of Commons, and, commanding all his attendants to wait at the door and to give offense to no man, himself, with his nephew, the Prince Elector, went into the House, to the great amazement of all; and the Speaker leaving the chair, the King went into it, and told the House, "he was sorry for that occasion of coming to them; that yesterday he had sent a sergeant at arms to apprehend some that by his command were accused of high treason, whereunto he expected obedience, but instead thereof he had received a message." He declared to them that "no King of

England had been ever, or should be, more careful to maintain their privileges than he would be; but that in cases of treason no man had privileges, and therefore he came to see if any of those persons whom he had accused were there; for he was resolved to have them, wheresoever he should find them." And looking then about, and asking the Speaker whether they were in the House, and he making no answer, he said, "he perceived the birds were all flown, but expected they should be sent to him as soon as they returned thither;" and assured them, in the word of a king, that he never intended any force, but would proceed against them in a fair and legal way, and so returned to Whitehall; the accused persons, upon information and intelligence of what his majesty intended to do, how secretly soever it was carried at Court, having withdrawn from the House about half an hour before the King came thither.

The House, in great disorder, as soon as the King was gone adjourned till the next day in the afternoon; the Lords being in so great apprehension upon notice of the King's being at the House of Commons that the earl of Essex expressed a tender sense he had of the inconveniences which were like to ensue those divisions, and moved, "that the House of Peers, as a work very proper for them, would interpose between the King and his people, and mediate to his majesty on the behalf of the persons accused;" for which he was reprehended by his friends, and afterwards laughed at himself when he found how much a stronger defense they had than the best mediation could prove on their behalf.

How secretly soever this affair was carried, it was evident that the coming of the King to the House was discovered by the members withdrawing themselves, and by a composedness which appeared in the countenances of many who used to be disturbed at less surprising occurrences; and though the purpose of accusing the members was only consulted between the King and the Lord Digby, yet it was generally believed that the King's purpose of going to the House was communicated with William Murry, of the bedchamber, with whom the Lord Digby had great friendship, and that it was betrayed by him. And that lord who had promised the King to move the House for commitment of the Lord Kimbolton as soon as the Attorney General should have accused him (which if he had done would probably have raised a very hot dispute in the House, where many would have joined with him) never spake the least word,

but, on the contrary, seemed the most surprised and perplexed with the Attorney's impeachment; and sitting at that time next to the Lord Mandevill, with whom he pretended to live with much friendship, he whispered him in the ear with some commotion (as he had a rare talent in dissimulation), "that the King was very mischievously advised, and that it should go very hard but he would know whence that counsel proceeded; in order to which, and to prevent further mischief, he would go immediately to his majesty," and so went out of the House; whereas he was the only person who gave the counsel, named the persons, and particularly named the Lord Mandevill (against whom less could be said than against many others, and who was more generally beloved), and undertook to prove that he bade the rabble, when they were about the Parliament House, that they should go to Whitehall.

And when he found the ill success of the impeachment in both Houses, and how unsatisfied all were with the proceeding, he advised the King the next morning to go to the Guildhall and to inform the mayor and aldermen of the grounds of his proceeding, which will be mentioned anon. And, that people might not believe that there was any dejection of mind or sorrow for what was done, the same night the same counsel caused a proclamation to be prepared for the stopping the ports, that the accused persons might not escape out of the kingdom, and to forbid all persons to receive and harbor them, when it was well known that they were all together in a house in the city, without any fear of their security. And all this was done without the least communication with anybody but the Lord Digby, who advised it, and, it is very true, was so willing to take the utmost hazard upon himself, that he did offer the King, when he knew in what house they were together, with a select company of gentlemen who would accompany him, whereof Sir Thomas Lunsford was one, to seize upon them, and bring them away alive or leave them dead in the place; but the King liked not such enterprises.

That night the persons accused removed themselves into their stronghold, the city: not that they durst not venture themselves at their old lodgings, for no man would have presumed to trouble them, but that the city might see that they relied upon that place for a sanctuary of their privileges against violence and oppression, and so might put on an early concernment for them. And they were not disappointed; for, in spite

of all the lord mayor could do to compose their distempers (who like a very wise and stout magistrate bestirred himself), the city was that whole night in arms; some people, designed to that purpose, running from one gate to another, and crying out that "the *Cavaliers* were coming to fire the city," and some saying that "the King himself was in the head of them."

* * * * * * *

It was very well known where the accused persons were, all together in one house in Coleman Street, near the place where the committee sat, and whither persons trusted passed to and fro to communicate and receive directions; but it was not time for them yet to appear in public and to come and sit with the committee, or to own the believing that they thought themselves safe from the violence and assaults of the Court, the power whereof they exceedingly contemned whilst they seemed to apprehend it: nor was it yet time to model in what manner their friends in the city and the country should appear concerned for them, in preparing whereof no time was lost.

* * * * * * *

The truth is, it cannot be expressed how great a change there appeared to be in the countenance and minds of all sorts of people, in town and country, upon these late proceedings of the King. They who had before even lost their spirits, having lost their credit and reputation, except amongst the meanest people, who could never have been made use of by them when the greater should forsake them, and so, despairing of ever being able to compass their designs of malice or ambition, some of them were resuming their old resolutions of leaving the kingdom, now again recovered greater courage than ever, and quickly found that their credit and reputation was as great as ever it had been; the Court being reduced to a lower condition, and to more disesteem and neglect, than ever it had undergone. All that they had formerly said of plots and conspiracies against the Parliament, which had before been laughed at, (was) now thought true and real, and all their fears and jealousies looked upon as the effects of their great wisdom and foresight. All that had been whispered of Ireland was now talked aloud and printed, as all other seditious pamphlets and libels were. The shops of the city generally shut up, as if an enemy were at their gates ready to enter and to plunder them; and the people in

all places at a gaze, as if they looked only for directions, and were then disposed to any undertaking.

On the other side, they who had, with the greatest courage and alacrity, opposed all their seditious practices, between grief and anger were confounded with the consideration of what had been done and what was like to follow. They were far from thinking that the accused members had received much wrong, yet they thought it an unseasonable time to call them to account for it; that if anything had been to be done of that kind, there should have been a better choice of the persons, there being many of the House of more mischievous inclinations and designs against the King's person and the government, and were more exposed to the public prejudice, than the Lord Kimbolton was, who was a civil and well-natured man, and had rather kept ill company than drunk deep of that infection and poison that had wrought upon many others. Then Sir Arthur Haslerigge and Strowde were persons of too low an account and esteem; and though their virulence and malice was as conspicuous and transcendent as any men's, yet their reputation and interest to do any mischief, otherwise than in concurring in it, was so small that they gained credit and authority by being joined with the rest, who had indeed a great influence. However, if there was a resolution to proceed against those men, it would have been much better to have caused them to have been all severally arrested and sent to the Tower or to other prisons, which might have been very easily done before suspected, than to send in that manner to the Houses with that formality which would be liable to so many exceptions. At least, they ought so far to have imparted it to members in both Houses who might have been trusted, that, in the instant of the accusation, when both Houses were in that consternation (as in a great consternation they were), somewhat might have been pressed confidently towards the King's satisfaction, which would have produced some opposition and contradiction, which would have prevented that universal concurrence and dejection of spirit which seized upon and possessed both Houses.

But, above all, the anger and indignation was very great and general that to all the other oversights and presumptions (was added) the exposing the dignity and majesty and safety of the King, in his coming in person in that manner to the House of Commons, and in going the next day, as he did, to the Guildhall and to the lord mayor's, which drew such

reproaches upon him to his face. All which was justly imputed to the Lord Digby, who had before fewer true friends than he deserved, and had now almost the whole nation his enemies, being the most universally odious of any man in it.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

By EDMUND WALLER.

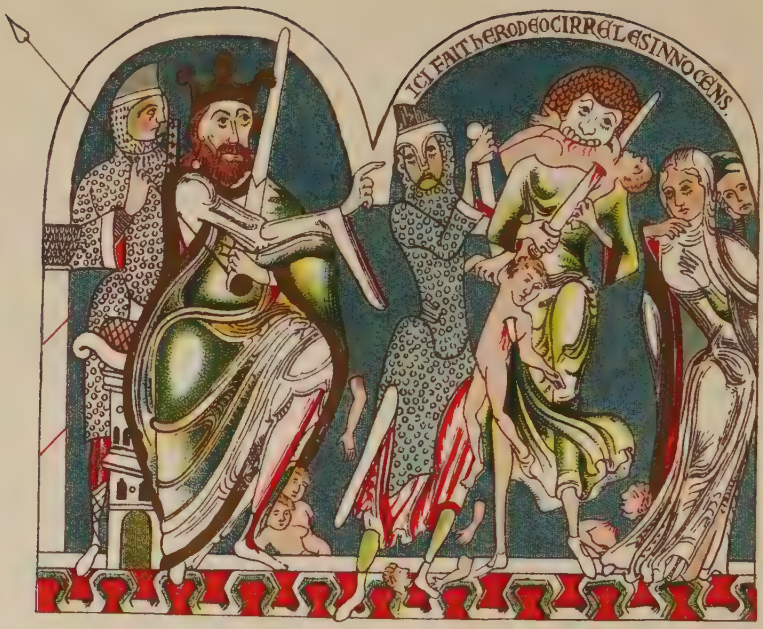
[1605–1687.]

Go, lovely Rose!
  Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
  When I resemble her to thee,
  How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
  And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
  In deserts, where no men abide,
  Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
  Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
  Suffer herself to be desired,
  And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
  The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;—
  How small a part of time they share
  That are so wondrous sweet and fair.



ANCIENT FRENCH MANUSCRIPTS. (Fourteenth Century.)

Although it does not appear that any translation of the Scriptures into the French language was made previous to the beginning of the fourteenth century, versions of detached parts of the Bible, of an earlier date, exist in MSS. which are regarded as of great value by the French philologists.

Ancient French MSS.

Although it does not appear that any translation of the Scriptures into the French language was made previous to the beginning of the fourteenth century, versions of detached parts of the Bible exist, of a previous date, in MS., which are consequently regarded as of great value by the French philologists. Nor are they less esteemed by the English antiquary, considering the long and intimate connection between the French and English nations, especially during the period when our language was undergoing its transformation from the old Anglo-Saxon to the modern English.

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THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH MARQUIS.

By Mlle. DE SCUDÉRY.

(From "Ibrahim : or the Illustrious Bassa.")

[Madeleine de Scudéry, the most noted French novelist of the seventeenth century, was born at Havre in 1607 ; removing to Paris, became a leading light of the *salon* at the Hôtel Rambouillet, and on its dissolution set up a noted one of her own. Her first novel was "Ibrahim" (below), published as her brother's in 1641 ; then followed "Artamène" (1650), and "Clélie" (1656), all owing much of their interest to the inclusion of contemporaries under fictitious names. She published several other works, novels and essays. She died at Paris in 1701.]

Marsé had four sisters, and the Marquis but one ; and they were both neighbors together in the country, so that visiting one another very often, according to the custom of France, Marsé fell in love with the Marquis his Sister, and the Marquis, who always returns Love with usury, became enamored of all his four at once. He loved the eyes of the one, the stature of the other, the voice of the third, and the wit of the last, and in these four maids he said that he had the most accomplished Mistress in the world. This folly lasted long enough to give Marsé leisure to become desperately in love with the Marquis his Sister, who at her brother's intreaty had entertained him very civilly during certain months that he was away in the Province, albeit she could by no means endure him.

In the meanwhile the time of his return being come, Marsé begins to think seriously of his affairs, believes they will succeed well ; and finding that the Marquis took great delight in resorting to his house, thinks to give him the choice of his four Sisters, and by that exchange hopes to establish his felicity and possess his Mistress.

[He can neither make his suit prosper, nor the Marquis choose.]

What, said he, the Marquis shall make my four Sisters be in love with him, whilst himself peradventure is not taken by any of them, and I shall be so unhappy as not to be able to touch the inclination of his one? He will laugh in his mind at his conquests and my misfortune; and whilst, to the prejudice of my house, he shall be laden with the favor of four maids, I shall get but cold civilities from her whom I love passionately, and that alone can make up my felicity. But, continued he, what counsel can I take? If I have recourse to violence; if I quarrel with him; if I fight with him, and will make him explain himself by force, for the interest of my sisters, then I ruin myself with her; I lose the hope of ever possessing her; and it will be an ill way for one to prove his love unto a generous person to kill her Brother. It is better for me then to dissemble awhile; to observe all his actions; to endeavor yet to discover whom the Marquis is in love withal; and if at last I can learn nothing certain, then to propound unto him the choice of my Sisters, in demanding of his.

But as Marsé was thus troubled at home, so was the Marquis in some sort with his Sister, who having another design with herself than the marrying of Marsé, would have him dispense with her for entertaining him any longer and permit her to take all hope from him. Howbeit the Marquis, who could not endure that his Sister's rigor should deprive him of the favors of all Marsé's, unto whom he durst not have gone any more if once she should have put him into despair, could not consent.

Why, Sister, said he unto her, you see me to be an hundred leagues from the Court, in a solitary Country, where one can hardly behold anything that so much as resembles a woman, and you will be so cruel as to deprive me of a company, wherein I meet with four very amiable ones; so as if it be true that the loss of one Mistress brings an unquietness that cannot be ended but by Iron or poison, what do you think will become of me, when you shall have taken from me four at a time, which I love passionately; and in a place where I can find no others? If I were at Paris, I should comply with you herein, not only for four, but for thirty, being well assured that I should repair this loss in a little time; but in the midst of a Desert to deprive me of four sole maids whom I can love, is so great an inhumanity, in the humor wherein I am, as if you consider it seriously you must needs repent you of it.

But, answered his sister laughing, you do not love them, for how can you share yourself amongst so many?

Not love them (replied the Marquis), naughty Sister, come, you do not know me, if you believe as you say; for it is most certain that I love them with all my soul; and that in all my life I never found myself so constant nor so amorous. And whereas this Maid could not very easily comprehend how a man could love four at once, and term himself constant; for to make her understand it, he told her that by a very extraordinary adventure he had no great affection for any of them in particular, but meeting in these four persons separately, with that which he would have in one alone, he was so desperately in love therewith as he was never in such a passion before.

He told her further, that ordinarily when he found anything that was amiable in a woman he excused the defects which were in her, and became in love with all her person; but that in this encounter, through a capriciousness of love, he was wounded in another sort. For, said he seriously, it would be impossible for me, in the estate wherein my mind now is, to love any of those maids singly; and I am never more joyful than when I see them all four together. I behold the whiteness of the first, the look of the second; I hear the voice of the third; and admire the gentleness of the last. In conclusion, I am so satisfied with this manner of loving, that when I could, by an unheard-of miracle, take from those four maids all that doth please me in them, to make thereof a masterpiece and a marvel such as I may imagine, yet should I rather choose to love them as I do. For if I should love but one of them, I should be without consolation when she were in choler; whereas contrariwise I am never altogether unhappy: if I have angered the fair one, the brown one regards me favorably; and if I am out with the serious one, the merry one comforts me with her jocund humor; and when it falls out that I am upon good terms with all the four, I have such delight as cannot be expressed. One prepares a Bracelet for me, another ties a band about my hat, a third gives me powder and essences, whilst the fourth causes her picture to be drawn for the love of me. In pursuance hereof, I sing a song that is agreeable to all four, which each of them applies to their own particular for a mark of my affection, and which they all commend with address and joy; and that which is yet more worth than all these things is that this passion is so fair and so extraordinary as the end of it can never be unhappy. For when as myself would contribute to mine own ruin, it is impossible that ever I should arrive to that unfortunate term, which for the most

part finishes all loves, I mean marriage. If I should love one of these maids, it may be that utterly losing all reason against my custom I should also marry her; but loving these four Sisters as I do, unless the Law should permit me to marry them all four, as the Turks do, I am in no danger of being their husband. In this manner I shall be always free, and always amorous; and the impossibility that there is for them ever to be my wives, gives them a charm which will make me love them until I return again to the Court. Judge now after this, cruel Sister, whether you are to rob me of all my pleasures.

You know, continued he, that I do not cross yours, that I have never pressed you to hearken to the sighs of Marsé, more than was needful for my diversion, and not to constrain you to marry him. I am so much a friend of liberty that I cannot endure the least violence, either in myself, or in another; and if you resist me never so little more, I feel that I shall do what you would have me; but at the very same instant I shall take Post to go seek out some new object for my passion, without which I am not able to live.

They were a long time yet pleasantly disputing on either part concerning this matter, but at last the Marquis his Sister, who would not lose so favorable an occasion to discover unto her Brother the design which she had, gives him to understand that during his absence a Gentleman of their neighbors, extreme rich, of great courage, and of much spirit, had fallen in love with her; and that he being to return from the Army in a short space, she was afraid lest some mischief might fall out between him and Marsé. It is not that I have any affection for him, said this Maid, but I must confess to you that I will never marry Marsé, though I think I could resolve to be the other's wife.

Come, my dear Sister, answered the Marquis, do not disguise your thoughts, say that you are in love; that your passion is violent, and with these charming words you shall obtain of me all that you can desire; I will return to the Court eight days sooner than I would have done, to leave you the liberty to use Marsé as you please: but when I go I will leave our Mother an absolute power to marry you according to your own mind; for I am so glad to see that you are not insensible that I love you for it far more than I did.

As they were thus talking, Marsé arrives, the Marquis hides himself against his sister's will, gets out at a Back-gate, mounts

on Horseback, and rides to Marsé's house, which was not far off, where he finds those four fair Sisters, or, to say better, his four Mistresses, all of them more jovial than ordinary, for they had every one in particular some hope to be the Marquis his wife, by reason of the proposition their Brother had made to them of it. They had also attired themselves extraordinarily, to give him new wounds; for they knew well no day passed without his visiting them. The eldest had a garment on of green Cloth of Silver, whereof the sleeves were tied up with Carnation silvered Ribbon, and her hair with the same, which did not misbecome a person fair-complexioned. The second had on a night attire of pure white silver Tinsel, which gave a kind of luster to her serious and modest aspect; the third, always glittering, was in a Waistcoat of Gridilion-satin, set all over with silver-Oes; as for the youngest, though her garment was plainer than the rest, yet was it the gallantest: her habit was nothing else but silvered Tiffany, embroidered with flowers, lined with carnation taffata, and her head was covered over with carnation and white feathers, which must needs do well with a young person whose hair was black, complexion clear and lively, and eyes wonderfully sparkling.

In the mean time, Marsé, who had not received such caresses at the Marquis his house, returns to his own, where he finds him still to be; he does what he can to make him stay all night, but the Marquis, who began to fear lest Marsé should press him to explain himself, withstands it, parts from this fair company, carries away the Bracelet, and comes back to his Sister, who was very melancholic. For it had happened that her Lover, being returned, had surprised her talking with Marsé; and whether he had understood of his design, or that she had before acquainted him with it, they had saluted one another very coldly, and had talked as men talk that took pleasure to contradict each other, so that, said she to the Marquis, after she had recounted unto him that which had befallen, I see the matter in a case to break forth, and suddenly to produce some mischief, if we do not look to it in time.

No such thing, answered the Marquis, for whereas I have promised nothing to Marsé, and that he too hath not spoken to me of his love to you, or of any purpose he had to marry you; I may tell him if he moves me about it, that I am engaged to another, and to make that true, cause your Lover to come to me, and I will promise him my consent. I know that thereby

I shall banish myself from a place where I have a great deal of pleasure; but since I am of necessity to be gone away within eight days to the Court, I could not make a better end of this adventure. For Marsé forbidding me his house, I shall have a fair occasion to write them a letter of adieu and despair: withal, continued he, I perceive that I begin to accustom myself to the favors which I receive from these gentlewomen, so that now the happiness which love gives me, being turned into an habit, it is no longer happiness to me.

The Marquis his Sister was so astonished to hear him talk thus, as she could not forbear laughing at it. They passed the evening in this sort, and not to lose time the Marquis his Sister advertised her Lover, that the next morning he should repair to her Brother to acquaint him clearly with the intentions he had for her. The note which she sent failed not to work the effect she expected from it; her Lover comes just as the Marquis is rising, speaks to him of his passion for his Sister, shows that he covets his Alliance, and in the end expresses his desires so clearly that the Marquis without further delay leads him to his mother's Chamber, who favored her Daughter's wishes, propounds the matter unto her, gets her to agree unto it; and whereas this Lover was absolute Master of his Estate, and of his own will, they resolved to accomplish this Marriage within four days, to the end that the Marquis, who was to return to the Court, might be at his Sister's wedding.

Things being in these terms, Marsé arrives, who was come on purpose to his Mistress's Mother, to discover his design unto her. As soon as the Marquis saw him enter, he descends, he goes and embraces him, invites him to his Sister's wedding, before he acquaints him to whom she is to be married; seems to believe that he is not interested therein; talks to him of dancing and joy, hoping thereby that Marsé, seeing the matter resolved, would not explain himself further, and peradventure would alter his mind. As, indeed, Marsé hearing this discourse, and knowing that his rival was returned, makes no doubt but the Marquis spake the truth, only he doubted in regard of the manner of the Marquis his speech to him, whether he had observed that he affected his Sister. He was mad that he had not declared himself sooner, and that he was arrived so late; and in this unquietness he knew not whether he should go in or no, to be the spectator of his Rival's triumph; whether he should quarrel with the Marquis, though he knew not as yet

that he was faulty ; whether he should depart away without saying anything unto him ; or whether he should trouble this wedding with some strange violence ; in fine, he was so confounded, as not knowing what to do in so unpleasing a conjuncture, he suffered himself to be conducted along by the Marquis, whose address in this occasion was such, as without seeming to perceive any change in his countenance, he still continued talking to him of diversion and joy ; and that too with embracing and putting him on gently towards his Mother's chamber ; whereunto as soon as ever they were entered, the Marquis presented his Brother-in-law to Marsé, who saluted him very coldly ; in the mean time he had leisure to tell his Mother and his Sister, in two words, that to keep Marsé from showing his hatred and resentment he was not to be left alone with anybody.

After that civilities were rendered on either part, the Marquis thought it was fitting that he should entertain the company ; he began then to quarrel with his Sister, for that she was the cause of his rejoicing at a thing which was repugnant to his mind ; but withal he was well assured that this thing should never give him joy again, either for her or any other, and that this compliance was no doubt the greatest mark he could render her of his love.

Marsé, hearing this discourse, demanded of him whether he meant marriage by that which he spake? and the Marquis, without further delay, answered him, laughing, that it was of that destroyer of love ; of that Tyrant of liberty ; of that enemy of pleasure, which most commonly disjoins all that Love hath united ; which discovers all the defects of the mind and humor, to persons that believed they were altogether perfect ; and that which was worse than all the rest for him, which banishes love, inconstancy, and gallantry from amongst men, to introduce into the stead of it, jealousy of honor, a false constancy, and domestic cares.

So that, as you speak (replied Marsé, interrupting him), you believe it may be that you should much oblige one of your friends, if you should marry his Mistress to another.

If he should tell me, answered the Marquis, that he would marry her, I should not contradict his intent, for I am so much an enemy to constraint as I never oppose anything ; but otherwise if a worthy man of my friends should appear to me extremely amorous, I do not think I should do him any great

wrong if I should deprive him of the means of marrying his Mistress, in case his passion should disorder him so far as to give him a desire to do so; and in the humor that I am, the greatest proof of affection that I can render unto a ward, when I become enamored of her, is not to marry her; yea, and I have met with some unto whom the more favorably to receive my affection, and to testify unto them the respect which I bare them, I have declared at the first sight that in becoming their Servant I had no design to become their Master; and in assuring them that I was their slave, I assured them that I would never be their Tyrant.

It may be, replied Marsé, that you have not always spoken so openly.

That I have not, answered the Marquis, when I believed, that those whom I loved had wit enough not to suspect that I had any such bad intent; but, howsoever, I have never done or said anything which could make them believe that I had any other aim than to love them, to be kindly received of them, to be heard with pleasure, and to obtain of them all those petty favors which are no part of the Husbands' demesne, and which ought always to remain in the disposition of Ladies, therewith to gratify their Lovers. For since there are not men found, which amuse themselves in wearing Bracelets of their wives' hair; which demand favors of them; which are ravished with kissing only the tip of their gloves; with saying gallantries to them, praising their beauties, giving them Serenades; making verses to their glory; and telling them they burn and die for love of them, is it not strange they should be deprived of all these pleasures? and is it not unjust that men which do not love them should possess them absolutely? and that they which adore them should not at leastwise have all those petty things, which are not directly opposite to virtue?

Your Maxims are so bad, said the Marquis his Sister, speaking to her Brother, that if you had not always been at Court, and that we had always been brought up together, I should have some cause to fear that one might imagine you had persuaded me to your opinion.

I dare not say, replied her Lover, that these maxims, which you condemn, have nothing in them that clashes with reason; nor also maintain that they have nothing in them but that which is bad: for I have too much love for the Sister, and too much respect for the Brother; but howsoever I am confident that you will not follow them.

It is true, said Marsé, tartly enough, that inconstancy is not that wherewith he is to be reproached; and I know not whether or the contrary, Virtue opposed will not prove to be the only crime that may be imputed to him.

The Marquis, perceiving that the other was preparing himself to answer and peradventure with bitterness, continued to speak of the injustice of men in the discerning of things. For, said he, if the diversity of good Books renders a man knowing; if diversity of Voyages serves him for an agreeable study, which illuminates his mind, and informs his judgment; if the diversity of fair Arts is a knowledge that pleases; if the diversity of tongues passes for a laudable curiosity, why should one think that the diversity of loves can produce nothing that is good? And why will one have the grace of novelty, which is the charm of Nature, to be a defect in love?

For my part, said Marsé, I will no longer oppose this doctrine, since an universal change cannot be but advantageous for me, glorious for some, and equitable for others.

The hidden sense of this speech was easily understood by all the company; but the Marquis, who in this occasion did not desire to dive into things, altered the discourse, and said unto Marsé, that his Sisters must needs honor this Wedding with their presence, and that he must rejoice with them, for that they are not so near to slavery.

The honor that you will do them, answered Marsé, will surprise them, not because your Civilities have not given them occasion to attend more from you, but whereas this news is unexpected, it is fit that I should go and advertise them of it, to the end they may prepare themselves to receive the grace that you will do them.

The Marquis pressed him extremely to pass away the rest of the day with them, but he would by no means stay. He invites him also to his Sister's Wedding, talks to him of Balls, Lutes, Music, and of all the entertainments usual in such like Feasts: whereunto the other answered still with speeches of a double sense. The two Rivals quipt one another civilly, which doubtless might have produced some unlucky adventure, had not the merry humor of the Marquis sweetened the conversation.

Marsé took his leave of the company, with a forced countenance, which made them conceive that he had strange unquietness in his mind. He went home then with so much grief as he could not longer conceal it, and to minish it in some sort he desired to make his Sisters partake of it. He sends

for them, acquaints them with the marriage of his Mistress, tells them that the Marquis is unfaithful, inconstant, a Cheater, a Courtier; that cares for nothing but to please himself; that hath made a mockery of them; and then recounts all their conversation unto them.

These four Sisters were not more amazed at this wedding whereunto they were invited, and the lightness of the Marquis his humor, than to know by their Brother's discourse that they were rivals, and equally beguiled of the hopes which they had received. At first they beheld one another as if they would silently reproach each other for concealing themselves in their designs; but the third of these maids, whose mind was not so sensible of grief, and that could not be long without giving some marks of her humor, after she had paused a little, began to speak, and said with a tone of the voice of admiration, I must confess the Marquis is wonderful dexterous, that could deceive four interested maids; and though I did infinitely esteem him, continued she, I did not think he had had so much wit nor that he was so unworthy of my friendship. The minds of the three others were not so moderate; and though the eldest was of a very sweet disposition, yet could she not choose but show her resentment. The second, always haughty, manifested hers, by seeming to share very much in that of her Brother; but as for the youngest, she was vexed to the heart for having so ill assured her first conquest; and albeit she had a great deal of wit, yet she could not forbear showing her choler. However the third continued still saying, that this adventure was a new charm, which she discovered in the Marquis, and that engaged her to esteem of him the more.

In the mean time the Wedding-day arrives; Marsé feigns himself sick because he would not be at it; the Sisters excuse themselves upon their brother's sickness. Howbeit the third makes a secret match with one of her kinswomen, that dwells not far off, to go and see this feast in disguise; they mask themselves then very bravely, and appear in that assembly accompanied with certain men disguised too as they were. As soon as they were entered into the room, the Marquis knew her that touched his heart still; he approaches to her, makes her an hundred compliments, and continues telling her that he loves her passionately. But she, without reproaching him, answers, that she does not doubt of it, and that the conformity which is between them ought to work so fair an effect. That

nevertheless it was fit they should a little better examine their thoughts, it seeming just unto her that two persons, which made profession of beguiling all the world in gallantry, should not be beguiled between themselves. This said, this gentlewoman made the Marquis sit down by her, whilst the rest of the company were dancing, and with a most pleasing relation acquainted him with all that had passed betwixt her Brother, her Sisters, and herself. Hereupon they promised much good will one to another, esteeming too much of themselves for ever speaking together again of love. She counseled the Marquis not to come at their house, but since he was to be gone to the Court the day following, to send a compliment to her Brother and her Sisters, as indeed he did.

The Marquis took post the next morning, leaving his Sister very well contented, Marsé in despair, three of his Sisters in choler enough, and the other satisfied.

IN PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS.

By THOMAS CAREW.

[About 1598–1639.]

You that will a wonder know,
Go with me;
Two suns in a heaven of snow
Both burning be, —
All they fire that do but eye them,
Yet the snow's unmelted by them.

Leaves of crimson tulips met
Guide the way
Where two pearly rows be set,
As white as day;
When they part themselves asunder
She breathes oracles of wonder.

All this but the casket is
Which contains
Such a jewel, as to miss
Breeds endless pains, —
That's her mind, and they that know it
May admire, but cannot show it.

THE CENCI.

By J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. 12, page 186.]

SHIFTING the scene to Rome, we light upon a group of notable misdeeds enacted in the last half of the sixteenth century, each of which is well calculated to illustrate the conditions of society and manners at that epoch. It may be well to begin with the Cenci tragedy. In Shelley's powerful drama, in Guerrazzi's tedious novel, and Scolari's digest, the legend of Beatrice Cenci has long appealed to modern sympathy. The real facts, extracted from legal documents and public registers, reduce its poetry of horror to comparatively squalid prose. Yet, shorn of romantic glamour, the bare history speaks significantly to a student of Italian customs. Monsignore Cristoforo Cenci, who died about the year 1562, was in holy orders, yet not a priest. One of the clerks of the Apostolic Camera, a Canon of S. Peter's, the titular incumbent of a Roman parish, and an occupant of minor offices about the Papal Court and Curia, he represented an epicene species, neither churchman nor layman, which the circumstances of ecclesiastical sovereignty rendered indispensable. Cristoforo belonged to a good family among that secondary Roman aristocracy which ranked beneath the princely feudatories and the Papal bastards. He accumulated large sums of money by maladministration of his official trusts, inherited the estates of two uncles, and bequeathed a colossal fortune to his son Francesco. This youth was the offspring of an illicit connection carried on between Monsignore Cenci and Beatrice Amias during the lifetime of that lady's husband. Upon the death of the husband the Monsignore obtained dispensation from his orders, married Beatrice, and legitimated his son, the inheritor of so much wealth. Francesco was born in 1549, and had therefore reached the age of thirteen when his father died. His mother, Beatrice, soon contracted a third matrimonial union; but during her guardianship of the boy she appeared before the courts, accused of having stolen clothing from his tutor's wardrobe.

Francesco Cenci disbursed a sum of 33,000 crowns to various public offices, in order to be allowed to enter unmolested into the enjoyment of his father's gains; 3800 crowns of this sum went to the Chapter of S. Peter's. He showed a certain

precocity; for at the age of fourteen he owned an illegitimate child, and was accused of violence to domestics. In 1563 his family married him to Ersilia, a daughter of the noble Santa Croce House, who brought him a fair dowry. Francesco lived for twenty-one years with this lady, by whom he had twelve children. Upon her death he remained a widower for nine years, and in 1593 he married Lucrezia Petroni, widow of a Roman called Velli. Francesco's conduct during his first marriage was not without blame. Twice, at least, he had to pay fines for acts of brutality to servants, and once he was prosecuted for an attempt to murder a cousin, also named Francesco Cenci. On another occasion we find him outlawed from the states of the Church. Yet these offenses were but peccadillos in a wealthy Roman baron; and Francesco used to boast that, with money in his purse, he had no dread of justice. After the death of his wife Ersilia, his behavior grew more irregular. Three times between 1591 and 1594, he was sued for violent attacks on servants; and in February of the latter year he remained six months in prison on multiplied charges of unnatural vice. There was nothing even here to single Francesco Cenci out from other nobles of his age. Scarcely a week passed in Rome without some affair of the sort, involving outrage, being brought before the judges. Cardinals, prelates, princes, professional men, and people of the lowest rank were alike implicated. The only difference between the culprits was that the rich bought themselves off, while the destitute were burned. Eleven poor Spaniards and Portuguese were sent to the stake in 1578 for an offense which Francesco Cenci compounded in 1594 by the payment of 100,000 crowns. After this warning and the loss of so much money, he grew more circumspect, married his second wife, Lucrezia, and settled down to rule his family. His sons caused him considerable anxiety. Giacomo, the eldest, married against his father's will, and supported himself by forging obligations and raising money. Francesco's displeasure showed itself in several lawsuits, one of which accused Giacomo of having plotted against his life. The second son, Cristoforo, was assassinated by Paolo Bruno, a Corsican, in the prosecution of a love affair with the wife of a Trasteverine fisherman. The third son, Rocco, spent his time in street adventures, and on one occasion laid his hands on all the plate and portable property that he could carry off from his father's house. This young ruffian, less than twenty years of age, found

a devoted friend in Monsignore Querro, a cousin of the family, well placed at court, who assisted him in the burglary of the Cenci palace. Rocco was killed by Amilcare Orsini, a bastard of the Count of Pitigliano, in a brawl at night. The young men met, Cenci attended by three armed servants, Orsini by two. A single pass of rapiers, in which Rocco was pierced through the right eye, ended the affair.

In addition to his vindictive persecution of his worthless eldest son, Francesco Cenci behaved with undue strictness to the younger, allowing them less money than befitted their station, and treating them with a severity which contrasted comically with his own loose habits. The legend which represents him as an exceptionally wicked man, cruel for cruelty's sake, and devoid of natural affection, receives some color from the facts. Yet these alone are not sufficient to justify its darker hues, while they amply prove that Francesco's children gave him grievous provocation. The discontents of this ill-governed family matured into rebellion, and in 1598 it was decided on removing the old Cenci by murder. His second wife, Lucrezia, his eldest son, Giacomo, his daughter Beatrice, and the youngest son, Bernardo, were implicated in the crime. It was successfully carried out at the Rocca di Petrella in the Abruzzi, on the night of September 9. Two hired bravi, Olimpio Calvetti and Marzio Catalani, entered the old man's bedroom, drove a nail into his head, and flung the corpse out from a gallery, whence it was alleged that he had fallen by accident. Six days after this assassination, Giacomo and his brothers took out letters both at Rome and in the realm of Naples for the administration of their father's property; nor does suspicion seem for some time to have fallen upon them. It awoke at Petrella in November, the feudatory of which fief, Marzio Colonna, informed the government of Naples that proceedings ought to be taken against the Cenci and their cutthroats. Accordingly, on December 10, a ban was published against Olimpio and Marzio. Olimpio met his death at an inn door in a little village called Cantalice. Three desperate fellows, at the instigation of Giacomo de' Cenci and Monsignore Querro, surprised him there. But Marzio fell into the hands of justice, and his evidence caused the immediate arrest of the Cenci. It appears that they were tortured, and that none of them denied the accusation; so that their advocates could only plead extenuating circumstances. To this fact may possibly be due the legend of

Beatrice. In order to mitigate the guilt of parricide, Prospero Farinacci, who conducted her defense, established a theory of enormous cruelty and unspeakable outrages committed on her person by her father. With the same object in view, he tried to make out that Bernardo was half-witted. There is quite sufficient extant evidence to show that Bernardo was a young man of average intelligence; and with regard to Beatrice, nothing now remains to corroborate Farinaccio's hypothesis of incest. She was not a girl of sixteen, as the legend runs, but a woman of twenty-two; and the codicils to her will render it nearly certain that she had given birth to an illegitimate son, for whose maintenance she made elaborate and secret provisions. That the picture ascribed to Guido Reni in the Barberini palace is not a portrait of Beatrice in prison, appears sufficiently proved. Guido did not come to Rome until 1608, nine years after her death; and catalogues of the Barberini gallery, compiled in 1604 and 1623, contain no mention either of a painting by Guido or of Beatrice's portrait. The Cenci were lodged successively in the prisons of Torre di Nona, Savelli, and S. Angelo. They occupied wholesome apartments, and were allowed the attendance of their own domestics. That their food was no scanty dungeon fare appears from the menus of dinners and suppers supplied to them, which include fish, flesh, fruit, salad, and snow to cool the water. In spite of powerful influence at court, Clement VIII. at last resolved to exercise strict justice on the Cenci. He was brought to this decision by a matricide perpetrated in cold blood at Subiaco, on September 5, 1599. Paolo di S. Croce, a relative of the Cenci, murdered his mother Costanza in her bed, with the view of obtaining property over which she had control. The sentence issued a few days after this event. Giacomo was condemned to be torn to pieces by red-hot pincers, and finished with a *coup de grâce* from the hangman's hammer. Lucrezia and Beatrice received the slighter sentence of decapitation: while Bernardo, in consideration of his youth, was let off with the penalty of being present at the execution of his kinsfolk, after which he was to be imprisoned for a year, and then sent to the galleys for life. Their property was confiscated to the Camera Apostolica. These punishments were carried out. But Bernardo, after working at Civita Vecchia until 1606, obtained release and lived in banishment till his death in 1627. Monsignore Querro, for his connivance in the whole affair, was banished to

the island of Malta, whence he returned at some date before the year 1633 to Rome, having expiated his guilt by long and painful exile. In this abstract of the Cenci tragedy, I have followed the documents published by Signor Bertolotti. They are at many points in startling contradiction to the legend, which is founded on manuscript accounts compiled at no distant period after the events. One of these was translated by Shelley; another, differing in some particulars, was translated by De Stendhal. Both agree in painting that lurid portrait of Francesco Cenci which Shelley has animated with the force of a great dramatist. Unluckily, no copy of the legal instructions upon which the trial was conducted is now extant. In the absence of this all-important source of information, it would be unsafe to adopt Bertolotti's argument, that the legend calumniates Francesco in order to exculpate Beatrice, without some reservation. There is room for the belief that facts adduced in evidence may have partly justified the prevalent opinion of Beatrice's infamous persecution by her father.

LYCIDAS.

Monody on a Friend drowned in 1637.

By JOHN MILTON.

[John Milton: English poet; born in London, December 9, 1608; died in London, November 8, 1674. He was graduated from Cambridge, 1629; was Latin secretary, 1649–1660. He became totally blind in 1652. At the Restoration he was proscribed and his works were ordered burnt by the hangman; but after a time he was left unmolested and spent the last years of his life in quiet literary labors. "Paradise Lost" was issued in 1666, "Paradise Regained" in 1671, and "Samson Agonistes" in 1671. His masque of "Comus" was published in 1634, "Lycidas" in 1637, "L'Allegro" and "Penseroso" in 1645. Among his prose works the "Areopagitica" (1644), advocating the freedom of the press, his work on Divorce, and his "Defense of the English People" (1654) are most famous. His sonnets in the Italian manner are among the finest in the English language.]

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor *my* destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;
Tempered to the oaten flute
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me! I fondly dream
"Had ye been there," . . . for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory.
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed:
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.

Neptune Calming the Waves

From the original statue in the Louvre

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake: —
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse.
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,

The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray:
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:

And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

EARLIER SONNETS, ETC., OF MILTON.

On the Detraction which Followed upon my Writing Certain Treatises (1645).

A book was writ of late called *Tetrachordon*,
And woven close, both matter, form, and style;
The subject new: it walked the town awhile,
Numbering good intellects; now seldom pored on.
Cries the stall reader, "Bless us! what a word on
A title-page is this!" and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why, is it harder, sirs, than *Gordon*,
Colkitto, or *Macdonnel*, or *Galasp?*
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheke,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward Greek.

On the Same.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;
As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when Truth would set them free.
License they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good:
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament (1647).

Because you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,
To seize the widowed whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a Classic Hierarchy,
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be named and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call!
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing, worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament
May with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,
And succor our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge:
New *Presbyter* is but old *Priest* writ large.

POEMS OF SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

[Sir John Suckling, the Admirable Crichton of his time, was born in 1609, son of Charles I.'s comptroller of the household; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; traveled on the Continent, and fought under Gustavus Adolphus (in the Marquis of Hamilton's contingent) 1631–1632; returning, wrote plays for court spectacles ("Aglaura," "The Goblins," "Brennoralt," etc.), and was leader of the court circle, in sports, fashion, and miscellaneous resourcefulness, besides being handsome, rich, and generous, a sparkling wit and graceful poet. In Charles's war of 1639, against the Covenanters, Suckling raised a troop of horse to fight for the King; was elected a royalist member of the Long Parliament in 1640; accused in 1641 of plotting to liberate Strafford, he fled to Paris and is supposed to have committed suicide there in 1642.]

A Ballad upon a Wedding.

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
O, things without compare!

Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walked on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-Park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing:
The parson for him stayed:
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance), as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale),
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape, that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring,
Would not stay on, which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But O she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone,)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly);
But Dick, her eyes so guard her face;
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there denied:

Passion o' me, how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon
(I trow) besides the bride.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house.
The bride's came thick and thick:
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
And who could help it, Dick?

On the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again and sigh, and glance:
Then dance again and kiss:
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst ev'ry woman wished her place,
And every man wished his.

By this time all were stolen aside,
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

Orsames' Song in "Aglaura."

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move:
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her!

Song.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine:
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain,
For th' hast a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie
And yet not lodge together?
O love, where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out:
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine:
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she hath mine.

Constancy.

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

RELIGIO MEDICI.

By Sir THOMAS BROWNE.

[Sir Thomas Browne: English physician and antiquary; born in London, 1605; died at Norwich, 1682. He studied at Oxford, Montpellier, Padua, and Leyden (where he took M.D.), and in 1637 settled in practice at Norwich. Knighted, 1671. His masterpiece, "Religio Medici" (1643), is one of the classics of English literature, and has been translated into the principal European languages. Other works are: "Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors" (1646); "Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial," with "The Garden of Cyrus" (1658); "Christian Morals," a collection of aphorisms, posthumous.]

Persecution is a bad and indirect way to plant religion; it hath been the unhappy method of angry devotions, not only to confirm honest religion, but wicked heresies and extravagant opinions. . . . 'Tis not in the power of every honest faith to proceed thus far, or pass to heaven through the flames. Every one hath it not in that full measure, nor in so audacious and resolute a temper, as to endure those terrible tests and trials; who, notwithstanding, in a peaceable way, do truly adore their Saviour, and have (no doubt) a faith acceptable in the eyes of God.

Now, as all that die in the war are not termed soldiers, so neither can I properly term all those that suffer in matters of religion, martyrs. There are many (questionless) canonized on earth, that shall never be saints in heaven, and have their names in histories and martyrologies, who, in the eyes of God, are not so perfect martyrs as was that wise heathen Socrates, that suffered on a fundamental point of religion — the unity of God. I have often pitied the miserable bishop that suffered in the cause of antipodes, yet cannot choose but accuse him of as much madness, for exposing his living on such a trifle, as those of ignorance and folly, that condemned him. I think my conscience will not give me the lie, if I say there are not many extant, that, in a noble way, fear the face of death less than myself; yet, from the moral duty I owe to the commandment of God, and the natural respect that I tender unto the conservation of my essence and being, I would not perish upon a ceremony, politic points, or indifferency: nor is my belief of that untractable temper as not to bow at their obstacles, or connive at matters wherein there are not manifest impieties. The leaven, therefore, and ferment of all, not only civil, but

religious, actions, is wisdom; without which, to commit ourselves to the flames is homicide, and (I fear) but to pass through one fire into another. . . .

I am naturally bashful; nor hath conversation, age, or travel been able to effront or enharden me; yet I have one part of modesty, which I have seldom discovered in another, that is (to speak truly), I am not so much afraid of death as ashamed thereof; 'tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures, that in a moment can so disfigure us, that our nearest friends, wife, and children stand afraid, and start at us. The birds and beasts of the field, that before, in a natural fear, obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance, begin to prey upon us. This very conceit hath, in a tempest, disposed and left me willing to be swallowed up in the abyss of waters, wherein I had perished unseen, unpitied, without wondering eyes, tears of pity, lectures of morality, and none had said, *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

Some, upon the courage of a fruitful issue, wherein, as in the truest chronicle, they seem to outlive themselves, can with greater patience away with death. This conceit and counterfeit subsisting in our progenies seems to me a mere fallacy, unworthy the desires of a man, that can but conceive a thought of the next world; who, in a nobler ambition, should desire to live in his substance in heaven, rather than his name and shadow in the earth. And therefore, at my death, I mean to take a total adieu of the world, not caring for a monument, history, or epitaph; not so much as the bare memory of my name to be found anywhere, but in the universal register of God. I am not yet so cynical as to approve the testament of Diogenes, nor do I altogether allow that rodomontado of Lucan: —

> —— *Cœlo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.*—
>
> He that unburied lies wants not his hearse;
> For unto him a tomb's the universe;

but commend, in my calmer judgment, those ingenuous intentions that desire to sleep by the urns of their fathers, and strive to go the neatest way unto corruption. I do not envy the temper of crows and daws, nor the numerous and weary days of our fathers before the flood. If there be any truth in astrology, I may outlive a jubilee; as yet I have not seen one revolution of Saturn, nor hath my pulse beat thirty years, and yet, excepting one, have seen the ashes of, and left underground,

all the kings of Europe; have been contemporary to three emperors, four grand signiors, and as many popes: methinks I have outlived myself, and begin to be weary of the sun; I have shaken hands with delight in my warm blood and canicular days; I perceive I do anticipate the vices of age; the world to me is but a dream or mock show, and we all therein but pantaloons and antics, to my severer contemplations.

It is not, I confess, an unlawful prayer to desire to surpass the days of our Savior, or wish to outlive that age wherein he thought fittest to die; yet, if (as divinity affirms) there shall be no gray hairs in heaven, but all shall rise in the perfect state of men, we do but outlive those perfections in this world, to be recalled unto them by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to be retrograde hereafter. Were there any hopes to outlive vice, or a point to be superannuated from sin, it were worthy our knees to implore the days of Methuselah. But age doth not rectify, but incurvate our natures, turning bad dispositions into worse habits, and (like diseases) brings on incurable vices; for every day, as we grow weaker in age, we grow stronger in sin, and the number of our days doth but make our sins innumerable. The same vice, committed at sixteen, is not the same, though it agrees in all other circumstances, at forty; but swells and doubles from the circumstance of our ages, wherein, besides the constant and inexcusable habit of transgressing, the maturity of our judgment cuts off pretense unto excuse or pardon. Every sin, the oftener it is committed, the more it acquireth in the quality of evil; as it succeeds in time, so it proceeds in degrees of badness; for as they proceed they ever multiply, and, like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it. And, though I think no man can live well once, but he that could live twice, yet, for my own part, I would not live over my hours past, or begin again the thread of my days; not upon Cicero's ground, because I have lived them well, but for fear I should live them worse. I find my growing judgment daily instruct me how to be better, but my untamed affections and confirmed vitiosity make me daily do worse. I find in my confirmed age the same sins I discovered in my youth; I committed many then because I was a child; and, because I commit them still, I am yet an infant. Therefore I perceive a man may be twice a child before the days of dotage, and stand in need of Æson's bath before threescore.

And truly there goes a deal of providence to produce a man's life unto three-score; there is more required than an able temper for those years: though the radical humor contain in it sufficient oil for seventy, yet I perceive in some it gives no light past thirty: men assign not all the causes of long life, that write whole books thereof. They that found themselves on the radical balsam, or vital sulphur of the parts, determine not why Abel lived not so long as Adam. There is therefore a secret gloom or bottom of our days: 'twas his wisdom to determine them: but his perpetual and waking providence that fulfills and accomplisheth them; wherein the spirits, ourselves, and all the creatures of God, in a secret and disputed way, do execute his will. Let them not therefore complain of immaturity that die about thirty: they fall but like the whole world, whose solid and well-composed substance must not expect the duration and period of its constitution: when all things are completed in it, its age is accomplished; and the last and general fever may as naturally destroy it before six thousand, as me before forty. There is therefore some other hand that twines the thread of life than that of nature: we are not only ignorant in antipathies and occult qualities; our ends are as obscure as our beginnings; the line of our days is drawn by night, and the various effects therein by a pencil that is invisible; wherein, though we confess our ignorance, I am sure we do not err if we say it is the hand of God.

I am much taken with two verses of Lucan, since I have been able not only, as we do at school, to construe, but understand:—

Victurosque Dei celant ut vivere durent,
Felix esse mori.

We're all deluded, vainly searching ways
To make us happy by the length of days;
For cunningly, to make 's protract this breath,
The gods conceal the happiness of death.

There be many excellent strains in that poet, wherewith his stoical genius hath liberally supplied him: and truly there are singular pieces in the philosophy of Zeno, and doctrine of the stoics, which I perceive, delivered in a pulpit, pass for current divinity: yet herein are they in extremes, that can allow a man to be his own assassin, and so highly extol the end and suicide of Cato. This is indeed not to fear death, but yet to be afraid

of life. It is a brave act of valor to contemn death; but, where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valor to dare to live: and herein religion hath taught us a noble example; for all the valiant acts of Curtius, Scævola, or Codrus, do not parallel, or match, that one of Job; and sure there is no torture to the rack of a disease, nor any poniards in death itself, like those in the way or prologue unto it. *Emori nolo, sed me esse mortuum nihil curo;* I would not die, but care not to be dead. Were I of Cæsar's religion, I should be of his desires, and wish rather to go off at one blow, than to be sawed in pieces by the grating torture of a disease. Men that look no further than their outsides, think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but I, that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so; and, considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once. 'Tis not only the mischief of diseases, and the villainy of poisons, that make an end of us; we vainly accuse the fury of guns, and the new inventions of death: — it is in the power of every hand to destroy us, and we are beholden unto every one we meet, he doth not kill us. There is therefore but one comfort left, that though it be in the power of the weakest arm to take away life, it is not in the strongest to deprive us of death. God would not exempt himself from that; the misery of immortality in the flesh he undertook not, that was in it, immortal. Certainly there is no happiness within this circle of flesh; nor is it in the optics of these eyes to behold felicity. The first day of our jubilee is death; the devil hath therefore failed of his desires; we are happier with death than we should have been without it: there is no misery but in himself, where there is no end of misery; and so indeed, in his own sense, the stoic is in the right. He forgets that he can die, who complains of misery: we are in the power of no calamity while death is in our own. . . .

Men commonly set forth the torments of hell by fire, and the extremity of corporal afflictions, and describe hell in the same method that Mahomet doth heaven. This indeed makes a noise, and drums in popular ears: but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in diameter with heaven, whose happiness consists in that part that is best able to comprehend it, that immortal essence, that translated divinity and colony of God, the soul. Surely, though we place hell under earth, the

devil's walk and purlieu is about it. Men speak too popularly who place it in those flaming mountains, which to grosser apprehensions represent hell. The heart of man is the place the devils dwell in; I feel sometimes a hell within myself; Lucifer keeps his court in my breast; Legion is revived in me. . . .

I thank God, and with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place. I have so fixed my contemplations on heaven, that I have almost forgot the idea of hell; and am afraid rather to lose the joys of the one, than endure the misery of the other: to be deprived of them is a perfect hell, and needs methinks no addition to complete our afflictions. That terrible term hath never detained me from sin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof. I fear God, yet am not afraid of him: his mercies make me ashamed of my sins, before his judgments afraid thereof: these are the forced and secondary method of his wisdom, which he useth but as the last remedy, and upon provocation; — a course rather to deter the wicked, than incite the virtuous to his worship. I can hardly think there was ever any scared into heaven: they go the fairest way to heaven that would serve God without a hell: other mercenaries, that crouch unto him in fear of hell, though they term themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves, of the Almighty. . . .

For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital; and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us; that mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind: that surface that tells the heavens it hath an end cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty; though the number of the arc do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind; whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. . . .

There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us in our dreams than in our waked senses: without this I were unhappy; for my awaked judgment discontents

me, ever whispering unto me that I am from my friend: but my friendly dreams in the night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams as I do for my good rest; for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness: and surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next; as the phantasms of the night to the conceits of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other; we are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the litigation of sense, but the liberty of reason, and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. In one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed.

We must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of Morpheus; and that those abstracted and ecstatic souls do walk about in their own corps, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seem to hear, see, and feel, though indeed the organs are destitute of sense, and their natures of those faculties that should inform them. Thus, it is observed that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.

We term sleep a death; and yet it is waking that kills us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. 'Tis indeed a part of life that here expresseth death; for every man truly lives, so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself. Themistocles, therefore, that slew his soldier in his sleep, was a merciful executioner. It is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby

we live a middle and moderating point between life and death: in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God.

The night is come, like to the day,
Depart not thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the luster of thy light:
Keep still in my horizon; for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance;
Make my sleep a holy trance:
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought:
And with as active vigor run
My course, as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death: O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee;
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to awake or die.
These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again:
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake forever.

This is the dormitive I take to bedward; I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep: after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep unto the Resurrection.

THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD HEATH.

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

(From "The Splendid Spur.")

[Arthur Thomas Quiller-Couch, an English novelist and writer of short stories, was born in Cornwall, November 21, 1863. He is the eldest son of Thomas Quiller-Couch, and grandson of Jonathan Couch (1789–1870), a Cornish naturalist of some repute. From Clifton he went to Trinity College, Oxford, where he received a scholarship and distinguished himself by contributions to the *Oxford Magazine*. "Dead Man's Rock," a collection of short stories, appeared before its author had taken his degree. He removed to London and engaged in literary work and journalism until 1891, when he returned to Cornwall and established his residence at Fowey. Among his novels and short stories, dealing principally with Cornish life, may be mentioned: "The Astonishing History of Troy Town," "The Splendid Spur," "Naughts and Crosses," "The Blue Pavilions," "I Saw Three Ships," "The Delectable Duchy," and "The Wandering Heath."]

Night came, and found us but midway between Temple and Launceston: for tho' my comrade stepp'd briskly beside me, 'twas useless to put Molly beyond a walk; and besides, the mare was new from her day's journey. This troubled me the less by reason of the moon (now almost at the full), and the extreme whiteness of the road underfoot, so that there was no fear of going astray. And Billy engaged that by sunrise we should be in sight of the King's troops.

"Nay, Jack," he said, when by signs I offered him to ride and tie: "never rode o' horseback but once, and then 'pon Parson Spinks his red mare at Bideford. Parson i' those days was courtin' the Widow Hambly, over to Torrington: an' I, that wanted to fare to Barnstaple, spent that mornin' an' better part o' th' afternoon, clawin' off Torrington. And th' end was the larboard halyards broke, an' the mare gybed, an' to Torrington I went before the wind, wi' an unseemly bloody nose. 'Lud!' cries the widow, ''tis the wrong man 'pon the right horse!' 'Pardon, mistress,' says I, 'the man is well enow, but 'pon the wrong horse, for sure.'"

Now and then, as we went, I would dismount and lead Molly by the bridle for a mile or so: and all the way to Launceston Billy was recounting his adventures since our parting. It appear'd that, after leaving me, they had come to Plymouth with a fair passage: but before they could unlade, had adver-

tisement of the Governor's design to seize all vessels then riding in the Sound, for purposes of war; and so made a quick escape by night into Looe Haven, where they had the fortune to part with the best part of their cargo at a high profit. 'Twas while unlading here that Billy had a mind to pay a debt he ow'd to a cousin of his at Altarnun, and, leaving Matt. Soames in charge, had tramped northward through Liskeard to Launceston, where he found the Cornish forces, and was met by the news of the Earl of Stamford's advance in the northeast. Further, meeting, in Sir Bevill's troop, with some north coast men of his acquaintance, he fell to talking, and so learn'd about me and my ride toward Braddock, which (it seem'd) was now become common knowledge. This led him to seek Sir Bevill, with the result that you know: "for," as he wound up, "'tis a desirable an' rare delight to pay a debt an' see some fun, together."

We had some trouble at Launceston gate, where were a few burghers posted for sentries, and, as I could see, ready to take fright at their own shadows. But Billy gave the watchword ("One and All"), and presently they let us through. As we pass'd along the street we marked a light in every window almost, tho' 'twas near midnight; and the people moving about behind their curtains. There were groups too in the dark doorways, gather'd there discussing, that eyed us as we went by, and answered Billy's *Good night, honest men!* very hoarse and doubtfully.

But when we were beyond the town, and between hedges again, I think I must have dozed off in my saddle. For, though this was a road full of sharp memories, being the last I had traveled with Delia, I have no remembrance to have felt them; or, indeed, of noting aught but the fresh night air, and the constellation of the Bear blazing ahead, and Billy's voice resonant beside me.

And after this I can recall passing the tower of Marham Church, with the paling sky behind it, and some birds chattering in the carved courses: and soon (it seem'd) felt Billy's grip on my knee, and open'd my eyes to see his finger pointing.

We stood on a ridge above a hollow vale into which the sun, though now bright, did not yet pierce, but passing over to a high, conical hill beyond, smote level on line after line of white tents—the prettiest sight! 'Twas the enemy there en-

camped on the top and some way down the sides, the smoke of their trampled watch fires still curling among the gorse bushes. I heard their trumpets calling and drums beating to arms; for though, glancing back at the sun, I judged it to be hardly past four in the morning, yet already the slopes were moving like an ant-hill — the regiments gathering, arms flashing, horsemen galloping to and fro, and the captains shouting their commands. In the distance this had a sweet and cheerful sound, no more disquieting than a plowboy calling to his team.

Looking down into the valley at our feet, at first I saw no sign of our own troops — only the roofs of a little town, with overmuch smoke spread above it, like a morning mist. But here also I heard the church bells clashing and a drum beating, and presently spied a gleam of arms down among the trees, and then a regiment of foot moving westward along the base of the hill. 'Twas evident the battle was at hand, and we quicken'd our pace down into the street.

It lay on the slope, and midway down we pass'd some watch fires burn'd out; and then a soldier or two running and fastening their straps; and last a little child, that seem'd wild with the joy of living amid great events, but led us pretty straight to the sign of "The Tree," which indeed was the only tavern.

It stood some way back from the street, with a great elm before the porch: where by a table sat two men, with tankards beside them, and a small company of grooms and soldiers standing round. Both men were more than ordinary tall and soldier-like: only the bigger wore a scarlet cloak very richly lac'd, and was shouting orders to his men; while the other, dress'd in plain buff suit and jack boots, had a map spread before him, which he studied very attentively, writing therein with a quill pen.

"What a plague have we here?" cries the big man, as we drew up.

"Recruits, if it please you, sir," said I, dismounting and pulling off my hat, tho' his insolent tone offended me.

"S'lid! The boy speaks as if he were a regiment," growls he, half aloud: "Canst fight?"

"That, with your leave, sir, is what I am come to try."

"And this rascal?" He turned on Billy.

Billy heard not a word, of course, yet answered readily: —

"Why, since your honor is so pleasantly minded — let it be cider."

Now the first effect of this, deliver'd with all force of lung, was to make the big man sit bolt upright and staring: recovering speech, however, he broke into a volley of blasphemous curses.

All this while the man in buff had scarce lifted his eyes off the map. But now he looks up — and I saw at the first glance that the two men hated each other.

"I think," said he, quietly, "my Lord Mohun has forgot to ask the *gentleman's* name."

"My name is Marvel, sir — John Marvel," I answer'd him with a bow.

"Hey!" — and dropping his pen he starts up and grasps my hand — "Then 'tis you I have never thanked for His Gracious Majesty's letter."

"The General Hopton?" cried I.

"Even so, sir. My lord," he went on, still holding my hand and turning to his companion, "let me present to you the gentleman that in January sav'd your house of Bocconnoc from burning at the hands of the rebels — whom God confound this day!" He lifted his hat.

"Amen," said I, as his lordship bowed, exceedingly sulky. But I did not value his rage, being hot with joy to be so beprais'd by the first captain (as I yet hold) on the royal side. Who now, not without a sly triumph, flung the price of Billy's cider on the table and, folding up his map, address'd me again: —

"Master Marvel, the fight to-day will lie but little with the horse — or so I hope. You will do well, if your wish be to serve us best, to leave your mare behind. The troop which my Lord Mohun and I command together is below. But Sir Bevill Grenville, who has seen and is interested in you, has the first claim: and I would not deny you the delight to fight your first battle under so good a master. His men are, with Sir John Berkeley's troop, a little to the westward: and if you are ready I will go some distance with you, and put you in the way to find him. My lord, may we look for you presently?"

The Lord Mohun nodded, surly enough: so, Billy's cider being now drunk and Molly given over to an hostler, we set out down the hill together, Billy shouldering a pipe and walking after with the groom that led Sir Ralph's horse. Be sure the General's courtly manner of speech set my blood tingling. I seem'd to grow a full two inches taller; and when, in the vale,

we parted, he directing me to the left, where through a gap I could see Sir Bevill's troop forming at some five hundred paces' distance, I felt a very desperate warrior indeed; and set off at a run, with Billy behind me.

'Twas an open space we had to cross, dotted with gorse bushes; and the enemy's regiments, plain to see, drawn up in battalia on the slope above, which here was gentler than to the south and west. But hardly had we gone ten yards than I saw a puff of white smoke above, then another, and then the summit ring'd with flame; and heard the noise of it roaring in the hills around. At the first sound I pull'd up, and then began running again at full speed: for I saw our division already in motion, and advancing up the hill at a quick pace.

The curve of the slope hid all but the nearest: but above them I saw a steep earthwork, and thereon three or four brass pieces of ordnance glittering whenever the smoke lifted. For here the artillery was plying the briskest, pouring down volley on volley; and four regiments at least stood mass'd behind, ready to fall on the Cornishmen; who, answering with a small discharge of musketry, now ran forward more nimbly.

To catch up with them, I must now turn my course obliquely up the hill, where running was pretty toilsome. We were panting along, when suddenly a shower of sand and earth was dash'd in my face, spattering me all over. Half blinded, I look'd and saw a great round shot had plow'd a trench in the ground at my feet, and lay there buried.

At the same moment, Billy, who was running at my shoulder, plumps down on his knees and begins to whine and moan most pitiably.

"Art hurt, dear fellow?" asked I, turning.

"Oh, Jack, Jack — I have no stomach for this! A cool, wet death at sea I do not fear; only to have the great hot shot burning in a man's belly — 'tis terrifying. I *hate* a swift death! Jack, I be a sinner — I will confess: I lied to thee yesterday — never kiss'd the three maids I spoke of — never kiss'd but one i' my life, an' her a tap wench, that slapp'd my face for't, an' so don't properly count. I be a very boastful man!"

Now I myself had felt somewhat cold inside when the guns began roaring: but this set me right in a trice. I whipp'd a pistol out of my sash and put the cold ring to his ear: and he scrambled up, and was a very lion all the rest of the day.

But now we had again to change our course, for to my dis-

may I saw a line of sharpshooters moving down among the gorse bushes, to take the Cornishmen in flank. And 'twas lucky we had but a little way further to go; for these skirmishers, thinking perhaps from my dress and our running thus that we bore some message, open'd fire on us: and tho' they were bad marksmen, 'twas ugly to see their bullets pattering into the turf, to right and left.

We caught up the very last line of the ascending troop — lean, hungry-looking men, with wan faces, but shouting lustily. I think they were about three hundred in all. "Come on, lad," called out a bearded fellow with a bandage over one eye, making room for me at his side; "there's work for plenty more!" — and a minute after a shot took him in the ribs, and he scream'd out "Oh, my God!" and flinging up his arms, leap'd a foot in air and fell on his face.

Pressing up, I noted that the first line was now at the foot of the earthwork; and, in a minute, saw their steel caps and crimson sashes swarming up the face of it, and their pikes shining. But now came a shock, and the fellow in front was thrust back into my arms. I reeled down a pace or two, and then, finding foothold, stood pushing. And next, the whole body came tumbling back on me, and down the hill we went flying, with oaths and cries. Three of the rebel regiments had been flung on us and by sheer weight bore us before them. At the same time the sharpshooters pour'd in a volley: and I began to see how a man may go through a battle, and be beat, without striking a blow.

But in the midst of this scurry I heard the sound of cheering. 'Twas Sir John Berkeley's troop (till now posted under cover of the hedges below) that had come to our support; and the rebels, fearing to advance too far, must have withdrawn again behind their earthwork, for after a while the pressure eas'd a bit, and, to my amaze, the troop which but a minute since was a mere huddled crowd, formed in some order afresh, and once more began to climb. This time, I had a thick-set pikeman in front of me, with a big wen at the back of his neck that seem'd to fix all my attention. And up we went, I counting the beat of my heart that was already going hard and short with the work; and then, amid the rattle and thunder of their guns, we stopp'd again.

I had taken no notice of it, but in the confusion of the first repulse the greater part of our men had been thrust past me, so

that now I found myself no further back than the fourth rank, and at the very foot of the earthwork, up the which our leaders were flung like a wave; and soon I was scrambling after them, ankle-deep in the sandy earth, the man with the wen just ahead, grinding my instep with his heel and poking his pike staff between my knees as he slipp'd.

And just at the moment when the top of our wave was cleaving a small breach above us, he fell on the flat of his pike, with his nose buried in the gravel and his hands clutching. Looking up I saw a tall rebel straddling above him with musket clubb'd to beat his brains out: whom with an effort I caught by the boot; and, the bank slipping at that instant, down we all slid in a heap, a jumble of arms and legs, to the very bottom.

Before I had the sand well out of my eyes, my comrade was up and had his pike loose; and in a twinkling, the rebel was spitted through the middle and writhing. 'Twas sickening: but before I could pull out my pistol and end his pain (as I was minded), back came our front rank atop of us again, and down they were driven like sheep, my companion catching up the dead man's musket and ammunition bag, and I followed down the slope with three stout rebels at my heels. "What will be the end of *this?*" thought I.

The end was that after forty yards or so, finding the foremost close upon me, I turn'd about and let fly with my pistol at him. He spun round twice and dropp'd: which I was wondering at (the pistol being but a poor weapon for aim) when I was caught by the arm and pull'd behind a clump of bushes handy by. 'Twas the man with the wen, and by his smoking musket I knew that 'twas he had fired the shot that killed my pursuer.

"Good turn for good turn," says he; "quick with thy other pistol!"

The other two had stopped doubtfully, but at the next discharge of my pistol they turn'd tail and went up the hill again, and we were left alone. And suddenly I grew aware that my head was aching fit to split, and lay down on the turf, very sick and ill.

My comrade took no notice of this, but, going for the dead man's musket, kept loading and firing, pausing now and then for his artillery to cool, and whistling a tune that runs in my head to this day. And all the time I heard shouts and cries

and the noise of musketry all around, which made me judge that the attack was going on in many places at once. When I came to myself 'twas to hear a bugle below calling again to the charge, and once more came the two troops ascending. At their head was a slight-built man, bareheaded, with the sun (that was by this high over the hill) smiting on his brown curls, and the wind blowing them. He carried a naked sword in his hand, and waved his men forward as cheerfully as though 'twere a dance and he leading out his partner.

"Who is that yonder?" asked I, sitting up and pointing.

"Bless thy innocent heart!" said my comrade, "dostn't thee know? 'Tis Sir Bevill."

* * * * * * *

'Twould be tedious to tell the whole of this long fight, which, beginning soon after sunrise, ended not till four in the afternoon, or thereabouts: and indeed of the whole my recollection is but of continual advance and repulse on that same slope. And herein may be seen the wisdom of our generals, in attacking while the main body of the enemy's horse was away: for had the Earl of Stamford possessed a sufficient force of dragoons to let slip on us at the first discomfiture, there is little doubt he might have ended the battle there and then. As it was, the horse stood out of the fray, theirs upon the summit of the hill, ours (under Colonel John Digby) on the other slope, to protect the town and act as reserve.

The foot, in four parties, was disposed about the hill on all sides; to the west — as we know — under Sir John Berkeley and Sir Bevill Grenville; to the south under General Hopton and Lord Mohun; to the east under the Colonels Tom Basset and William Godolphin; while the steep side to the north was stormed by Sir Nicholas Slanning and Colonel Godolphin, with their companies. And as we had but eight small pieces of cannon and were in numbers less than one to two, all we had to do was to march up the hill in face of their fire, catch a knock on the head, maybe, grin, and come on again.

But at three o'clock, we, having been for the sixth time beaten back, were panting under cover of a hedge, and Sir John Berkeley, near by, was writing on a drumhead some message to the camp, when there comes a young man on horseback, his face smear'd with dirt and dust, and rides up to him and Sir Bevill. 'Twas (I have since learn'd) to say that the powder

was all spent but a barrel or two; but this only the captains knew at the time.

"Very well, then," cries Sir Bevill, leaping up gayly. "Come along, boys — we must do it this time." And, the troop forming, once more the trumpets sounded the charge, and up we went. Away along the slope we heard the other trumpeters sounding in answer, and I believe 'twas a *sursum corda!* to all of us.

Billy Pottery was ranged on my right, in the first rank, and next to me, on the other side, a giant, near seven foot high, who said his name was Anthony Payne and his business to act as body servant to Sir Bevill. And he it was that struck up a mighty curious song in the Cornish tongue, which the rest took up with a will. 'Twas incredible how it put fire into them all: and Sir Bevill toss'd his hat into the air, and after him like schoolboys we pelted, straight for the masses ahead.

For now over the rampart came a company of red musketeers, and two of russet-clad pikemen, charging down on us. A moment, and we were crushed back: another, and the chant rose again. We were grappling, hand to hand, in the midst of their files.

But, good lack! what use is swordsmanship in a charge like this? The first redcoat that encounter'd me I had spitted through the lung, and, carried on by the rush, he twirled me round like a windmill. In an instant I was pass'd; the giant stepping before me and clearing a space about him, using his pike as if 'twere a flail. With a wrench I tugg'd my sword out and followed. I saw Sir Bevill, a little to the left, beaten to his knee, and carried toward me. Stretching out a hand I pull'd him on his feet again, catching, as I did so, a crack on the skull that would have ended me, had not Billy Pottery put up his pike and broke the force of it. Next, I remember gripping another redcoat by the beard and thrusting at him with shorten'd blade. Then the giant ahead lifted his pike high, and we fought to rally round it; and with that I seem'd caught off my feet and swept forward; — and we were on the crest.

Taking breath, I saw the enemy melting off the summit like a man's breath off a pane. And Sir Bevill caught my hand and pointed across to where, on the north side, a white standard embroider'd with gold griffins was mounting.

"'Tis dear Nick Slanning!" he cried; "God be prais'd — the day is ours for certain!"

LIBERTY OF PRINTING.

By JOHN MILTON.

(From the "Areopagitica.")

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. . . .

Unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and, if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. . . .

As the state man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits, and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat. . . .

Seeing therefore that those books, and those in great abun-

dance, which are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine, cannot be suppressed without the fall of learning and of all ability in disputation; and that these books of either sort are most and soonest catching to the learned, from whom to the common people whatever is heretical or dissolute may quickly be conveyed; and that evil manners are as perfectly learned without books a thousand other ways which cannot be stopped, and evil doctrine not with books can propagate, except a teacher guide, which he might also do without writing and so beyond prohibiting, I am not able to unfold how this cautelous enterprise of licensing can be exempted from the number of vain and impossible attempts. And he who were pleasantly disposed could not well avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate. Besides another inconvenience, if learned men be the first receivers out of books and dispreaders both of vice and error, how shall the licensers themselves be confided in, unless we can confer upon them, or they assume to themselves, above all others in the land, the grace of infallibility and uncorruptedness? And again, if it be true that a wise man like a good refiner can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without book, there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which being restrained will be no hindrance to his folly. For if there should be so much exactness always used to keep that from him which is unfit for his reading, we should, in the judgment of Aristotle not only, but of Solomon and of our Savior, not vouchsafe him good precepts, and by consequence not willingly admit him to good books, as being certain that a wise man will make better use of an idle pamphlet than a fool will do of sacred Scripture.

'Tis next alleged we must not expose ourselves to temptations without necessity, and next to that, not employ our time in vain things. To both these objections one answer will serve, out of the grounds already laid, that to all men such books are not temptations nor vanities, but useful drugs and materials wherewith to temper and compose effective and strong medicines, which man's life cannot want. The rest, as children and childish men, who have not the art to qualify and prepare these working minerals, well may be exhorted to forbear, but hindered forcibly they cannot be by all the licensing that

sainted Inquisition could ever yet contrive, which is what I promised to deliver next: that this order of licensing conduces nothing to the end for which it was framed, and hath almost prevented me by being clear already while thus much hath been explaining. See the ingenuity of Truth, who, when she gets a free and willing hand, opens herself faster than the pace of method and discourse can overtake her. It was the task which I began with, to show that no nation, or well-instituted state, if they valued books at all, did ever use this way of licensing; and it might be answered that this is a piece of prudence lately discovered; to which I return that, as it was a thing slight and obvious to think on, so if it had been difficult to find out there wanted not among them long since who suggested such a course, which they not following, leave us a pattern of their judgment, that it was not the not knowing, but the not approving, which was the cause of their not using it.

Plato, a man of high authority indeed, but least of all for his Commonwealth, in the book of his laws, which no city ever yet received, fed his fancy with making many edicts to his airy burgomasters, which they who otherwise admire him wish had been rather buried and excused in the genial cups of an academic night-sitting; by which laws he seems to tolerate no kind of learning but by unalterable decree, consisting most of practical traditions, to the attainment whereof a library of smaller bulk than his own Dialogues would be abundant. And there also enacts that no poet should so much as read to any private man what he had written, until the judges and law keepers had seen it and allowed it. But that Plato meant this law peculiarly to that commonwealth which he had imagined, and to no other, is evident. Why was he not else a lawgiver to himself, but a transgressor, and to be expelled by his own magistrates, both for the wanton epigrams and dialogues which he made, and his perpetual reading of Sophron Mimus and Aristophanes, books of grossest infamy, and also for commending the latter of them, though he were the malicious libeler of his chief friends, to be read by the tyrant Dionysius, who had little need of such trash to spend his time on? But that he knew this licensing of poems had reference and dependence to many other provisos there set down in his fancied republic, which in this world could have no place; and so neither he himself nor any magistrate or city ever imitated that course, which, taken apart from those

other collateral injunctions, must needs be vain and fruitless. For if they fell upon one kind of strictness, unless their care were equal to regulate all other things of like aptness to corrupt the mind, that single endeavor they knew would be but a fond labor : to shut and fortify one gate against corruption, and be necessitated to leave others round about wide open.

If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals, that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also, and the balconies, must be thought on: there are shrewd books with dangerous frontispieces set to sale; who shall prohibit them? Shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebec reads, even to the ballatry and the gamut of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadias and his Montemayors. Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill abroad, than household gluttony? Who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting? and what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harbored? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober workmasters to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country? who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no further? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company?

These things will be, and must be; but how they shall be less hurtful, how less enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a State. To sequester out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian polities, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably. Nor is it Plato's licensing of books will do this,

which necessarily pulls along with it so many other kinds of licensing, as will make us all both ridiculous and weary, and yet frustrate; but those unwritten, or at least unconstraining laws of virtuous education, religious and civil nurture, which Plato there mentions as the bonds and ligaments of the Commonwealth, the pillars and the sustainers of every written statute; these they be which will bear chief sway in such matters as these, when all licensing will be easily eluded. Impunity and remissness, for certain, are the bane of a Commonwealth; but here the great art lies to discern in what the law is to bid restraint and punishment, and in what things persuasion only is to work. If every action which is good or evil in man at ripe years were to be under pittance and prescription and compulsion, what were virtue but a name, what praise could be then due to welldoing, what grammercy to be sober, just, or continent?

Many there be that complain of Divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues! When God gave him reason, He gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing; he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions. We ourselves esteem not of that obedience or love or gift which is of force: God therefore left him free, set before him a provoking object, ever almost in his eyes; herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise of his abstinence. Wherefore did He create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue? They are not skillful considerers of human things who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin; for, besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it cannot from all in such a universal thing as books are; and when this is done, yet the sin remains entire. Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left: ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste that came not thither so; such great care and wisdom is required to the right managing of this point.

Suppose we could expel sin by this means; look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue; for the matter of them both is the same: remove that, and ye remove them

both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who though He command us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us even to a profuseness all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety. Why should we then affect a rigor contrary to the manner of God and of Nature, by abridging or scanting those means which books freely permitted are, both to the trial of virtue and the exercise of truth. It would be better done to learn that the law must needs be frivolous which goes to restrain things uncertainly and yet equally working to good and to evil. And were I the chooser, a dram of welldoing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil doing. For God sure esteems the growth and completing of one virtuous person more than the restraint of ten vicious.

And albeit whatever thing we hear or see, sitting, walking, traveling, or conversing, may be fitly called our book, and is of the same effect that writings are, yet grant the thing to be prohibited were only books, it appears that this order hitherto is far insufficient to the end which it intends. Do we not see, not once or oftener, but weekly, that continued Court libel against the Parliament and City, printed, as the wet sheets can witness, and dispersed among us for all that licensing can do? Yet this is the prime service a man would think, wherein this order should give proof of itself. If it were executed, you'll say. But certain, if execution be remiss or blindfold now and in this particular, what will it be hereafter and in other books? If then the order shall not be vain and frustrate, behold a new labor, Lords and Commons! Ye must repeal and proscribe all scandalous and unlicensed books already printed and divulged, after ye have drawn them up into a list, that all may know which are condemned and which not, and ordain that no foreign books be delivered out of custody till they have been read over. This office will require the whole time of not a few overseers, and those no vulgar men. There be also books which are partly useful and excellent, partly culpable and pernicious; this work will ask as many more officials to make expurgations and expunctions, that the commonwealth of learning be not damnified. In fine, when the multitude of books increase upon their hands, ye must be fain to catalogue all those printers who are found frequently offending, and forbid the importation of their whole suspected typography. In a word, that this your

order may be exact, and not deficient, ye must reform it perfectly according to the model of Trent and Seville, which I know ye abhor to do. Yet though ye should condescend to this, which God forbid, the order still would be but fruitless and defective to that end whereto ye meant it. If to prevent sects and schisms, who is so unread or so uncatechised in story, that hath not heard of many sects refusing books as a hindrance, and preserving their doctrine unmixed for many ages only by unwritten traditions? The Christian faith, for that was once a schism, is not unknown to have spread all over Asia ere any Gospel or Epistle was seen in writing. If the amendment of manners be aimed at, look into Italy and Spain, whether those places be one scruple the better, the honester, the wiser, the chaster, since all the inquisitional rigor that hath been executed upon books.

Another reason, whereby to make it plain that this order will miss the end it seeks, consider by the quality which ought to be in every licenser. It cannot be denied but that he who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books, whether they may be wafted into this world or not, had need to be a man above the common measure, both studious, learned, and judicious; there may be else no mean mistakes in the censure of what is passable or not, which is also no mean injury. If he be of such worth as behooves him, there cannot be a more tedious and unpleasing journey work, a greater loss of time levied upon his head, than to be made the perpetual reader of unchosen books and pamphlets, ofttimes huge volumes. There is no book that is acceptable unless at certain seasons; but to be enjoined the reading of that at all times, and in a hand scarce legible, whereof three pages would not down at any time in the fairest print, is an imposition which I cannot believe how he that values time and his own studies, or is but of a sensible nostril, should be able to endure. In this one thing I crave leave of the present licensers to be pardoned for so thinking, who doubtless took this office up looking on it through their obedience to the Parliament, whose command perhaps made all things seem easy and unlaborious to them; but that this short trial hath wearied them out already, their own expressions and excuses to them who make so many journeys to solicit their license are testimony enough. Seeing therefore those who now possess the employment by all evident signs wish themselves well rid of it, and that no man of worth, none that is not a

plain unthrift of his own hours, is ever likely to succeed them, except he mean to put himself to the salary of a press corrector, we may easily foresee what kind of licensers we are to expect hereafter, either ignorant, imperious, and remiss, or basely pecuniary. This is what I had to show wherein this order cannot conduce to that end whereof it bears the intention.

I lastly proceed from the no good it can do to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was the complaint and lamentation of prelates upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities and distribute more equally Church revenues, that then all learning would be forever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy, nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If, therefore, ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew of false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre or any other end but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labors advance the good of mankind, then know that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him.

What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferule to come under the fescue of an imprimatur? if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the Commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industri-

ous, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done he takes himself to be informed in what he writes as well as any that wrote before him; if in this the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labor of book writing, and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer, it cannot be but a dishonor and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

And what if the author shall be one so copious of fancy as to have many things well worth the adding come into his mind after licensing, while the book is yet under the press, which not seldom happens to the best and diligentest writers; and that perhaps a dozen times in one book? The printer dares not go beyond his licensed copy; so often then must the author trudge to his leave giver, that those his new insertions may be viewed, and many a jaunt will be made ere that licenser, for it must be the same man, can either be found, or found at leisure; meanwhile either the press must stand still, which is no small damage, or the author lose his accuratest thoughts and send the book forth worse than he had made it, which to a diligent writer is the greatest melancholy and vexation that can befall.

And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching, how can he be a doctor in his book as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, whenas all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction, of his patriarchal licenser to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hidebound humor which he calls his judgment? when every acute reader upon the first sight of a pedantic license, will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit's distance from him: "I hate a pupil teacher, I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist; I know nothing of the licenser, but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance; who shall warrant me his judgment?" "The State, sir," replies the stationer; but has a quick return, "The State shall be my governors, but not my

critics: they may be mistaken in the choice of a licenser as easily as this licenser may be mistaken in an author: this is some common stuff;" and he might add from Sir Francis Bacon, that such authorized books are but the language of the times. For though a licenser should happen to be judicious more than ordinary, which will be a great jeopardy of the next succession, yet his very office and his commission enjoin him to let pass nothing but what is vulgarly received already.

Nay, which is more lamentable, if the work of any deceased author, though never so famous in his lifetime and even to this day, come to their hands for license to be printed or reprinted, if there be found in his book one sentence of a venturous edge, uttered in the height of zeal, and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit, yet not suiting with every low decrepit humor of their own, though it were Knox himself, the reformer of a kingdom, that spake it, they will not pardon him their dash; the sense of that great man shall to all posterity be lost for the fearfulness or the presumptuous rashness of a perfunctory licenser. And to what an author this violence hath been lately done, and in what book of greatest consequence to be faithfully published, I could now instance, but shall forbear till a more convenient season. Yet if these things be not resented seriously and timely by them who have the remedy in their power, but that such iron molds as these shall have authority to gnaw out the choicest periods of exquisitest books, and to commit such a treacherous fraud against the orphan remainders of worthiest men after death, the more sorrow will belong to that hapless race of men whose misfortune it is to have understanding. Henceforth let no man care to learn, or care to be more than worldly wise; for certainly in higher matters to be ignorant and slothful, to be a common steadfast dunce, will be the only pleasant life and only in request.

And as it is a particular disesteem of every knowing person alive, and most injurious to the written labors and monuments of the dead, so to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the whole nation. I cannot set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment, which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty capacities how good soever; much less that it should not pass except their superintendence be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers, that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. Truth and understanding are not such wares

as to be monopolized and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to mark and license it like our broadcloth and our woolpacks. What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and colters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges.

Had any one written and divulged erroneous things and scandalous to honest life, misusing and forfeiting the esteem had of his reason among men, if after conviction this only censure were adjudged him, that he should never henceforth write but what were first examined by an appointed officer, whose hand should be annexed to pass his credit for him that now he might be safely read, it could not be apprehended less than a disgraceful punishment. Whence to include the whole nation, and those that never yet thus offended, under such a diffident and suspectful prohibition, may plainly be understood what a disparagement it is; so much the more, whenas debtors and delinquents may walk abroad without a keeper, but inoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible jailer in their title. Nor is it to the common people less than a reproach; for if we be so jealous over them as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people, in such a sick and weak estate of faith and discretion as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser? That this is care or love of them we cannot pretend, whenas in those Popish places where the laity are most hated and despised, the same strictness is used over them. Wisdom we cannot call it, because it stops but one breach of license, nor that neither, whenas those corruptions which it seeks to prevent break in faster at other doors which cannot be shut.

And in conclusion it reflects to the disrepute of our ministers also, of whose labors we should hope better, and of the proficiency which their flock reaps by them, than that after all this light of the gospel which is, and is to be, and all this continued preaching, they should be still frequented with such an unprincipled, unedified, and laic rabble, as that the whiff of every new pamphlet should stagger them out of their catechism and Christian walking.

SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.

[John Selden, one of the ablest of English lawyers, antiquarians, and scholars, and a leader of the moderate constitutional party in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., was born in Sussex, 1584; studied at Hart Hall, Oxford; was a friend of Ben Jonson, Drayton, Camden, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and the other literary lights of the time, his fame as scholar and author outweighing even his great distinction as a lawyer. He wrote abridgments of parliamentary records, treatises on early English law, "Titles of Honor" (1614), still of prime value, etc.; "De Diis Syriis" (1617), even yet in the first rank of works on Semitic mythology; and in 1618 the famous "History of Tithes," so crushing against the bishops' claims that they got James to suppress it and forbid Selden to reply to the assaults on it. This drew him into political action; he incited the "Protestation" of 1621, and was committed to the Tower; became member of Parliament in 1623, and drew up the Petition of Right in 1628. Later, however, in reply to Grotius' contention that the ocean was free to all nations alike, he wrote "Mare Clausum" and dedicated it to Charles I. Elected a member of the Long Parliament in 1640, he was of the committee that impeached Laud; wrote "De Jure Naturali" (1640), "Privileges of the Baronage of England" (1642). He became master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1646, and died 1654. His "Table Talk" was published posthumously.]

Ceremony. — Ceremony keeps up all things. 'Tis like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water: without it the water were spilt, the spirit lost. Of all people, ladies have no reason to cry down ceremony; for they take themselves slighted without it. And were they not used with ceremony, with compliments and addresses, with bowing and kissing of hands, they were the pitifulest creatures in the world. But yet methinks to kiss their hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys that after they eat the apple fall to the paring, out of a love they have to the apple.

Competency. — That which is a competency for one man is not enough for another, no more than that which will keep one man warm will keep another man warm; one man can go in doublet and hose, when another man cannot be without a cloak and yet have no more clothes than is necessary for him.

Conscience. — He that hath a scrupulous conscience is like a horse that is not well wayed, he starts at every bird that flies out of the hedge. A knowing man will do that which a tender-conscience man dares not do by reason of his ignorance; the other knows there is no hurt: as a child is afraid to go into the dark when a man is not, because he knows there is no danger.

Councils. — They talk (but blasphemously enough) that the Holy Ghost is president of their general councils, when the truth is the odd man is the Holy Ghost.

Evil-speaking.— He that speaks ill of another, commonly, before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against; for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language. A gallant man is above ill words; an example we have in the old Lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some lord about court, Fool; the lord complains, and has Stone whipped. Stone cries, "I might have called my Lord of Salisbury Fool often enough before he would have had me whipped."

Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying. His confessor told him (to work him to repentance) how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell: the Spaniard, replying, called the devil "my lord": "I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel." His confessor reproved him. "Excuse me," said the Don, "for calling him so: I know not into whose hands I may fall, and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words."

Faith and Works. — 'Twas an unhappy division that has been made between faith and works. Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat; but yet put out the candle, and they are both gone; one remains not without the other. So 'tis betwixt faith and works. Nay, in a right conception, faith is works; for if I believe a thing because I am commanded, that is works.

Friends.— Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes: they were easiest for his feet.

Humility.— Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

If a man does not take notice of that excellency and perfection that is in himself, how can he be thankful to God, who is the Author of all excellency and perfection? Nay, if a man hath too mean an opinion of himself, 'twill render him unserviceable both to God and man. Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity.

Judgments. — We cannot tell what is a judgment of God; 'tis presumption to take upon us to know. In time of plague we know we want health; and therefore we pray to God to give us health: in time of war we know we want peace, and there-

fore pray to God to give us peace. Commonly we say judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide. An example we have in King James, concerning the death of Henry the Fourth of France. One said he was killed for his wenching, another said he was killed for turning his religion. "No," says King James (who could not abide fighting), "he was killed for permitting duels in his kingdom."

King Charles' Policy. — The king calling his friends from the Parliament, because he had use of them at Oxford, is as if a man should have use of a little piece of wood and he runs down into the cellar and takes [out] the spigot; in the meantime all the beer runs about the house.

Law. — A man may plead not guilty, and yet tell no lie; for by the law no man is bound to accuse himself: so that when I say, "Not guilty," the meaning is as if I should say, by way of paraphrase, "I am not so guilty as to tell you: if you will bring me to a trial, and have me punished for this you lay to my charge, prove it against me."

Opinion. — Opinion and affection extremely differ. I may affect a woman best, but it does not follow I must think her the handsomest woman in the world. I love apples best of any fruit, but it does not follow I must think apples to be the best fruit. Opinion is something wherein I go about to give reason why all the world should think as I think. Affection is a thing wherein I look after the pleasing of myself.

Oratory. — That rhetoric is best which is most seasonable and most catching. An instance we have in that old blunt commander at Cadiz, who showed himself a good orator; being to say something to his soldiers, which he was not used to do, he made them a speech to this purpose: "*What a shame will it be, you* Englishmen, *that feed upon good beef and brewess, to let those rascally* Spaniards *beat you that eat nothing but oranges and lemons;*" and so put more courage into his men than he could have done with a learned oration. Rhetoric is very good, or stark naught. There's no medium in rhetoric. If I am not fully persuaded, I laugh at the orator.

Patience. — Patience is the chiefest fruit of study. A man that strives to make himself a different thing from other men by much reading gains this chiefest good: that in all fortunes he hath something to entertain and comfort himself withal.

Pleasure. — Pleasure is nothing else but the intermission of

pain; the enjoying of something I am in great trouble for till I have it.

'Tis a wrong way to proportion other men's pleasures to ourselves; 'tis like a child's using a little bird, "O poor bird, thou shalt sleep with me"; so lays it in his bosom, and stifles it with his hot breath: the bird had rather be in the cold air. And yet, too, 'tis the most pleasing flattery to like what other men like.

Prayer. — Prayer should be short, without giving God Almighty reasons why he should grant this, or that; he knows best what is good for us. If your boy should ask you a suit of clothes, and give reasons, "otherwise he cannot wait upon you, he cannot go abroad but he will discredit you," would you endure it? You know it better than he: let him ask a suit of clothes.

Preaching. — Nothing is text but what was spoken in the Bible, and meant there for person and place; the rest is application, which a discreet man may do well, but 'tis his Scripture, not the Holy Ghost's.

The tone in preaching does much in working upon the people's affections. If a man should make love in an ordinary tone, his mistress would not regard him; and therefore he must whine. If a man should cry Fire! or Murder! in an ordinary voice, nobody would come out to help him.

Repetition. — 'Tis good to preach the same thing again; for that's the way to have it learned. You teach a bird, by often whistling, to learn a tune, and a month after she will record it to herself.

Reason. — In giving reasons, men commonly do with us as the woman does with her child; when she goes to market about her business, she tells it she goes to buy it a fine thing, to buy it a cake or some plums. They give us such reasons as they think we shall be catched withal, but never let us know the truth.

When the schoolmen talk of *Recto Ratio* in morals, either they understand reason as it is governed by a command from above, or else they say no more than a woman when she says a thing is so because it is so; that is, her reason persuades her 'tis so. The other acception has sense in it. As take a law of the land, I must not depopulate, my reason tells me so. Why? Because if I do I incur the detriment.

The reason of a thing is not to be inquired after till you

are sure the thing itself be so. We commonly are at "What's the reason of it?" before we are sure of the thing. 'Twas an excellent question of my Lady Cotton, when Sir Robert Cotton was magnifying of a shoe which was Moses's or Noah's, and wondering at the strange shape and fashion of it: "But, Mr. Cotton," says she, "are you sure it is a shoe?"

Reverence. — 'Tis sometimes unreasonable to look after respect and reverence, either from a man's own servant or other inferiors. A great lord and a gentleman talking together, there came a boy by, leading a calf with both his hands. Says the lord to the gentleman, "You shall see me make the boy let go his calf;" with that he came toward him, thinking the boy would have put off his hat, but the boy took no notice of him. The lord seeing that, "Sirrah," says he, "do you not know me, that you use no reverence?" "Yes," says the boy, "if your lordship will hold my calf I will put off my hat."

Religion. — Alteration of religion is dangerous, because we know not where it will stay. 'Tis like a millstone that lies upon the top of a pair of stairs: 'tis hard to remove it, but if once it be thrust off the first stair, it never stays till it comes to the bottom.

Teach the Teachers. — Use the best arguments to persuade, though but few understand; for the ignorant will sooner believe the judicious of the parish than the preacher himself; and they teach when they dissipate what he has said, and believe it the sooner, confirmed by men of their own side. For betwixt the laity and the clergy there is, as it were, a continual driving of a bargain; something the clergy would still have us be at, and therefore many things are heard from the preacher with suspicion. They are afraid of some ends, which are easily assented to when they have it from some of themselves. 'Tis with a sermon as 'tis with a play: many come to see it who do not understand it, and yet, hearing it cried up by one whose judgment they cast themselves upon, and of power with them, they swear, and will die in it, that 'tis a very good play, which they would not have done if the priest himself had told them so. As in a great school 'tis not the master that teaches all; the monitor does a great deal of work; it may be the boys are afraid to see the master: so in a parish 'tis not the minister does all; the greater neighbor teaches the lesser, the master of the house teaches his servant, etc.

Trifles. — Little things do great works when the great

things will not. If I would take a pin from the ground, a little pair of tongs will do it, when a great pair will not.

Thanksgiving. — At first we gave thanks for every victory as soon as ever 'twas obtained; but since we have had many, now we can stay a good while. We are just like a child: give him a plum, he makes his leg; give him a second plum, he makes another leg; at last, when his belly is full, he forgets what he ought to do; then his nurse, or somebody else that stands by him, puts him in mind of his duty: "Where's your leg?"

Trade. — That which a man is bred up in he thinks no cheating; as your tradesman thinks not so of his profession, but calls it a mystery. Whereas, if you would teach a mercer to make his silks heavier than what he has been used to, he would peradventure think that to be cheating.

Truth. — The way to find out the truth is by others' mistakings: for if I was to go to such a place, and one had gone before me on the right hand, and he was out; another had gone on the left hand, and he was out: this would direct me to keep the middle way, which peradventure would bring me to the place I desired to go.

In troubled water you can scarce see your face, or see it very little, till the water be quiet and stand still. So in troubled times you can see little truth. When times are quiet and settled, then truth appears.

War. — Do not undervalue an enemy by whom you have been worsted. When our countrymen came home from fighting with the Saracens, and were beaten by them, they pictured them with huge, big, terrible faces (as you still see the sign of the Saracen's head is), when in truth they were like other men. But this they did to save their own credit.

Wisdom. — A wise man should never resolve upon anything, at least never let the world know his resolution; for if he cannot arrive at it, he is ashamed A man must do according to accidents and emergencies.

Never tell your resolution beforehand; but when the cast is thrown, play it, as well as you can, to win the game you are at. 'Tis but folly to study how to play size ace when you know not whether you shall throw it or no.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion, you know, called the sheep to ask her if his breath smelt: she said, "Aye"; he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf and

asked him; he said, "No"; he tore him to pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox and asked him: "Truly he had got a cold and could not smell."

Wit. — Wit must grow like fingers. If it be taken from others, 'tis like plums stuck upon blackthorns: there they are for a while, but they come to nothing.

He that will give himself to all manner of ways to get money may be rich; so he that lets fly all he knows or thinks may by chance be satirically witty. Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich, and civility from being witty.

Women. — Women and princes must both trust somebody; and they are happy or unhappy according to the desert of those under whose hands they fall. If a man knows how to manage the favor of a lady, her honor is safe, and so is a prince's.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

By the MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

[James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was born at Edinburgh in 1612; and after studying at St. Andrews University, and traveling three years on the Continent, joined the Covenanters against Charles I. in 1638. Their policy drove him to the side of the king the next year, and he became the ablest general Charles had, winning several splendid victories in Scotland; but his Highland allies deserted him when he wished to act on a wider field, the outrages of his Irish soldiers roused the horror and fury of the Lowlanders, and he was finally beaten and driven from the kingdom. Returning in 1650 with a small force, he was defeated and captured, and hanged in Edinburgh, May 21.]

Part First.

My dear and only love, I pray,
This noble world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhore,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch,
To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe.
But 'gainst my battery if I find
Thou shun'st the prize so sore
As that thou set'st me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

If in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
And dares to vie with me;
Or if committees thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,
And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee ever more.

Part Second.

My dear and only love, take heed,
Lest thou thyself expose,
And let all longing lovers feed
Upon such looks as those.
A marble wall then build about,
Beset without a door;
But if thou let thy heart fly out,
I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like volleys shot,
Make any breach at all;

Nor smoothness of their language plot
  Which way to scale the wall;
Nor balls of wildfire love consume
  The shrine which I adore;
For if such smoke about thee fume,
  I'll never love thee more.

I think thy virtues be too strong
  To suffer by surprise;
Those victualed by my love so long,
  The siege at length must rise,
And leave thee rulèd in that health
  And state thou wast before;
But if thou turn a commonwealth,
  I'll never love thee more.

Or if by fraud, or by consent,
  Thy heart to ruin come,
I'll sound no trumpet as I wont,
  Nor march by tuck of drum;
But hold my arms, like ensigns, up,
  Thy falsehood to deplore,
And bitterly will sigh and weep,
  And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as Nero did
  When Rome was set on fire,
Not only all relief forbid,
  But to a hill retire,
And scorn to shed a tear to see
  Thy spirit grown so poor;
But smiling sing, until I die,
  I'll never love thee more.

Yet, for the love I bore thee once,
  Lest that thy name should die,
A monument of marble stone
  The truth shall testify;
That every pilgrim passing by
  May pity and deplore
My case, and read the reason why
  I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be
  Upon this pillar hung, —

A simple heart, a single eye,
  A true and constant tongue;
Let no man for more love pretend
  Then he has hearts in store;
True love begun shall never end;
  Love one and love no more.

Then shall thy heart be set by mine,
  But in far different case;
For mine was true, so was not thine,
  But lookt like Janus' face.
For as the waves with every wind,
  So sail'st thou every shore,
And leav'st my constant heart behind. —
  How can I love thee more?

My heart shall with the sun be fixed
  For constancy most strange,
And thine shall with the moon be mixed,
  Delighting ay in change.
Thy beauty shined at first more bright,
  And woe is me therefore,
That ever I found thy love so light
  I could love thee no more!

The misty mountains, smoking lakes,
  The rocks' resounding echo,
The whistling wind that murmur makes,
  Shall with me sing hey ho!
The tossing seas, the tumbling boats,
  Tears dropping from each shore,
Shall tune with me their turtle notes —
  I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle, chaste and true,
  Her fellow's death regret,
And daily mourns for his adieu,
  And ne'er renews her mate;
So, though thy faith was never fast,
  Which grieves me wondrous sore,
Yet I shall live in love so chaste,
  That I shall love no more.

And when all gallants ride about
  These monuments to view,

Whereon is written, in and out,
Thou traitorous and untrue;
Then in a passion they shall pause,
And thus say, sighing sore,
"Alas! he had too just a cause
Never to love thee more."

And when that tracing goddess Fame
From east to west shall flee,
She shall record it, to thy shame,
How thou hast lovèd me;
And how in odds our love was such
As few have been before;
Thou loved too many, and I too much,
So I can love no more.

THE MONARCHY OF SPAIN.

(From "Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ," letters of James Howell, Esq., published at London in 1645.)

To the Lord Vicount Col. from Madrid.

Right Hon^ble, Your Lopps. of the third Current, came to safe hand, and being now upon point of parting with this Court I thought it worth the labor to send your Lopp. a short survay of the Monarchy of Spain; a bold undertaking your Lopp. will say, to comprehend within the narrow bounds of a letter such a huge bulk, but as in the bosse of a small Diamond ring, one may discern the image of a mighty mountain, so I will endeavour that your Lopp. may behold the power of this great King in this paper.

Spain hath bin alwayes esteemed a Countrey of ancient renown, and as it is incident to all other, she hath had her vicissitudes, and turns of Fortune: She hath bin thrice overcome, by the Romans, by the Goths, and by the Moores: the middle Conquest continueth to this day; for this King and most of the Nobilitie professe themselves to have descended of the Goths; the Moores kept here about 700. years, and it is a remarkable Story how they got in first; which was thus upon good record. There raignd in Spain Don Rodrigo, who kept his Court then at Malaga; He emploid the Conde Don Julian

Ambassador to Barbary, who had a Daughter, (a young beautifull Lady) that was Maid of Honor to the Queen: The King spying her one day refreshing her self under an Arbour, fell enamor'd with her, and never left till he had deflowrd her: She resenting much the dishonor, writ a letter to her father in Barbary under this Aliegory, That there was a fair green Apple upon the table, and the Kings poignard fell upon't and cleft it in two. Don Julian apprehending the meaning, got letters of revocation, and came back to Spain, where he so complied with the King, that he became his Favorite: Amongst other things he advis'd the King that in regard he was now in Peace with all the World, he would dismisse his Gallies and Garrisons that were up and down the Sea Coasts, because it was a superfluous charge. This being don and the Countrey left open to any Invader, he prevaild with the King to have leave to go with his Lady to see their friends in Tarragona, which was 300. miles off: Having bin there a while, his Lady made semblance to be sick, and so sent to petition the King, that her daughter Donna Cava (whom they had left at Court to satiat the Kings lust) might come to comfort her a while; Cava came, and the gate through which she went forth is call'd after her name to this day in Malaga: Don Julian having all his chief kindred there, he saild over to Barbary, and afterwards brought over the King of Morocco, and others with an Army, who suddenly invaded Spain, lying armless and open, and so conquer'd it. Don Rodrigo died gallantly in the field, but what became of Don Julian, who for a particular revenge betrayed his own Countrey, no Story makes mention. A few years before this happend, Rodrigo came to Toledo, where under the great Church there was a vault with huge iron doores, and none of his Predecessors durst open it, because there was an old Prophesie, That when that vault was open'd Spain should be conquered; Rodrigo, slighting the Prophesie, caus'd the doors to be broke open, hoping to find there some Treasure, but when he entred, there was nothing found but the pictures of Moors, of such men that a little after fulfilld the Prophesie.

Yet this last conquest of Spain was not perfect, for divers parts North-west kept still under Christian Kings, specially Biscay, which was never conquer'd, as Wales in Britanny, and the Biscayners have much Analogy with the Welsh in divers things: They retain to this day the originall Language of

Spain, they are the most mountainous people, and they are reputed the ancientst Gentry ; so that when any is to take the order of Knighthood, there are no Inquisitors appointed to find whether he be clear of the bloud of the Moors as in other places. The King when he comes upon the Confines, pulls off one shoo before he can tread upon any Biscay ground: And he hath good reason to esteem that Province, in regard of divers advantages he hath by it, for he hath his best timber to build ships, his best Mariners, and all his iron thence.

There were divers bloudy battells 'twixt the remnant of Christians, and the Moors for seven hundreth years together, and the Spaniards getting ground more and more, drive them at last to Granada, thence also in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella quite over to Barbary: there last King was Chico, who when he fled from Granada crying and weeping, the people upbraided him, That he might well weep like a woman, who could not defend himself and them like a man. (This was that Ferdinand who obtained from Rome the Title of Catholic, though some Stories say that many ages before Ricaredus the first Orthodox King of the Goths, was stil'd Catholicus in a Provinciall Synod held at Toledo, which was continued by Alphonsus the first, and then made hereditary by this Ferdinand.)

This absolute conquest of the Moors hapned about Henry the sevenths time, when the foresaid Ferdinand and Isabella had by alliance joynd Castile and Aragon, which with the discovery of the West Indies, which happend a little after, was the first foundation of that greatnes whereunto Spain is now mounted.

Afterwards there was an alliance with Burgundy and Austria; by the first House the seventeen Provinces fell to Spain, by the second Charles the fifth came to be Emperor: and remarkable it is how the House of Austria came to that height from a mean Earl, the Earl of Hasburgh in Germany, who having bin one day a hunting, he overtook a Priest who had bin with the Sacrament to visit a poor sick body ; the Priest being tyr'd, the Earl lighted off his horse, helpt up the Priest, and so waited upon him afoot all the while till he brought him to the Church: The Priest giving him his benediction at his going away, told him that for this great act of humility and piety, His Race should be one of the greatest that ever the world had, and ever since, which is some 240. years ago, the

Empire hath continued in that House, which afterwards was calld the House of Austria.

In Philip the seconds time the Spanish Monarchy came to its highest cumble, by the conquest of Portugall, whereby the East Indies, sundry islands in the Atlantic Sea, and divers places in Barbary were added to the Crown of Spain. By these steps this Crown came to this Grandeur; and truly give the Spaniard his due, he is a mighty Monarch, he hath Dominions in all parts of the world (which none of the foure Monarchies had) both in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America (which he hath solely to himself) though our Henry the seventh had the first proffer made him: So the Sun shines all the foure and twenty houres of the naturall day upon some part or other of his Countreys, for part of the Antipodes are subject to him. He hath eight Viceroyes in Europe, two in the East Indies, two in the West, two in Afric, and about thirty provinciall soverain Commanders more; yet as I was told lately, in a discours twixt him and our Prince at his being here, when the Prince fell to magnifie his spacious Dominions, the King answer'd, "Sir, 'tis true, it hath pleas'd God to trust me with divers Nations and Countreys, but of all these there are but two which yield me any clear revenues, viz. Spain and my West Indies, nor all Spain neither, but Castile onely, the rest do scarce quit cost, for all is drunk up twixt Governors and Garrisons; yet my advantage is to have the opportunity to propagat Christian Religion, and to employ my Subjects." For the last, it must be granted that no Prince hath better means to breed brave men, and more variety of commands to heighten their spirits with no petty but Princely employments. This King besides hath other means to oblige the Gentry unto him, by such a huge number of Commendams which he hath in his gift to bestow on whom he please of any of the three Orders of Knighthood: which England and France want. Some Noble men in Spain can dispend 50000*l.* some 40. some 30 and divers twenty thousand pounds per annum.

The Church here is exceeding rich both in revenues, plate, and buildings; one cannot go to the meanest Countrey Chappell, but he will find Chalices, lamps, and candlesticks of silver. There are some Bishops Bishopricks of 30000*l.* per annum, and divers of 10000*l.* and Toledo is 100000*l.* yearly revenue. As the Church is rich, so it is mightily reverenced here, and very powerfull, which made Philip the second rather depend

upon the Clergy, then the secular Power: Therefore I do not see how Spain can be call'd a poore Countrey, considering the revenues aforesaid of Princes and Prelates; nor is it so thin of people as the world makes it, and one reason may be that there are sixteen Universities in Spain, and in one of these there were fifteen thousand Students at one time when I was there, I mean Salamanca, and in this Village of Madrid (for the King of Spain cannot keep his constant court in any City) there are ordinarily 600000. souls. 'Tis true that the colonizing of the Indies, and the wars of Flanders have much draind this Countrey of people: Since the expulsion of the Moors, it is also grown thinner, and not so full of corn; for those Moors would grub up wheat out of the very tops of the Craggy hills, yet they us'd another grain for their bread, so that the Spaniard had nought else to do but go with his Asse to the market, and buy corn of the Moors. There liv'd here also in times past a great number of Jews, till they were expelld by Ferdinand, and as I have read in an old Spanish Legend, the cause was this: The King had a young Prince to his son, who was us'd to play with a Jewish Doctor that was about the Court, who had a ball of gold in a string hanging down his brest; the little Prince one day snatcht away the said gold ball, and carried it to the next room; the ball being hollow, opend, and within there was painted our Saviour kissing a Jews tail: Hereupon they were all suddenly disterr'd and exterminated, yet I beleeve in Portugall there lurks yet good store of them.

For the soyl of Spain, the fruitfulnesse of their vallies recompences the sterility of their hills, corn is their greatest want, and want of rain is the cause of that, which makes them have need of their neighbours; yet as much as Spain bears is passing good, and so is everything else for the quality, nor hath any one a better horse under him, a better cloak on his back, a better sword by his side, better shooes on his feet, then the Spaniard, nor doth any drink better wine, or eat better fruit then he, nor flesh for the quantity.

Touching the people, the Spaniard looks as high, though not so big as a German, his excesse is in too much gravity, which some who know him not well, hold to be a pride; he cares not how little he labors, for poor Gascons and Morisco slaves do most of his work in field and vineyards; he can endure much in the war, yet he loves not to fight in the dark, but in open day, or upon a stage, that all the world might be

witnesses of his valour, so that you shall seldom hear of Spaniards employed in night service; nor shall one heare of a duel here in an age: He hath one good quality, that he is wonderfully obedient to government: for the proudest Don of Spain when he is prancing upon his ginet in the streets, if an Alguazil (a Sargeant) shew him his Vare, that is a little white staffe he carrieth as badge of his Office, my Don will down presently off his horse, and yeeld himself his prisoner. He hath another commendable quality, that when he giveth almes, he pulls of his hat, and puts it in the beggars hand with a great deal of humulity. His gravity is much lessned since the late Proclamation came out against ruffs, and the King himself shewd the first example; they were com to that height of exces herein, that twenty shillings were us'd to be paid for starching of a ruff: and som, though perhaps he had never a shirt to his back, yet would he have a toting huge swelling ruff about his neck. He is sparing in his Ordinary diet, but when he makes a Feast he is free and bountifull.

As to temporall authority, specially Martiall, so is he very obedient to the Church, and beleevs all with an implicit faith: He is a great servant of Ladies, nor can he be blam'd, for as I said before he comes of a Gotish race; yet he never brags of, nor blazes abroad his doings that way, but is exceedingly carefull of the repute of any woman (a civility that we much want in England). He will speak high words of Don Philippo his King, but will not endure a stranger should do so: I have heard a Biscayner make a Rodomontado, that he was as good a Gentleman as Don Philippo himself, for Don Philippo was half a Spaniard, half a German, half an Italian, half a Frenchman, half I know not what, but he was a pure Biscayner without mixture. The Spaniard is not so smooth and oyly in his complement, as the Italian, and though he will make strong protestations, yet he will not swear out Complements like the French and English, as I heard when my Lord of Carlile was Ambassador in France, there came a great Monsieur to see him, and having a long time banded, and sworn Complements one to another who should go first out at a dore, at last my Lord of Carlile said, "Ô Monseigneur ayez pitie de mon ame" (O my Lord, have pity upon my soul).

The Spaniard is generally given to gaming, and that in excesse; he will say his prayers before, and if he win, he will thank God for his good fortune after; their common game at

cards (for they very seldom play at dice) is Primera, at which the King never shows his game, but throws his cards with their faces down on the table: He is Merchant of all the cards and dice through all the Kingdom, he hath them made for a penny a pair, and he retails them for twelve pence; so that 'tis thought he hath 30000*l.* a year by this trick at cards. The Spaniard is very devout in his way, for I have seen him kneel in the very dirt when the Ave Mary bel rings: and some if they spy two straws or sticks lie crossewise in the street, they will take them up and kisse them, and lay them down again. He walks as if he marcht, and seldome looks on the ground, as if he contemnd it. I was told of a Spaniard who having got a fall by a stumble and broke his nose, rise up, and in a disdainfull manner said, "Voto a tal esto es caminar por la tierra" (This is to walk upon earth). The Labradors and Countrey Swains here are sturdy and rationall men, nothing so simple or servile as the French Peasan, who is born in chains. 'Tis true, the Spaniard is not so conversable as other Nations; (unlesse he hath traveld) els is he like Mars among the Planets, impatient of Conjunction: nor is he so free in his gifts and rewards: as the last Summer it hapned that Count Gondamar with Sir Francis Cotington went to see a curious house of the Constable of Castiles, which had been newly built here; the keeper of the house was very officious to shew him every room with the garden, grotha's, and aqueducts, and presented him with some fruits; Gondamar having bin a long time in the House, coming out, put many Complements of thanks upon the man, and so was going away, Sir Francis whispered him in the eare and asked him whether he would give the man any thing that took such pains: "Oh," quoth Gondamar, "well remembered, Don Francisco, have you ever a double pistoll about you? if you have, you may give it him, and then you pay him after the English manner, I have paid him already after the Spanish." The Spaniard is much improv'd in policy since he took footing in Italy, and there is no Nation agrees with him better. I will conclude this Character with a saying that he hath: —

No ay hombre debaxo d'el fo'l
Como el Italiano y el Espanol.

Whereunto a Frenchman answered: —

Dizes la verdad y tienes razon,
El uno es puto, el otro ladron.

Englished thus: —

Beneath the Sun ther's no such man
As is the Spaniard and Italian.

The Frenchman answers: —

Thou tell'st the truth, and reason hast,
The first's a Theef, a Buggerer the last.

Touching their women, nature hath made a more visible distinction twixt the two sexes here, then else where; for the men for the most part are swarthy and rough, but the women are made of a far finer mould, they are commonly little; and whereas there is a saying that to make a compleat woman, let her be English to the neck, French to the wast, and Dutch below; I may adde for hands and feet let her be Spanish, for they have the least of any. They have another saying, a Frenchwoman in a dance, a Dutchwoman in the kitchin, an Italian in a window, an Englishwoman at board, and the Spanish abed. When they are maried they have a priviledge to wear high shooes, and to paint, which is generally practised here, and the Queen useth it her self. They are coy enough, but not so froward as our English, for if a Lady goe along the street, (and all women going here vaild and their habit so generally like, one can hardly distinguish a Countesse from a coblers wife) if one should cast out an odde ill sounding word, and aske her a favor, she will not take it ill, but put it off and answer you with some witty retort. After 30. they are commonly past child-bearing, and I have seen women in England look as youthfull at 50. as here at 25. Money will do miracles here in purchasing the favor of Ladies, or anything els, though this be the Countrey of money, for it furnisheth well-near all the world besides, yea their very enemies, as the Turk and Hollander; insomuch that one may say the Coyn of Spain is as Catholic as her King. Yet though he be the greatest King of gold and silver Mines in the world, (I think) yet the common currant Coyn here is copper, and herein I beleeve the Hollander hath done him more mischief by counterfeiting his copper coins, then by their arms, bringing it in by strange surreptitious wayes, as in hollow sows of tin and lead, hollow masts, in pitch buckets under water and other wayes. But I fear to be

injurious to this great King to speak of him in so narrow a compasse, a great King indeed, though the French in a slighting way compare his Monarchy to a Beggars cloak made up of patches; they are patches indeed, but such as he hath not the like: The East Indies is a patch embroyderd with Pearl, Rubies, and Diamonds: Peru is a patch embroyderd with massy gold, Mexico with silver, Naples & Milan are patches of cloth of Tissue, and if these patches were in one peece, what would become of his cloak embroyderd with Flower deluces?

So desiring your Lopp. to pardon this poor imperfect paper, considering the high quality of the subject, I rest

Your Lopps. most humble Servitor,

J. H.

WISHES.

To his Supposed Mistress.

By RICHARD CRASHAW.

[Richard Crashaw, English poet, and high-churchman ending as Catholic, was born at London in 1613 of an acridly Puritan family (compare the curiously similar case of Newman). He graduated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 1634, but became fellow of Peterhouse in 1637; meantime (1634) publishing a volume of Latin religious verses, "Epigrammatium Sacrorum Liber." He became a close friend of Cowley; but when the latter fled to Oxford for safety in 1643. Crashaw remained, refused to take the Covenant imposed on account of the Scotch alliance, and was deprived of his fellowship. Escaping to France, he joined the Roman Church, went to Italy, and through Henrietta Maria's influence was made secretary to Cardinal Palotta; but denouncing the scandalous behavior of the Cardinal's retinue, drew such prospect of vengeance on himself that the Cardinal made him in 1650 a canon at Loretto, where he "died" in less than three weeks. His poems had been collected during his exile as "Steps to the Temple" (religious) and "The Delights of the Muses" (secular); and after his death the later ones were collected as "Carmen Deo Nostro." Crashaw was nearly as all-accomplished as Suckling: artist, musician, engraver, and a master of Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish.]

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of Destiny;

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps tread our Earth;

Till that divine
Idea, take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine;

Meet you her, my wishes
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye called, my absent kisses.

I wish her, beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire or glistring shoe tie.

Something more than
Taffeta or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan, —

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest. . . .

A cheek where Youth,
And blood, with pen of Truth
Write, what their reader sweetly ru'th. . .

Lips, where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away. . . .

Eyes, that displace
The neighbor diamond, and outface
That sunshine, by their own sweet grace.

Tresses, that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are. . . .

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow,
From a forespent night of sorrow.

Days, that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say, Welcome, friend! . . .

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish — no more.

Now if Time knows
That her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her that dares be,
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further: it is she.

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye;
Be ye my fictions — but her story.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW.

By ABRAHAM COWLEY.

[For biographical sketch, see page 257.]

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and Heaven,
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of godhead with humanity.
Long did the muses banished slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou (though spells and charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to their Holy Land.

Ah wretched we, poets of earth! but thou
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now.
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine,
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old.
And they (kind spirits!) shall all rejoice to see
How little less than they, exalted man may be. . . .
Thy spotless muse, like Mary, did contain
The boundless godhead; she did well disdain
That her eternal verse employed should be
On a less subject than eternity;
And for a sacred mistress scorned to take
But her whom God himself scorned not his spouse to make
It (in a kind) her miracle did do;
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.
How well, blest swan, did fate contrive thy death;
And make thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms, thou most divine
And richest offering of Lorretto's shrine
Where like some holy sacrifice t' expire
A fever burns thee, and love lights the fire.
Angels (they say) brought the famed chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.
'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and they,
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.
Pardon, my mother church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went,
For even in error sure no danger is
When joined with so much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak't, and grief,
Ah that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were even weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.
And I myself a Catholic will be.
So far at least, great saint, to pray to thee.

THE FATE OF MORDAUNT.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Père.

(From "Twenty Years After.")

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. XIII., page 296.]

The Skiff "Lightning."

Mordaunt glided through the subterranean passage, and gaining the neighboring house, stopped to take breath.

"Good," said he, "a mere nothing. Scratches, that is all. Now to my work."

He walked on at a quick pace, till he reached a neighboring cavalry barrack, where he happened to be known. Here he borrowed a horse, the best in the stables, and in a quarter of an hour was at Greenwich.

"'Tis well," said he, as he reached the river bank. "I am half an hour before them. Now," he added, rising in the stirrups, and looking about him, "which, I wonder, is the 'Lightning'?"

At this moment, as if in reply to his words, a man lying on a coil of cables rose and advanced a few steps toward him. Mordaunt drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and tying a knot at each corner — the signal agreed upon — waved it in the air, and the man came up to him. He was wrapped in a large rough cape, which concealed his form and partly his face.

"Do you wish to go on the water, sir?" said the sailor.

"Yes, just so. Along the Isle of Dogs."

"And perhaps you have preference for one boat more than another. You would like one that sails as rapidly ——"

"As lightning," interrupted Mordaunt.

"Then mine is the boat you are after, sir. I'm your man."

"I begin to think so, particularly if you have not forgotten a certain signal."

"Here it is, sir," and the sailor took from his coat a handkerchief, tied at each corner.

"Good, quite right!" cried Mordaunt, springing off his

horse. "There's not a moment to lose; now take my horse to the nearest inn, and conduct me to your vessel."

"But," asked the sailor, "where are your companions? I thought there were four of you."

"Listen to me, sir; I'm not the man you take me for; you are in Captain Rogers' post, are you not, under orders from General Cromwell? Mine, also, are from him!"

"Indeed, sir, I recognize you; you are Captain Mordaunt. Don't be afraid; you are with a friend. I am Captain Groslow. The general remembered that I had formerly been a naval officer, and he gave me the command of this expedition. Is there anything new in the wind?"

"Nothing."

"I thought, perhaps, that the king's death ——"

"Has only hastened their flight; in ten minutes they will, perhaps, be here. I am going to embark with you. I wish to aid in the deed of vengeance. All is ready, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"The cargo on board?"

"Yes — and we are sailing from Oporto to Antwerp, remember."

"'Tis well."

They then went down to the Thames. A boat was fastened to the shore by a chain fixed to a stake. Groslow jumped in, followed by Mordaunt, and in five minutes they were quite away from that world of houses which then crowded the outskirts of London; and Mordaunt could discern the little vessel riding at anchor near the Isle of Dogs. When they reached the side of this felucca, Mordaunt, dexterous in his eagerness for vengeance, seized a rope and climbed up the side of the vessel with a coolness and agility very rare among landsmen. He went with Groslow to the captain's berth — a sort of temporary cabin of planks — for the chief apartment had been given up by Captain Rogers to the passengers, who were to be accommodated at the other extremity of the boat.

"They will have nothing to do with this side of the ship, then," said Mordaunt.

"Nothing at all."

"That's a capital arrangement. Return to Greenwich, and bring them here. I shall hide myself in your cabin. You have a longboat?"

"That in which we came."

"It appeared light and well constructed."

"Quite a canoe."

"Fasten it to the poop with ropes — put the oars into it, so that it may follow in the track, and there will be nothing to do except to cut the cords away. Put a good supply of rum and biscuit in it for the seamen; should the night happen to be stormy, they will not be sorry to find something to console themselves with."

"Consider all this done. Do you wish to see the powder room?"

"No. When you return, I will set the fuse myself, but be careful to conceal your face, so that you cannot be recognized by them."

"Never fear."

"There's ten o'clock striking at Greenwich."

Groslow then, having given the sailor on duty an order to be on the watch with more than usual vigilance, went down into the longboat, and soon reached Greenwich. The wind was chilly, and the jetty was deserted, as he approached it; but he had no sooner landed than he heard a noise of horses galloping upon the paved road.

These horsemen were our friends, or rather, an *avant-garde*, composed of D'Artagnan and Athos. As soon as they arrived at the spot where Groslow stood, they stopped, as if guessing that he was the man they wanted. Athos alighted, and calmly opened the handkerchief tied at each corner, whilst D'Artagnan, ever cautious, remained on horseback, one hand upon his pistol, leaning forward watchfully.

On seeing the appointed signal, Groslow, who had at first crept behind one of the cannon planted on that spot, walked straight up to the gentlemen. He was so well wrapped up in his cloak, that it would have been impossible to have seen his face even if the night had not been so dark as to render precaution superfluous; nevertheless, the keen glance of Athos perceived at once it was not Rogers who stood before them.

"What do you want with us?" he asked of Groslow.

"I wish to inform you, my lord," replied Groslow, with an Irish accent, feigned of course, "that if you are looking for Captain Rogers you will not find him. He fell down this morning and broke his leg; but I'm his cousin; he told me everything, and desired me to look out for and conduct you to any place named by the four gentlemen who should bring me

a handkerchief tied at each corner, like that one which you hold and one which I have in my pocket."

And he drew out the handkerchief.

"Was that all he said?" inquired Athos.

"No, my lord; he said you had engaged to pay seventy pounds if I landed you safe and sound at Boulogne, or any other port you chose in France."

"What do you think of all this?" said Athos, in a low tone, to D'Artagnan, after explaining to him in French what the sailor had said in English.

"It seems a likely story — to *me*."

"And to me, too."

"Besides, we can but blow out his brains if he proves false," said the Gascon; "and you, Athos, you know something of everything, and can be our captain. I dare say you know how to navigate, should he fail us."

"My dear friend, you guess well. My father meant me for the navy, and I have some vague notions about navigation."

"You see!" cried D'Artagnan.

They then summoned their friends, who, with Blaisois, Musqueton, and Grimaud, promptly joined them — leaving Parry behind them, who was to take their horses back to London; and they all proceeded instantly to the shore, and placed themselves in the boat, which, rowed by Groslow, began rapidly to clear the coast.

"At last," exclaimed Porthos, "we are afloat."

"Alas," said Athos, "we depart alone."

"Yes; but all four together, and without a scratch; which is a consolation."

"We are not yet at our destination," observed the prudent D'Artagnan; "beware of misadventure."

"Ah! my friend," cried Porthos, "like the crows, you always bring bad omens. Who could intercept us in such a night as this — pitch dark — when one does not see more than twenty yards before one?"

"Yes — but to-morrow morning ——"

"To-morrow we shall be at Boulogne. But it is refreshing to hear Monsieur d'Artagnan confess that he's afraid."

"I not only confess it, but am proud of it," returned the Gascon; "I'm not such a rhinoceros as you are. Oho! what's that?"

"The 'Lightning,'" answered the captain, "our felucca."

"So far, so good," laughed Athos.

They went on board, and the captain instantly conducted them to the berth prepared for them — a cabin which was to serve for all purposes, and for the whole party; he then tried to slip away under pretext of giving orders to some one.

"Stop a moment," cried D'Artagnan; "pray how many men have you on board, captain?"

"I don't understand," was the reply.

"Explain it, Athos."

Groslow, on the question being interpreted, answered, "Three, without counting myself."

"Oh!" exclaimed D'Artagnan. "I begin to be more at my ease; however, whilst you settle yourselves, I shall make the round of the boat."

"As for me," said Porthos, "I will see to the supper."

"A very good idea, Porthos," said the Gascon. "Athos, lend me Grimaud, who, in the society of his friend Parry, has, perhaps, picked up a little English, and can act as my interpreter."

"Go, Grimaud," said Athos.

D'Artagnan, finding a lantern on the deck, took it up, and with a pistol in his hand he said to the captain, in English, "Come" (being, with the classic English oath, the only English words he knew), and so saying, he descended to the lower deck.

This was divided into three compartments: one which was covered by the floor of that room in which Athos, Porthos, and Aramis were to pass the night; the second was to serve as the sleeping room for the servants; the third, under the prow of the ship, was under the temporary cabin in which Mordaunt was concealed.

"Oho!" cried D'Artagnan, as he went down the steps of the hatchway, preceded by the lantern; "what a number of barrels! one would think one was in the cave of Ali Baba. What is there in them?" he added, putting his lantern on one of the bins.

The captain seemed inclined to go upon deck again, but, controlling himself, he answered: —

"Port wine."

"Ah! port wine! 'tis a comfort," said the Gascon, "since we shall not die of thirst. Are they all full?"

Grimaud translated the question, and Groslow, who was wiping the perspiration from off his forehead, answered: —

"Some full, others empty."

D'Artagnan struck the barrels with his hand, and having ascertained that he spoke the truth, pushed his lantern, greatly to the captain's alarm, into the interstices between the barrels, and finding that there was nothing concealed in them: —

"Come along," he said; and he went toward the door of the second compartment.

"Stop!" said the Englishman. "I have the key of that door;" and he opened the door, with a trembling hand, into the second compartment, where Musqueton and Blaisois were preparing supper.

Here there was evidently nothing to seek, or to apprehend, and they passed rapidly to examine the third compartment.

This was the room appropriated to the sailors. Two or three hammocks hung upon the ceiling, a table and two benches composed the entire furniture. D'Artagnan picked up two or three old sails, hung on the walls, and meeting nothing to suspect, regained, by the hatchway, the deck of the vessel.

"And this room?" he asked, pointing to the captain's cabin.

"That's my room," replied Groslow.

"Open the door."

The captain obeyed. D'Artagnan stretched out his arm, in which he held the lantern, put his head in at the half-opened door, and seeing that the cabin was nothing better than a shed:

"Good," he said. "If there is an army on board it is not here that it is hidden. Let us see what Porthos has found for supper." And thanking the captain, he regained the state cabin, where his friends were.

Porthos had found nothing; and with him fatigue had prevailed over hunger. He had fallen asleep, and was in a profound slumber when D'Artagnan returned. Athos and Aramis were beginning to close their eyes, which they half opened when their companion came in again.

"Well?" said Aramis.

"All is well; we may sleep tranquilly."

On this assurance the two friends fell asleep; and D'Artagnan, who was very weary, bade good night to Grimaud, and laid himself down in his cloak, with naked sword at his side, in such a manner that his body barricaded the passage, and that it should be impossible to enter the room without upsetting him.

Port Wine.

In ten minutes the masters slept; not so the servants — hungry and uncomfortable.

"Grimaud," said Musqueton to his companion, who had just come in after his round with D'Artagnan, "art thou thirsty?"

"As thirsty as a Scotchman!" was Grimaud's laconic reply.

And he sat down and began to cast up the accounts of his party, whose money he managed.

"Oh, lackadaisy! I'm beginning to feel queer!" cried Blaisois.

"If that's the case," said Musqueton, with a learned air, "take some nourishment."

"Do you call that nourishment?" said Blaisois, pointing to the barley bread and pot of beer upon the table.

"Blaisois," replied Musqueton, "remember that bread is the true nourishment of a Frenchman, who is not always able to get bread: ask Grimaud."

"Yes, but beer!" asked Blaisois, sharply, "is that their true drink?"

"As to that," answered Musqueton, puzzled how to get out of the difficulty, "I must confess that to me beer is as disagreeable as wine is to the English."

"What! Monsieur Musqueton! The English — do they dislike wine?"

"They hate it."

"But I have seen them drink it."

"As a punishment. For example, an English prince was plumped into a butt of Malmsey. I heard the Chevalier d'Herblay say so. It *settled* him."

"The fool!" cried Blaisois. "I wish I had been in his place."

"Thou canst be," said Grimaud, writing down his figures.

"How?" asked Blaisois, "I can? Explain yourself."

Grimaud went on with his sum, and cast up the whole.

"Port," he said, extending his hand in the direction of the first compartment examined by D'Artagnan and himself.

"Eh? eh? ah? — those barrels I saw through the door?"

"Port!" replied Grimaud, beginning a fresh sum.

"I have heard," said Blaisois, "that port is a very good wine."

"Excellent!" cried Musqueton, smacking his lips.

"Excellent!"

"Supposing these Englishmen would sell us a bottle," said the honest Blaisois.

"Sell!" cried Musqueton, about whom there was a remnant of his ancient marauding character left. "One may well perceive, young man, that you are inexperienced. Why buy what one can take?"

"Take?" answered Blaisois. "To covet one's neighbor's chattels is forbidden, I believe."

"What a childish reason!" said Musqueton, condescendingly; "yes, childish; I repeat the word. Where did you learn, pray, to consider the English neighbors?"

"The saying's true, dear Mouston; but I don't remember where."

"Childish — still more childish," replied Musqueton. "Hadst thou been ten years engaged in war as Grimaud and I have been, my dear Blaisois, you would know the difference there is between the goods of others and the goods of enemies. Now an Englishman is an enemy; this port wine belongs to the English, therefore it belongs to us."

"And our masters?" asked Blaisois, stupefied by this harangue, delivered with an air of profound sagacity, "will they be of your opinion?"

Musqueton smiled disdainfully.

"I suppose that you think it necessary that I should disturb the repose of these illustrious lords to say, 'Gentlemen, your servant, Musqueton, is thirsty.' What does Monsieur Bracieux care, think you, whether I am thirsty or not?"

"'Tis a very expensive wine," said Blaisois, shaking his head.

"Were it liquid gold, Monsieur Blaisois, our masters would not deny themselves this wine. Know that Monsieur de Bracieux is rich enough to drink a tun of port wine, even if obliged to pay a pistole for every drop;" his manner became more and more lofty every instant: then he arose, and after finishing off the beer at one draught, he advanced majestically to the door of the compartment where the wine was. "Ah! locked!" he exclaimed; "these devils of English, how suspicious they are!"

"Shut!" said Blaisois; "ah! the deuce it is; unlucky, for I feel the sickness coming on squimier and squimier."

"Shut!" repeated Musqueton.

"But," Blaisois ventured to say, "I have heard you relate, Monsieur Musqueton, that once on a time, at Chantilly, you fed your master and yourself with partridges which were snared, carps caught by a line, and wine drawn with a cork-screw."

"Perfectly true; but there was an air hole in the cellar, and the wine was in bottles. I cannot throw the loop through this partition, nor move with a pack thread a cask of wine which may, perhaps, weigh two hundred pounds."

"No, but you can take out two or three boards of the partition," answered Blaisois, "and make a hole in the cask with a gimlet."

Musqueton opened his great round eyes to the utmost, astonished to find in Blaisois qualities for which he did not give him credit.

"'Tis true," he said; "but where can I get a chisel to take the planks out — a gimlet, to pierce the cask?"

"Trousers," said Grimaud, still squaring his accounts.

"Ah, yes!" said Musqueton.

Grimaud, in fact, was not only the accountant, but the armorer of the party; and as he was a man full of forethought, these trousers, carefully rolled up in his valise, contained every sort of tool for immediate use.

Musqueton, therefore, was soon provided with tools, and he began his task. In a few minutes he had extracted three boards. He tried to pass his body through the aperture; but not being like the frog in the fable, who thought he was larger than he really was, he found he must take out three or four more before he could get through.

He sighed and set to work again.

Grimaud had now finished his accounts. He arose, and stood near Musqueton.

"I," he said.

"What?" said Musqueton.

"I can pass ——"

"True — you" — answered Musqueton, casting a glance at the long thin form of his friend; "you can pass, and easily — go in then."

"Rinse the glasses," said Grimaud.

"Now," said Musqueton, addressing Blaisois; "now you shall see how we old soldiers drink when we are thirsty."

"My cloak," said Grimaud, from the bottom of the hold.

"What do you want?" asked Blaisois.

"My cloak — stop up the aperture with it."

"Why?" asked Blaisois.

"Simpleton!" exclaimed Musqueton; "suppose any one came into the room."

"Ah, true," cried Blaisois, with evident admiration; "but it will be dark in the cellar."

"Grimaud always sees, dark or light — night as well as day," answered Musqueton.

"Silence," cried Grimaud, "some one is coming."

In fact, the door of their cabin was opened. Two men, wrapped in their cloaks, appeared.

"Oh, ho!" said they, "not in bed at a quarter past eleven? That's against all rules. In a quarter of an hour let every one be in bed, and snoring."

These two men then went toward the compartment in which Grimaud was secreted; opened the door, entered and shut it after them.

"Ah!" cried Blaisois; "he's lost!"

"Grimaud's a cunning fellow," murmured Musqueton.

They waited for ten minutes, during which time no noise was heard which might indicate that Grimaud was discovered; and at the expiration of that anxious interval the two men returned, closed the door after them, and repeating their orders that the servants should go to bed, and extinguish their lights, disappeared.

At that very moment Grimaud drew back the cloak which hid the aperture, and came in with his face livid, his eyes staring wide open with terror, so that the pupils were contracted almost to nothing, with a large circle of white around them. He held in his hand a tankard full of some dark substance or another; and approaching the gleam of light shed by the lamp he uttered this single monosyllable — "Oh!" with such an expression of extreme terror that Musqueton started, alarmed, and Blaisois was near fainting from fright.

Both, however, cast an inquisitive glance into the tankard — it was full of gunpowder.

Convinced that the ship was full of powder instead of having a cargo of wine, Grimaud hastened to awake D'Artagnan, who had no sooner beheld him than he perceived that something extraordinary had taken place. Imposing silence, Gri-

maud put out the little night lamp, then knelt down, and poured into the lieutenant's ear a recital melodramatic enough not to require play of feature to give it pith.

This was the gist of his strange story: —

The first barrel that Grimaud had found on passing into the compartment he struck — it was empty. He passed on to another — it also was empty; but the third which he tried was, from the dull sound it gave out, evidently full. At this point Grimaud stopped, and was preparing to make a hole with his gimlet, when he found a spigot; he therefore placed his tankard under it, and turned the spout; something, whatever it was the cask contained, fell silently into the tankard.

Whilst he was thinking that he should first taste the liquor which the tankard contained, before taking it to his companions, the door of the cellar opened, and a man with a lantern in his hands, and enveloped in a cloak, came and stood just before the hogshead, behind which Grimaud, on hearing him come in, instantly crept. This was Groslow. He was accompanied by another man who carried in his hand something long and flexible, rolled up, resembling a washing line.

"Have you the wick?" asked the one who carried the lantern.

"Here it is," answered the other.

At the voice of this last speaker, Grimaud started, and felt a shudder creeping through his very marrow. He rose gently, so that his head was just above the round of the barrel; and, under the large hat, he recognized the pale face of Mordaunt.

"How long will this fuse burn?" asked this person.

"Nearly five minutes," replied the captain.

"Then tell the men to be in readiness — don't tell them why now; when the clock strikes a quarter after midnight collect your men. Get down into the longboat."

"That is when I have lighted the match?"

"I will undertake that. I wish to be sure of my revenge — are the oars in the boat?"

"Everything is ready."

"'Tis well."

Mordaunt knelt down and fastened one end of the train to the spigot, in order that he might have nothing to do but to set it on fire at the opposite end with the match.

He then arose.

"You hear me — at a quarter past midnight — in fact, in twenty minutes."

"I understand all perfectly, sir," replied Groslow; "but allow me to say, there is great danger in what you undertake — would it not be better to intrust one of the men to set fire to the train?"

"My dear Groslow," answered Mordaunt, "you know the French proverb, 'Nothing one does not do one's self is ever well done.' I shall abide by that rule."

Grimaud had heard all this — had seen the two mortal enemies of the musketeers — had seen Mordaunt adjust the fuse; then he felt, and felt again, the contents of the tankard that he held in his hand; and, instead of the lively liquor expected by Blaisois and Musqueton, he found beneath his fingers the grains of some coarse powder.

Mordaunt went away with the captain. At the door he stopped to listen.

"Do you hear how they sleep?" he said.

In fact, Porthos could be heard snoring through the partition.

"'Tis God who gives them into our hands," answered Groslow.

"This time the devil himself shall not save them," rejoined Mordaunt.

And they went out together.

End of the Port-Wine Mystery.

D'Artagnan, as one may suppose, listened to all these details with a growing interest. He awoke Aramis, Athos, and Porthos; and then, stretching out his arms, and closing them again, the Gascon collected in one small circle the three heads of his friends, so near as almost to touch each other.

He then told them under whose command the vessel was in which they were sailing that night; that they had Groslow for their captain, and Mordaunt acting under him as his lieutenant. Something more deathlike than a shudder, at this moment, shook the brave musketeers. The name of Mordaunt seemed to exercise over them a mysterious and fatal influence — to summons ghastly terror with its very sound.

"What is to be done?" asked Athos.

"You have some plan?"

D'Artagnan replied by going toward a very small, low

window, just large enough to let a man through. He turned it gently on its hinges.

"There," he said, "is our road."

"The deuce — it is a very cold one, my dear friend," said Aramis.

"Stay here, if you like, but I warn you, 'twill be rather too warm presently."

"But we cannot swim to the shore."

"The longboat is yonder, lashed to the felucca. We will take possession of it, and cut the cable. Come, my friends."

"A moment's delay," said Athos; "our servants?"

"Here we are," they cried.

Meantime the three friends were standing motionless before the awful sight which D'Artagnan, in raising the shutters, had disclosed to them through the narrow opening of the window.

Those who have once beheld such a spectacle know that there is nothing more solemn, more striking, than the raging sea, rolling, with its deafening roar, its dark billows beneath the pale light of a wintry moon.

"Gracious heaven! we are hesitating," cried D'Artagnan; "if we hesitate, what will the servants do?"

"I do not hesitate, you know," said Grimaud.

"Sir," interposed Blaisois, "I warn you that I can only swim in rivers."

"And I not at all," said Musqueton.

But D'Artagnan had now slipped through the window.

"You have decided, friend?" said Athos.

"Yes," the Gascon answered; "Athos! you, who are a perfect being, bid spirit triumph over body."

"Do you, Aramis, order the servants — Porthos, kill every one who stands in your way."

And, after pressing the hand of Athos, D'Artagnan chose a moment when the ship rolled backward, so that he had only to plunge into the water up to his waist.

Athos followed him before the felucca rose again on the waves: the cable which tied the boat to the vessel was then seen plainly rising out of the sea.

D'Artagnan swam to it, and held it, suspending himself by this rope, his head alone out of water.

In one second Athos joined him.

Then they saw, as the felucca turned, two other heads peeping — those of Aramis and Grimaud.

"I am uneasy about Blaisois," said Athos: "he can, he says, only swim in rivers."

"When people can swim at all they can swim anywhere. To the bark! to the bark!"

"But Porthos, I do not see him.

"Porthos is coming -- he swims like Leviathan."

Porthos, in fact, did not appear. Musqueton and Blaisois had been appalled by the sight of the black gulf below them, and had shrunk back.

"Come along! I shall strangle you both if you don't get out," said Porthos at last, seizing Musqueton by the throat. "Forward! Blaisois."

A groan, stifled by the grasp of Porthos, was all the reply of poor Blaisois, for the giant, taking him neck and heels, plunged him into the water headforemost, pushing him out of the window as if he had been a plank.

"Now, Musqueton," he said, "I hope you don't mean to desert your master?"

"Ah, sir," replied Musqueton, his eyes filling with tears, "why did you reënter the army? We were all so happy in the Château de Pierrefonds!"

And, without any other complaint, passive and obedient, either from true devotion to his master, or from the example set by Blaisois, Musqueton leapt into the sea headforemost. A sublime action, at all events, for Musqueton looked upon himself as dead. But Porthos was not a man to abandon an old servant; and when Musqueton rose above the water, blind as a newborn puppy, he found he was supported by the large hand of Porthos, and that he was thus enabled, without having occasion even to move, to advance toward the cable with the dignity of a very triton.

In a few minutes, Porthos had rejoined his companions, who were already in the boat; but when, after they had all got in, it came to his turn, there was great danger that in putting his huge leg over the edge of the boat he would upset the little vessel. Athos was the last to enter.

"Are you all here?" he asked.

"Ah! have you your sword, Athos?" cried D'Artagnan.

"Yes."

"Cut the cable, then."

Athos drew a sharp poniard from his belt and cut the cord.

The felucca went on; the boat continued stationary, rocked only by the swashing waves.

"Come, Athos!" said D'Artagnan, giving his hand to the count; "you are going to see something curious," added the Gascon.

Fatality.

Scarcely had D'Artagnan uttered these words than a ringing and sudden noise was heard resounding through the felucca, which now became dim in the obscurity of the night.

"That, you may be sure," said the Gascon, "means something."

They then, at the same instant, perceived a large lantern carried on a pole appear on the deck, defining the forms of shadows behind it.

Suddenly a terrible cry, a cry of despair, was wafted through space, and as if the shrieks of anguish had driven away the clouds, the veil which hid the moon was cleared away, and the gray sails and dark shrouds of the felucca were plainly visible beneath the silvery light.

Shadows ran, as if bewildered, to and fro on the vessel, and mournful cries accompanied these delirious walkers. In the midst of these screams they saw Mordaunt upon the poop, with a torch in hand.

The agitated figures, apparently wild with terror, consisted of Groslow, who, at the hour fixed by Mordaunt, had collected his men, and the sailors. Groslow, after having listened at the door of the cabin to hear if the musketeers were still asleep, had gone down into the cellar, convinced by their silence that they were all in a deep slumber. Then Mordaunt had run to the train — impetuous as a man who is excited by revenge and full of confidence — as are those whom God blinds — he had set fire to the wick of niter.

All this while, Groslow and his men were assembled on deck.

"Haul up the cable, and draw the boat to us," said Groslow.

One of the sailors got down the side of the ship, seized the cable, and drew it — it came without the least resistance.

"The cable is cut!" he cried, "no boat!"

"How! no boat!" exclaimed Groslow; "it is impossible."

"'Tis true, however," answered the sailor; "there's nothing in the wake of the ship, besides here's the end of the cable."

"What's the matter?" cried Mordaunt, who, coming up out of the hatchway, rushed to the stern, waving his torch.

"Only that our enemies have escaped — they have cut the cord, and gone off with the boat."

Mordaunt bounded with one step to the cabin, and kicked open the door.

"Empty!" he exclaimed; "the infernal demons!"

"We must pursue them," said Groslow; "they can't be gone far, and we will sink them, passing over them."

"Yes, but the fire," ejaculated Mordaunt; "I have lighted it."

"Ten thousand devils!" cried Groslow, rushing to the hatchway; "perhaps there is still time to save us."

Mordaunt answered only by a terrible laugh, threw his torch into the sea, and plunged in after it. The instant Groslow put his foot upon the hatchway steps, the ship opened like the crater of a volcano. A burst of flame arose toward the skies with an explosion like that of a hundred cannon; the air burned, ignited by flaming embers, then the frightful lightning disappeared, the brands sank, one after another, into the abyss, where they were extinguished, and, save for a slight vibration in the air, after a few minutes had lapsed, one would have thought that nothing had happened.

Only — the felucca had disappeared from the surface of the sea, and Groslow and his three sailors were consumed.

The four friends saw all this — not a single detail of this fearful scene escaped them. At one moment, bathed as they were in a flood of brilliant light, which illumined the sea for the space of a league, they might each be seen — each by his own peculiar attitude and manner expressing the awe which, even in their hearts of bronze, they could not help experiencing. Soon a torrent of vivid sparks fell round them — then, at last, the volcano was extinguished — then all was dark and still — the floating bark and heaving ocean.

They sat silent and dejected.

"By heaven!" at last said Athos, the first to speak, "by this time, I think, all must be over."

"Here, my lords! save me! help!" cried a voice, whose mournful accents reaching the four friends, seemed to proceed from some phantom of the ocean.

All looked around — Athos himself started.

"'Tis he! it is his voice!"

All still remained silent — the eyes of all were turned in the direction where the vessel had disappeared — endeavoring in vain to penetrate the darkness. After a minute or two they were able to distinguish a man, who approached them, swimming vigorously.

Athos extended his arm toward him — "Yes, yes, I know him well," he said.

"He — again!" cried Porthos, who was breathing like a blacksmith's bellows, "why, he is made of iron."

"Oh, my God!" muttered Athos.

Aramis and D'Artagnan whispered to each other.

Mordaunt made several strokes more, and raising his arm in sign of distress above the waves — "Pity, pity on me! gentlemen — in Heaven's name — my strength is failing me; I am dying."

The voice that implored aid was so piteous that it awakened pity in the heart of Athos.

"Miserable wretch," he exclaimed.

"Indeed!" said D'Artagnan, "monsters have only to complain to gain your sympathy. I believe he's swimming toward us. Does he think we are going to take him in? Row, Porthos, row." And setting the example, he plowed his oar into the sea — two strokes took the bark on twenty fathoms further.

"Ah! ah!" said Porthos to Mordaunt, "I think we have you now, my hero!"

"Oh! Porthos!" murmured the Comte de la Fère.

"Oh pray! for mercy's sake, don't fly from me. For pity's sake!" cried the young man, whose agony-drawn breath at times, when his head went under water, under the wave, exhaled and made the icy waters bubble.

D'Artagnan, however, who had consulted with Aramis, spoke to the poor wretch. "Go away," he said, "your repentance is too recent to inspire confidence. See! the vessel in which you wished to fry us is still smoking; and the situation in which you are is a bed of roses compared to that in which you wished to place us, and in which you have placed Monsieur Groslow and his companions."

"Sir!" replied Mordaunt, in a tongue of deep despair, "my penitence is sincere. Gentlemen, I am young, scarcely twenty-three years old. I was drawn on by a very natural resentment to avenge my mother. You would have done what I did."

Mordaunt wanted now only two or three fathoms to reach

the boat — for the approach of death seemed to give him supernatural strength.

"Alas!" he said, "I am then to die? you are going to kill the son, as you killed the mother! Surely, if I am culpable, and if I ask for pardon, I ought to be forgiven."

Then — as if his strength failed him — he seemed unable to sustain himself above the water, and a wave passed over his head, which drowned his voice.

"Oh! this is torture to me!" cried Athos.

Mordaunt reappeared.

"For my part," said D'Artagnan, "I say, this must come to an end; murderer, as you were, of your uncle! executioner, as you were, of King Charles! incendiary! I recommend you to sink forthwith to the bottom of the sea; and if you come another fathom nearer, I'll stave your wicked head in with this oar."

"D'Artagnan! D'Artagnan!" cried Athos, "my son, I entreat you; the wretch is dying: and it is horrible to let a man die without extending a hand to save him. I cannot resist doing so; he must live."

"Zounds!" replied D'Artagnan, "why don't you give yourself up directly, feet and hands bound, to that wretch? Ah! Comte de la Fère, you wish to perish by his hands! I, your son, as you call me, I will not let you!"

'Twas the first time D'Artagnan had ever refused a request from Athos.

Aramis calmly drew his sword, which he had carried between his teeth as he swam.

"If he lays his hand on the boat's edge, I will cut it off — regicide that he is."

"And I," said Porthos. "Wait."

"What are you going to do?" asked Aramis.

"Throw myself in the water, and strangle him."

"Oh, gentlemen!" cried Athos, "be men! be Christians! See! death is depicted on his face! Ah! do not bring on me the horrors of remorse! Grant me this poor wretch's life. I will bless you. I ——"

"I am dying!" cried Mordaunt, "come to me! come to me!"

D'Artagnan began to be touched. The boat at this moment turned round; and the dying man was by that turn brought nearer Athos.

"Monsieur the Comte de la Fère," he cried. "I supplicate

you! pity me! I call on you! where are you? I see you no longer — I am dying — help me! help me!"

"Here I am, sir!" said Athos, leaning, and stretching out his arm to Mordaunt with that air of dignity and nobility of soul habitual to him, "here I am, take my hand and jump into our boat."

Mordaunt made a last effort — rose — seized the hand thus extended to him, and grasped it with the vehemence of despair.

"That's right," said Athos, "put your other hand here." And he offered him his shoulder as another stay and support, so that his head almost touched that of Mordaunt; and these two mortal enemies were in as close an embrace as if they had been brothers.

"Now, sir," said the count, "you are safe — calm yourself."

"Ah! my mother," cried Mordaunt, with eyes on fire with a look of hate impossible to paint. "I can only offer thee one victim, but it shall, at any rate, be the one thou wouldst thyself have chosen!"

And whilst D'Artagnan uttered a cry, Porthos raised the oar, and Aramis sought a place to strike, a frightful shake given to the boat precipitated Athos into the sea; whilst Mordaunt, with a shout of triumph, grasped the neck of his victim, and, in order to paralyze his movements, twined arms and legs around the musketeer. For an instant, without an exclamation, without a cry for help, Athos tried to sustain himself on the surface of the waters, but the weight dragged him down; he disappeared by degrees; soon, nothing was to be seen except his long floating hair; then both men disappeared, and the bubbling of the water, which, in its turn, was soon effaced, alone indicated the spot where these two had sunk.

Mute with horror, the three friends had remained open-mouthed, their eyes dilated, their arms extended like statues, and, motionless as they were, the beating of their hearts was audible. Porthos was the first who came to himself — he tore his hair.

"Oh!" he cried, "Athos! Athos! thou man of noble heart; woe is me! I have let thee perish!"

At this instant, in the midst of the silver circle, illumined by the light of the moon, the same whirlpool which had been made by the sinking men was again obvious, and first were seen, rising above the waves, a wisp of hair — then a pale face with open eyes, yet, nevertheless, the eyes of death; then a

body which, after rising of itself even to the waist above the sea, turned gently on its back, according to the caprice of the waves, and floated.

In the bosom of this corpse was plunged a poniard, the gold hilt of which shone in the moonbeams.

"Mordaunt! Mordaunt!" cried the three friends, "'tis Mordaunt!"

"But Athos!" exclaimed D'Artagnan.

Suddenly the boat leaned on one side beneath a new and unexpected weight, and Grimaud uttered a shout of joy; every one turned round, and beheld Athos, livid, his eyes dim, and his hands trembling, supporting himself on the edge of the boat. Eight vigorous arms lifted him up immediately, and laid him in the boat, where, directly, Athos was warmed and reanimated, reviving with the caresses and cares of his friends, who were intoxicated with joy.

"You are not hurt?" asked D'Artagnan.

"No," replied Athos, "and he ——"

"Oh, he! now we may say at last, thank heaven! he is really dead. Look!" — and D'Artagnan, obliging Athos to look in the direction that he pointed, showed him the body of Mordaunt floating on its back, which, sometimes submerged, sometimes rising, seemed still to pursue the four friends with looks of insult and of mortal hatred.

At last he sank. Athos had followed him with a glance in which the deepest melancholy and pity were expressed.

"Bravo, Athos!" cried Aramis, with an emotion very rare in him.

"A capital blow you gave!" cried Porthos.

"I have a *son*. I wished to live," said Athos.

"In short," said D'Artagnan, "this has been the will of God."

"It was not I who killed him," sighed Athos, in a soft, low tone, "'twas destiny."

THE RESCUE OF DELIA.

By CALPRENÈDE.

(From "Cleopatra.")

[Gautier de Costes de la Calprenède, French novelist and dramatist, was born 1610, died 1663. He wrote the voluminous and ostensibly historical novels "Cassandra" (1640), "Cleopatra" (1647), and "Pharamond" (1661), besides several historical dramas, as "The Death of Mithridates" and "John of England" (1637), "The Earl of Essex" (1639), and "Edward, King of England" (1640)].

The King himself, after the Princess had done, employed a great deal of care to stay me, and protested divers times to me that he was as desirous now that I should be his Daughter as he had been averse from it before. At last, when he saw me resolved upon my design, he offered me all I could desire for my Voyage, and after he had considered whom he might trust to conduct me, he gave the employment to Antigenes. This Man at first I suspected, because he had formerly made love to me with a great deal of earnestness, and with assurance to marry me by the King's favor, who, as you know, upheld him in that design, yet remembering how he had behaved himself towards me since the day you prohibited him to see me, the respect he expressed to me in all his actions, and all the Apologies he often made me for those things which he was constrained to do in obedience to the King's command, I believed he had absolutely lost that intention, which he only pretended for fear of incurring the King's displeasure, and I as easily imagined that he would acquit himself of his commission with more affection than another, that by that means he might the better gain his Prince's favor. At last I disposed myself to depart under his conduct, after the King had assured me of his fidelity and discretion, and after I had taken my last leave of the Princess Andromeda with a great many tears upon both sides, and received from the King all the testimonies of love and good will, I mounted with my Governess and Melite into a chariot which the King caused to be provided for us, and Antigenes accompanied us on horseback, being attended by seven or eight Men in the same equipage.

The good usage I received from the King your Father after your departure, the endeavors he used to retain me, and the

belief I owe to the word of a King, and of a King, who is the Father of Philadelph, always hindered me from suspecting the Treason that was practiced against me, which might proceed only from the villainy of that Person which committed it, or if it was by any order, I never accused anybody of it but the Queen your Stepmother, who hath always born a great deal of resentment against me, for being, though innocently, an hindrance to your marriage with the Princess Urania her daughter. Howsoever it was, we departed from Tharsus, and traveled the first Stage the direct way to Armenia: but the next morning, without being perceived by me, by reason of the little knowledge I had of the ways, Antigenes made us take one quite contrary, and having nobody with him, but such persons as he absolutely disposed of, he followed his premeditated way, without being opposed by anybody in his intention. All that day I mistrusted nothing, marching under the faith of my Conductor, and not suspecting any such infidelity in a man in whom the King had reposed so much confidence; but the next day I was amazed when I saw myself upon the Seaside, and saw a Vessel that waited for us, by Antigenes' private order, into which he told me I must enter.

Though I was so ignorant of the Country as not to perceive the first cheat they put upon me, yet I was not so simple but that I knew well enough that to go the direct way out of Cilicia into Armenia, there was no Sea to pass, and I had seen in the Map, and had often heard that the way lay by Land, crossing over Mount Taurus, and entering into Armenia the less. I presently let Antigenes know as much, and refused to enter into his Vessel, telling him I knew very well that was not the way to Armenia. Antigenes at first would have amused me with words, and have made me believe that I was mistaken in my Map; but when he saw me steadfast in my opinion, and that he had no hope to get me into his Vessel by his discourse and persuasions, he took me under one arm, and making one of his Companions do so by the other, these two men carried me by force, and put me into the Vessel, my words, my cries, and all the resistance I could make, not being able to save me from it. They which followed did as much by my Governess and Melite, and they were not much troubled to do it, finding them fully resolved to follow me into what part of the World soever my ill fortune should conduct me. In conclusion, they stript the Chariot and the horses, and after they had

hoisted up their Sails, they commanded the Pilot to steer towards the Island of Cyprus, which, as you know, is separated from Cilicia but by a little arm of the Sea.

You may judge very well, Philadelph, without my striving to represent it to you, what my grief was upon the knowledge of this cruel Treason and with what fears I was seized, seeing myself in the power of a Man, who had the confidence of committing this disloyalty. I am not naturally apt to be overpassionate, and if I may say it of myself, I patiently support the assaults of my bad Fortune ; but in this unlucky adventure, by which I was become the prey of a Traitor, and of a Man who by this action made me sufficiently judge him capable of anything that might afflict me, I lost my constancy and moderation, and looking upon perfidious Antigenes with eyes inflamed with indignation : traitor, said I to him, is it thus that thou acquittest thyself of what thou owest to the fear of the Gods, to the command of thy King, the interest of thy Prince, and the honor and Virtue of our Sex ? are all the considerations of honor, fidelity, and virtue extinguished in thy Soul ? or if they have no power to set the horror of thy Crime before thy face, dost thou not fear to be punished for it by so many Enemies as thou raisest against thyself by thy infidelity ? Madam, answered the disloyal man, I hope to be pardoned by Gods and Men, and yourself, too, for the offense which you reproach me with, and the Gods will not be angry with me for it, seeing they themselves have visibly contributed to it. Do not judge, Madam, by the constraint which I laid upon myself in respect to Philadelph, that the love, which formerly I expressed to you, is either extinguished or diminished ; it was never so strong and so violent in my Soul as now, as you may judge by this action, seeing it makes me to despise all that any other man might fear in relation to the anger of the King and Prince Philadelph, and abandon all things, to confine myself with you in a place, where without any obstacle or disturbance I may give you Testimonies of that love which you have so much disdained. Fear not, Madam, nor afflict yourself, your destiny will not be bad with a man who adores you, and you ought not to grieve for a Prince whose inclinations possibly are already changed, nor for a Crown which you never would have possessed, and which you quit yourself of by retiring into Armenia. To these words, the perfidious man added a great many others, to cause some moderation in my grief, but it was exasperated the more by them,

and throwing a look upon him, that partly signified my intention: Do not think, said I to him, do not think, thou Monster of infidelity, that thy base flattery can gain anything upon my Spirit; thy person, which before I did only disdain, is now made as odious to me by thy Treason as the most detestable man in the World, and my most cruel Enemy. Do not hope that these thoughts may be changed, but only by the repenting of thy Crime, and returning into the way by which thou promisedst thy King to conduct me into my Country, and be well assured that whensoever thou shalt add violence to thy flatteries, thou shalt see that I can so much despise death that the face of it shall be much more supportable to me than thine.

Though Antigenes might partly have known my humor in the time I had staid in Cilicia, and have observed a great deal of constancy in my resolutions, yet he believed I might be changed in time, and being willing to let the heat of my first resentments cool, he ceased from afflicting me any farther with his discourse. 'Tis very certain, that in this encounter I had need of that little Courage, and strength of Spirit, which the Gods had bestowed upon me, and had it not been for the resignation I had to their will, I should have died rather than have any longer patiently endured the misfortune whereinto I was fallen. Ericlea and Melite, though they were well acquainted with my humor, yet they did not so much trust to it, but that they always kept close to me, to hinder me from attempting anything against my own life. They did not see me any way go about it, but they had much ado to make me take any nourishment, and I rejected all as poison, which my infamous Ravisher caused to be offered to me. In fine, they represented so many things to me, and did so plainly convince me that I ought to commit the conduct of my destiny to the Gods, and that I might still hope for the succor, after the example of divers Persons, who in as miserable a condition as mine had received visible assistances from them, that at their entreaty I took something, after I had fasted almost two days.

We passed the Strait which separates Cilicia from the Island of Cyprus, and being landed in that Island, Antigenes put us again into the Chariot, and with the same violence as before carried us whither he pleased. He chose this retreat, because his Kindred were originally of this Island, and his

Brother dwelt there, to whose house it was his design to carry me, supposing that the news could never come to the King your Father, nor to you, and that being born of an obscure and unknown Family, there would be nobody to inquire after me, or ever think upon me after I was gone out of Cilicia. Besides, if you should know the truth, he believed he was secure, being out of the Dominions under your obedience, and if he could conceal it, as he hoped he should, by the distance of place, and the separation by Sea, he had the conveniency to return to Tharsus, leaving me with his Brother, where he thought me secure, and report to the King that he had executed his Commission.

In conclusion, whatsoever his thoughts were or howsoever I could express to him, that he should never gain anything upon my Spirit, either by fair means or by violence, he carried me to his Brother's who was as bad as he, whose house was situated upon the bank of the River Lapithus, in a place very solitary and proper for his intention. He was received there according to his expectation, and I was treated there as a Person whom they desired to pacify with their caresses.

You are willing, Philadelph, as I suppose, that I should relate these passages, the most disagreeable of my whole life, as succinctly to you as I can possibly, and you will content yourself that I should tell you, without descending to the particulars of all the discourse I had with this perfidious man, that he forgot nothing which he thought was capable to persuade me, and dispose me to his intentions. He made a proposition of Marriage to me, as a great advantage for me, and would have made me believe that my condition should be very happy with such a man as he, who passionately loved me, and was Master of no mean Fortune, that in time he should make his peace with you, and the King your Father, and might recover all the possessions and dignities which he had in Cilicia, and which he forsook only for my sake; but I rejected his proposition with so much scorn, that he not being able to endure such usage, which (judging of my Birth as he did) he imputed to an unjust pride, from fair means he fell to threatening, and made me fear all things from the violence of his Passion, and the Power he had over me: You must have a King's Son, said he, to me sometimes in his choler, and you will look upon nobody under a Crown, and such a Prince as Philadelph. This ambition is very laudable, Delia, but you may be very certain that Philadelph dreams no more

of you, and if the King his Father had had any care of it, he would not have committed you to the conduct of a man, whose love and intentions were known to him. He spake divers other words to persuade me, that the King your Father was not ignorant of what had befallen, and that you would make no account of it when you knew it: But besides the little disposition I had to suspect either of you of that infidelity, I thought so ill of everything that came out of such a Man's mouth, that I gave no credit at all to it.

Melite, when she saw him transgress the bounds of respect, would have had me declare the truth of my condition to him, and I was often almost resolved to do it, but I considered at last that this knowledge, instead of making him respect me the more, would have rendered him the more bold to injure the Sister of Artaxus, out of hope of being easily pardoned by the King of Cilicia, whose hatred was so cruel against our Family; or possibly if he could not work me to his will, he would put me himself into the King's hands, from whom I might expect the worst that could be, if I were known to be the Sister of Artaxus. He kept me in this manner above two months at his Brother's house, who being as bad, or worse than he, employed every day both Prayers and Threatenings to make me change my humor. But neither of them could prevail, and the wicked Antigenes, after he had tryed both ways in vain, at last flew out to the extremities of insolency and Villainy, and let me know the perfidiousness of his intentions in a business that threatened me with manifest danger, if the Gods had not succored me.

I am going now to relate to you, without any farther delay, the most disagreeable passages of my story. I was permitted to walk upon the bank of the River, which washes the foot of the house, and in a great wood which environed it on every side, but never without having with me, either Antigenes, or his Brother named Thrasillus, or many times both of them with six or seven men at their heels.

One day, attended by this Convoy, having followed the bank of the River, where the walk was very pleasant, and being gone farther from Thrasillus's house than ever I had been before, drawing near to a little Brook which thereabout ran into the River, being bordered on both sides with a tuft of Trees thicker than the rest of the Wood, upon our right hand, some paces distant from us, I heard, after divers sighs and sobs,

the voice of a Man, who by the violence of his grief was forced to complain in that solitary place, before insensible witnesses. At the first sound that reached my ears, I stopt and lent attention, but not out of any emotion of curiosity which at that time had little room in my Soul. Antigenes who followed me staid as well as I, and we had not long continued attentive, but we distinctly heard the complaints of that afflicted Person.

Antigenes who had heard all as well as I: This man, said he, whosoever he is, eases his grief by his complaints, whilst another man more wise than he would have been seeking remedies for it. 'Tis, replied I smartly, because he is not a Villain, because he is not a Ravisher, and because he rather chooses to be miserable all his life, than to owe the end of his misery to his Crimes. You see how well he fares for it, answered Antigenes, and how happy his condition is, for having been so respectful and circumspect. 'Tis more happy than yours, said I, being much nettled and much concerned in this discourse, and besides that, he possibly hath the comfort of being beloved by a Person whom he serves with respect, as much as you are hated and detested by her, whom you use so basely; he hath the satisfaction of not being troubled with any remorse, whilst your Conscience may well torment you worse than the most cruel death.

I saw that Antigenes grew pale at these words, and was like one amazed, he changed his Color divers times in a moment, he trembled from head to foot, and he seemed to me in the condition of a Person that meditated upon some grand design. I confess that the changing of his Visage, and his troubled Countenance made me afraid, and seeing him in such a form as he had never appeared unto me before, I began to tremble myself out of an apprehension of fear which promised me no good. I was not fearful without reason; for the disloyal Villain approaching to me with a furious look: If I am so much hated, and so much detested by you, said he, I must merit this hatred and detestation by such actions as may secure you from the blame which you would have for hating me unjustly, and if I must be exposed to remorse, it should be for a Crime which may yield me some profit, and not for those respects and adorations which hitherto I have so unprofitably rendered you; my patience is stretched to its uttermost dimensions, and I will know this day, whether a heart which is invincible by love and pity can be tamed by any other ways.

Upon these words (I know not whether his action was premeditated or not, as in probability it was, or whether the occasion prompted him to the design) having made a sign to his Brother, and another of those which followed him, they came at the same time to pull Ericlea and Melite from off my arms, who held by me on both sides, and Antigenes, putting himself in Ericlea's place, began to lead me by force towards the most private part of the Wood, whilst his Brother, and one of his Men, held my two Women by violence.

This action made me desperately afraid, and believing that in such an extremity a disguise was no longer necessary: Antigenes, said I, think of what thou goest about, and look no more upon me as an Unknown Delia, but as the Daughter of a great King, and as a Princess, who in what part soever of the World thou shalt retire to, will make the vengeance of thy Crime light heavy upon thy head.

I believe that Antigenes gave no credit to these words, which he thought I was inspired with by the pressing necessity wherein I was, to draw him off from his design, by the respect which they might imprint in him. Howsoever it was, he did not seem to be moved at them, and not vouchsafing so much as to give me a Reply, continued dragging me with all his force towards the most solitary part of the Wood. In this extremity I made the Wood to Echo with my cries, and my Women, whom they hindered from coming to my assistance, were as loud as I: Their cries and mine without doubt did us more good than our resistance could have done, and they drew a man to us, who was retired into that thick and solitary place, whom we presently knew to be the same, whose complaint we had heard a little before: He came out from between the Trees where he sought for silence and obscurity, and casting his eyes upon us, he presently saw the cause of our cries, and the violence they offered to us, and his grief not being capable to extinguish generous resentments in his Soul, and the remembrance of the succor that was due to oppressed Maids, he ran to us with more speed than could have been expected from the languishing and dejected condition wherein he appeared to us. Antigenes seeing him come, and fearing the hindrance of his design more than any other harm he could do him, being accompanied as he was, called his Brother, who, leaving my Women in the hands of two of his Men, came to Antigenes with the rest. This number did not trouble the Unknown, but addressing himself

to Antigenes without so much as looking upon the rest: Base fellow, said he, with an impetuous voice, stay and do not oblige me to give thee thy Death for a punishment of thy Crime. Antigenes, seeing himself fortified by the number of his Companions, mocked at the pride of the Unknown, and not vouchsafing to forbear from his design for him, he made a sign to his Brother either to stay him, or punish him: But he had to do with a man who was not easily corrected in that manner, and though he had no more than Antigenes and his Companions had, only his Sword, without any other arms, he presently presented it to the eyes of his Enemies, and fell upon them with as much assurance as if he had been backed by a greater number than theirs. O Gods! Philadelph, what proofs of Valor did he give us in a few moments, and what speedy execution did he make before our eyes, of five or six men, who seemed as nothing in his single hands. The first that fell under his Sword was the Brother of Antigenes, whose right arm he cut off at one blow, and made a large passage in his side, through which his Soul bare his Blood company: and almost at the same time having avoided a blow which another Enemy made at him, he thrust his bloody Sword into his body up to the hilts. I could see that action, and those he did afterwards, because perfidious Antigenes no sooner saw his Brother fall, but leaving me with a cry, he ran either to revenge his death or to bear him Company. These two which were left to guard my Women ran to Antigenes at his cry, and these three Enemies fell upon the valiant Unknown, just as he had cloven head and half the face of the last of the others with a back blow. He cared as little for these as he had done for the former, and picking out Antigenes between his two Companions, he gave him a mortal wound into the throat, with which he fell at his feet, and presently after was choked with his Blood and died. My valiant defender received at the same time a slight wound upon his side, which did but encourage him the more, and hastened the death of him who gave it; for as he was just turning his back to run away, he thrust his Sword into his reins, and laid him dead close by Antigenes. The last seeing so bloody an execution, had not confidence any longer to resist so terrible an Enemy, and committing his safety to the nimbleness of his heels, he ran across the Wood in a deadly fright.

A PORTRAIT GALLERY OF THE TIMES OF THE FRONDE.

By CARDINAL DE RETZ.

[Jean François de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz, was born in 1613, of a family in which the archbishopric of Paris was hereditary; educated by St. Vincent de Paul, then by the Jesuit College of Clermont, in training for that post; but embroiled himself in politics, intrigued against Mazarin, procured his deposition and succeeded to his place, shortly after lost it and was imprisoned; escaped, but traveled abroad till Mazarin's death, though the archbishopric had fallen to him by his uncle's death. He resigned it, and retired to private life in Lorraine, where he wrote his "Mémoirs," and died in 1679.]

Before I proceed to give you the detail of the civil war, suffer me to lead you into the gallery where you, who are an admirer of fine painting, will be entertained with the figures of the chief actors, drawn all at length in their proper colors, and you will be able to judge by the history whether they are painted to the life. Let us begin, as it is but just, with Her Majesty.

Character of the Queen.

The Queen excelled in that kind of wit which was becoming her circle, to the end that she might not appear silly before strangers; she was more ill-natured than proud, had more pride than real grandeur, and more show than substance; she loved money too well to be liberal, and her own interest too well to be impartial; she was more constant than passionate as a lover, more implacable than cruel, and more mindful of injuries than of good offices. She had more of the pious intention than of real piety, more obstinacy than well-grounded resolution, and a greater measure of incapacity than of all the rest.

Character of the Duke d'Orleans.

The Duke d'Orleans possessed all the good qualities requisite for a man of honor except courage, but having not one quality eminent enough to make him notable, he had nothing in him to supply or support the weakness which was so predominant in his heart through fear, and in his mind through irresolution, that it tarnished the whole course of his life. He engaged in all affairs, because he had not power to resist the importunities of those who drew him in for their own advantage, and came off always with shame for want of courage to go

on. His suspicious temper, even from his childhood, deadened those lively, gay colors which would have shone out naturally with the advantages of a fine, bright genius, an amiable gracefulness, a very honest disposition, a perfect disinterestedness, and an incredible easiness of behavior.

Character of the Prince de Condé.

The Prince de Condé was born a general, an honor none could ever boast of before but Cæsar and Spinola; he was equal to the first, but superior to the second. Intrepidity was one of the least parts of his character. Nature gave him a genius as great as his heart. It was his fortune to be born in an age of war, which gave him an opportunity to display his courage to its full extent; but his birth, or rather education, in a family submissively attached to the Cabinet, restrained his noble genius within too narrow bounds. There was no care taken betimes to inspire him with those great and general maxims which form and improve a man of parts. He had not time to acquire them by his own application, because he was prevented from his youth by the unexpected revolution, and by a constant series of successes. This one imperfection, though he had as pure a soul as any in the world, was the reason that he did things which were not to be justified, that though he had the heart of Alexander so he had his infirmities, that he was guilty of unaccountable follies, that having all the talents of Francis de Guise, he did not serve the State upon some occasions as well as he ought, and that having the parts of Henry de Condé, his namesake, he did not push the faction as far as he might have done, nor did he discharge all the duties his extraordinary merit demanded from him.

Character of the Duke de Longueville.

M. de Longueville, though he had the grand name of Orleans, together with vivacity, an agreeable appearance, generosity, liberality, justice, valor, and grandeur, yet never made any extraordinary figure in life, because his ideas were infinitely above his capacity. If a man has abilities and great designs, he is sure to be looked upon as a man of some importance; but if he does not carry them out, he is not much esteemed, which was the case with Longueville.

Character of the Duke de Beaufort.

M. de Beaufort knew little of affairs of moment but by hearsay and by what he had learned in the cabal of "The Importants," of whose jargon he had retained some smattering, which, together with some expressions he had perfectly acquired from Madame de Vendôme, formed a language that would have puzzled a Cato. His speech was short and stupidly dull, and the more so because he obscured it by affectation. He thought himself very sufficient, and pretended to a great deal more wit than came to his share. He was brave enough in his person, and outdid the common Hectors by being so upon all occasions, but never more *mal à propos* than in gallantry. And he talked and thought just as the people did whose idol he was for some time.

Character of the Duke d'Elbeuf.

M. d'Elbeuf could not fail of courage, as he was a Prince of the House of Lorraine. He had all the wit that a man of abundantly more cunning and good sense could pretend to. He was a medley of incoherent flourishes. He was the first Prince debased by poverty; and, perhaps, never man was more at a loss than he to raise the pity of the people in misery. A comfortable subsistence did not raise his spirits; and if he had been master of riches, he would have been envied as a leader of a party. Poverty so well became him that it seemed as if he had been cut out for a beggar.

Character of the Duke de Bouillon.

The Duke de Bouillon was a man of experienced valor and profound sense. I am fully persuaded, by what I have seen of his conduct, that those who cry it down wrong his character; and it may be that others had too favorable notions of his merit, who thought him capable of all the great things which he never did.

Character of M. de Turenne.

M. de Turenne had all the good qualities in his very nature, and acquired all the great ones very early, those only excepted

that he never thought of. Though almost all the virtues were in a manner natural to him, yet he shone out in none. He was looked upon as more proper to be at the head of an army than of a faction, for he was not naturally enterprising. He had in all his conduct, as well as in his way of talking, certain obscurities which he never explained but on particular occasions, and then only for his own honor.

Character of Marshal de la Mothe.

The Marshal de la Mothe was a captain of the second rank, full of mettle, but not a man of much sense. He was affable and courteous in civil life, and a very useful man in a faction because of his wonderful complacency.

Character of the Prince de Conti.

The Prince de Conti was a zero who multiplied only because he was a Prince of the Blood. That is his character with regard to the public; and as to his private capacity, wickedness had the same effect on him as weakness had on M. d'Elbeuf, and drowned his other qualities, which were all mean and tinctured with folly.

Character of M. de la Rochefoucault.

M. de la Rochefoucault had something so odd in all his conduct that I know not what name to give it. He loved to be engaged in intrigues from a child. He was never capable of conducting any affair, for what reasons I could not conceive; for he had endowments which, in another, would have made amends for imperfections. . . . He had not a long view of what was beyond his reach, nor a quick apprehension of what was within it; but his sound sense, very good in speculation, his good-nature, his engaging and wonderfully easy behavior, were enough to have made amends more than they did for his want of penetration. He was constantly wavering in his resolution, but what to attribute it to I know not: it could not come from the fertility of his imagination, which was anything but lively. Nor can I say it came from his barrenness of thought, for though he did not excel as a man of affairs, yet he had a good fund of sense. The effect of this irresolution was very visible, though we do not know its cause. He never was a warrior, though a true soldier. He never was a courtier, though he had

always a good mind to be one. He never was a good party man, though engaged thus all his life. He was very timorous and bashful in conversation, and thought he always stood in need of apologies, which, considering that his "Maxims" showed no great regard for virtue, and that his practice was always to get out of affairs with the same hurry as he got into them, makes me conclude that he would have done much better if he had contented himself to have passed, as he might have done, for the politest courtier and the most cultivated gentleman of his age.

Character of Madame de Longueville.

Madame de Longueville had naturally a great fund of wit and was, moreover, a woman of parts; but her indolent temper kept her from making any use of her talents, either in gallantries or in her hatred against the Prince de Condé. Her languishing air had more charms in it than the most exquisite beauty. She had few or no faults besides what she contracted in her gallantry. As her passion of love influenced her conduct more than politics, she who was the Amazon of a great party degenerated into the character of a fortune hunter. But the grace of God brought her back to her former self, which all the world was not able to do.

Character of Madame de Chevreuse.

Madame de Chevreuse had not so much as the remains of beauty when I knew her; she was the only person I ever saw whose vivacity supplied the want of judgment; her wit was so brilliant and so full of wisdom that the greatest men of the age would not have been ashamed of it, while, in truth, it was owing to some lucky opportunity. If she had been born in time of peace, she would never have imagined there could have been such a thing as war. If the Prior of the Carthusians had but pleased her, she would have been a nun all her lifetime.

M. [Charles] de Lorraine was the first that engaged her in State affairs. The Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Holland (an English Lord, of the family of Rich, and younger son of the Earl of Warwick, then ambassador in France) kept her to themselves; M. de Châteauneuf continued the amusement, till at last she abandoned herself to the pleasing of a person whom

she loved, without any choice, but purely because it was impossible for her to live without being in love with somebody. It was no hard task to give her one to serve the turn of the faction, but as soon as she accepted him she loved him with all her heart and soul, and she confessed that by the caprice of fortune she never loved best where she esteemed most, except in the case of the poor Duke of Buckingham. Notwithstanding her attachment in love, which we may properly call her everlasting passion, notwithstanding the frequent change of objects, she was peevish and touchy almost to distraction, but when herself again, her transports were very agreeable; never was anybody less fearful of real danger, and never had woman more contempt for scruples and ceremonies.

Character of Mademoiselle de Chevreuse.

Mademoiselle de Chevreuse was more beautiful in her person than charming in her carriage, and by nature extremely silly; her amorous passion made her seem witty, serious, and agreeable only to him whom she was in love with, but she soon treated him as she did her petticoat, which to-day she took into her bed, and to-morrow cast into the fire out of pure aversion.

Character of the Princess Palatine.

The Princess Palatine [Anne de Gonzague Clèves, daughter of Charles, Duke of Mantua-Nevers] had just as much gallantry as gravity. I believe she had as great a talent for State affairs as Elizabeth, Queen of England. I have seen her in the faction, I have seen her in the Cabinet, and found her everywhere equally sincere.

Character of Madame de Montbazon.

Madame de Montbazon was a very great beauty, only modesty was visibly wanting in her air; her grand air and her way of talking sometimes supplied her want of sense. She loved nothing more than her pleasures, unless it was her private interest, and I never knew a vicious person that had so little respect for virtue.

Character of the First President.

If it were not a sort of blasphemy to say that any mortal of our times had more courage than the great Gustavus Adolphus and the Prince de Condé, I would venture to affirm it of M. Molé, the First President, but his wit was far inferior to his courage. It is true that his enunciation was not agreeable, but his eloquence was such that though it shocked the ear it seized the imagination. He sought the interest of the public preferably to all things, not excepting the interest of his own family, which yet he loved too much for a magistrate. He had not a genius to see at times the good he was capable of doing, presumed too much upon his authority, and imagined that he could moderate both the Court and Parliament; but he failed in both, made himself suspected by both, and thus with a design to do good he did evil. Prejudices contributed not a little to this, for I observed he was prejudiced to such a degree that he always judged of actions by men, and scarcely ever of men by their actions.

POEMS OF ROBERT HERRICK.

[Robert Herrick, one of the most charming of English lyric poets, was born in London, August, 1591; died in 1674. He was vicar of Dean Prior in Devonshire for about twenty years; suffered deprivation under the government of Cromwell; but recovered his benefice after the restoration of Charles II. in 1660. He published two volumes of verse: "Hesperides," consisting of amatory poems, odes, epigrams, etc., and "Noble Numbers."]

His Poetry his Pillar.

Only a little more
  I have to write,
  Then I'll give o'er,
And bid the world Good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute
  That I must stay,
  Or linger in it;
And then I must away.

O Time that cut'st down all!
  And scarce leav'st here
  Memorial
Of any men that were.

How many lye forgot
In vaults beneath?
And piecemeal rot
Without a fame in death?

Behold this living stone
I reare for me,
Ne'er to be thrown
Downe, envious Time, by thee.

Pillars let some set up,
(If so they please)
Here is my hope
And my Pyramides.

Upon Julia's Clothes.

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Till, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes!

Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see
That brave vibration each way free;
O how that glittering taketh me!

Beauty and Dress.

My Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her:
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on:
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

The Lily in a Crystal.

You have beheld a smiling rose
When virgins' hands have drawn
O'er it a cobweb lawn:
And here, you see, this lily shows,
Tombed in a crystal stone,
More fair in this transparent case
Than when it grew alone,
And had but single grace.

You see how cream but naked is,
Nor dances in the eye
Without a strawberry;
Or some fine tincture, like to this,
Which draws the sight thereto,
More by that wantoning with it
Than when the paler hue
No mixture did admit.

You see how amber through the streams
More gently strokes the sight
With some concealed delight
Than when he darts his radiant beams
Into the boundless air;
Where either too much light his worth
Doth all at once impair,
Or set it little forth.

Put purple grapes or cherries in-
To glass, and they will send
More beauty to commend
Them, from that clean and subtile skin,
Than if they naked stood,
And had no other pride at all
But their own flesh and blood,
And tinctures natural.

Thus lily, rose, grape, cherry, cream,
And strawberry do stir
More love, when they transfer
A weak, a soft, a broken beam,
Than if they should discover
At full their proper excellence,
Without some scene cast over,
To juggle with the sense.

Thus let this crystaled lily be
A rule, how far to teach
Your nakedness must reach;
And that no further than we see
Those glaring colors laid
By art's wise hand, but to this end
They should obey a shade,
Lest they too far extend.

So though you're white as swan or snow,
And have the power to move
A world of men to love;
Yet, when your lawns and silks shall flow,
And that white cloud divide
Into a doubtful twilight, then,
Then will your hidden pride
Raise greater fires in men.

A Thanksgiving to God.

Lord, thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate;
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by th' poor,
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words, or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall
And kitchen's small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead;
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee;
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content

Makes those, and my belovèd beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Besides, my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream, for wine:
All these, and better, thou dost send
Me, to this end,—
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart;
Which, fired with incense, I resign,
As wholly thine;
—But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

To Keep a True Lent.

Is this a fast — to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No; 'tis a fast, to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

Corinna's Going a Maying.

Get up, get up for shame! the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest,
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in, —
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the Springtime, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street; each street a park

Made green, and trimmed with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch: each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is
Made up of white thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad: and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament:
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked: — yet we're not a Maying.

— Come, let us go, while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time!
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short; and our days run
As fast away as does the sun: —
And as a vapor, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again:
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
— Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna! come, let's go a Maying.

To Laurels.

A funeral stone
Or verse I covet none,
But only crave
Of you, that I may have
A sacred laurel springing from my grave;
Which being seen
Blest with perpetual green,
May grow to be
Not so much called a tree
As the eternal monument of me.

To Blossoms.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay here yet awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

To the Virgins to make Much of Time.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a flying;

And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer:
But being spent the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

The Crowd and Company.

In holy meetings, there a man may be
One of the crowd, not of the company.

Delight in Disorder.

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distractïon;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusèdly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

To Daffodils.

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:

As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attained his Noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet Decay,
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of Morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

The Night Piece.

Her eyes the glowworm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
No snake or glowworm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

Music.

The mellow touch of music most doth wound
The soul, when it doth rather sigh than sound.

Only to Live by His Best.

Julia, if I chance to die
Ere I print my poetry:
I most humbly thee desire
To commit it to the fire:
Better 'twere my book were dead
Than to live not perfected.

Grace for a Child.

Here, a little child, I stand,
Heaving up my either hand:
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on our all. Amen.

WITH FIRE AND SWORD.[1]

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

[Henryk Sienkiewicz, foremost Polish novelist of his time, was born of Lithuanian parents at Vola Okrzejska in the Lukowschen, in 1846. After pursuing his studies at the University of Warsaw, he adopted a wandering existence, and in 1876 proceeded to America, where he spent considerable time in southern California, and wrote for the Warsaw papers numerous stories and impressions of travel. He subsequently returned to Poland, and took up literature as a profession. Nearly all of his works have been translated into English, and enjoy great popularity in the United States and England. The most important are: "Children of the Soil"; "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael," forming a trilogy of historical novels; "Quo Vadis," a tale of the time of Nero; "Yanko the Musician"; "Without Dogma"; "Hania." Died in 1916.]

The Death of the Traitors.

At the house of the inspector of weights and measures, in the outskirts of Hassan Pasha, at the Saitch, sat two Zaporo-

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jians at a table, fortifying themselves with spirits distilled from millet, which they dipped unceasingly from a wooden tub that stood in the middle of the table. One of them, already old and quite decrepit, was Philip Zakhar. He was the inspector. The other, Anton Tatarchuk, ataman of the Chigirin kuren, was a man about forty years old, tall, with a wild expression of face and oblique Tartar eyes. Both spoke in a low voice, as if fearing that some one might overhear them.

"But it is to-day?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, almost immediately," answered Tatarchuk. "They are waiting for the koshevoi and Tugai Bey, who went with Hmelnitski himself to Bazaluk, where the horde is quartered. The Brotherhood is already assembled on the square, and the kuren atamans will meet in council before evening. Before night all will be known."

"It may have an evil end," muttered old Philip Zakhar.

"Listen, inspector! But did you see that there was a letter to me also?"

"Of course I did, for I carried the letters myself to the koshevoi, and I know how to read. Three letters were found on the Pole, — one to the koshevoi himself, one to you, the third to young Barabash. Every one in the Saitch knows of this already."

"And who wrote? Don't you know?"

"The prince wrote to the koshevoi, for his seal was on the letter; who wrote to you is unknown."

"God guard us!"

"If they don't call you a friend of the Poles openly, nothing will come of it."

"God guard us!" repeated Tatarchuk.

"It is evident that you have something on your mind."

"Pshaw! I have nothing on my mind."

"The koshevoi, too, may destroy all the letters, for his own head is concerned. There was a letter to him as well as to you."

"He may."

"But if you have done anything, then" — here the old inspector lowered his voice still more — "go away!"

"But how and where?" asked Tatarchuk, uneasily. "The koshevoi has placed guards on all the islands, so that no one may escape to the Poles and let them know what is going on. The Tartars are on guard at Bazaluk. A fish couldn't squeeze through, and a bird couldn't fly over."

"Then hide in the Saitch, wherever you can."

"They will find me, — unless you hide me among the barrels in the bazaar? You are my relative."

"I wouldn't hide my own brother. If you are afraid of death, then drink; you won't feel it when you are drunk."

"Maybe there is nothing in the letters."

"Maybe."

"Here is misfortune, misfortune!" said Tatarchuk. "I don't feel that I have done anything. I am a good fellow, an enemy to the Poles. But though there is nothing in the letter, the devil knows what the Pole may say at the council. He may ruin me."

"He is a severe man; he won't say anything."

"Have you seen him to-day?"

"Yes; I rubbed his wounds with tar, I poured spirits and ashes into his throat. He will be all right. He is an angry fellow! They say that at Hortitsa he slaughtered the Tartars like swine, before they captured him. Set your mind at rest about the Pole."

The sullen sound of the kettledrums which were beaten on the Koshevoi's square interrupted further conversation. Tatarchuk, hearing the sound, shuddered and sprang to his feet. Excessive fear was expressed by his face and movements.

"They are beating the summons to council," said he, catching his breath. "God save us! And you, Philip, don't speak of what we have been saying here. God save us!"

Having said this, Tatarchuk, seizing the tub with the liquor, brought it to his mouth with both hands, and drank, — drank as though he wished to drink himself to death.

"Let us go!" said the inspector.

The sound of the drums came clearer and clearer.

They went out. The field of Hassan Pasha was separated from the square by a rampart surrounding the encampment proper, and by a gate with lofty towers on which were seen the muzzles of cannon fixed there. In the middle of the field stood the house of the inspector of weights and measures, and the cabins of the shop atamans, and around a rather large space were shops in which goods were stored. These shops were in general wretched structures made of oak planks, which Hortitsa furnished in abundance, fastened together with twigs and reeds. The cabins, not excepting that of the inspector, were mere huts, for only the roofs were raised

above the ground. The roofs were black and smoked; for when there was fire in the cabin the smoke found exit, not only through the smoke hole, but through every cranny in the roof, and one might suppose that it was not a cabin at all, but a pile of branches and reeds covering a tar pit. No daylight entered these cabins; therefore a fire of pitch pine and oak chips was kept up. The shops, a few dozen in number, were divided into camp shops which belonged to individual camps, and those of strangers in which during time of peace Tartars and Wallachians traded, — the first in skins, Eastern fabrics, arms, and every kind of booty; the second, chiefly in wine. But the shops for strangers were rarely occupied, since in that wild nest trade was changed most frequently to robbery, from which neither the inspectors nor the shop atamans could restrain the crowds.

Among the shops stood also thirty-eight camp drinking shops; and before them always lay, on the sweepings, shavings, oak sticks, and heaps of horse manure, Zaporojians, half dead from drinking, — some sunk in a stony sleep; others with foam in their mouths, in convulsions or delirium tremens; others half drunk, howling Cossack songs, spitting, striking, kissing, cursing Cossack fate or weeping over Cossack sorrow, walking upon the heads and breasts of those lying around. Only during expeditions against the Tartars or the upper country was sobriety enforced, and at such times those who took part in an expedition were punished with death for drunkenness. But in ordinary times, and especially in the bazaar, all were drunk, — the inspector, the camp ataman, the buyers, and the sellers. The sour smell of unrectified spirits, mixed with the odor of tar, fish, smoke, and horse hides, filled the air of the whole place, which in general, by the variety of its shops, reminded one of some little Turkish or Tartar town. Everything was for sale that at any time had been seized as plunder in the Crimea, Wallachia, or on the shores of Anatolia, — bright fabrics of the East, satins, brocades, velvets, cotton cloths, ticking, linen, iron and brass guns, skins, furs, dried fish, cherries, Turkish sweetmeats, church vessels, brass crescents taken from minarets, gilded crosses torn from churches, powder and sharp weapons, spear staffs, and saddles. In that mixture of objects and colors moved about people dressed in remnants of the most varied garments, in the summer half naked, always half wild,

discolored with smoke, black, rolled in mud, covered with wounds, bleeding from the bites of gigantic gnats which hovered in myriads over Chertomelik, and eternally drunk, as has been stated above.

At that moment the whole of Hassan Pasha was more crowded with people than usual; the shops and drinking places were closed, and all were hastening to the square of the Saitch, on which the council was to be held. Philip Zakhar and Anton Tatarchuk went with the others; but Tatarchuk loitered, and allowed the crowd to precede him. Disquiet grew more and more evident on his face. Meanwhile they crossed the bridge over the fosse, passed the gate, and found themselves on the broad fortified square, surrounded by thirty-eight large wooden structures. These were the kurens, or rather the buildings of the kurens, — a kind of military barracks in which the Cossacks lived. These kurens were of one structure and measure, and differed in nothing unless in the names, borrowed from the various towns of the Ukraine, from which the regiments also took their names. In one corner of the square stood the council house, in which the atamans used to sit under the presidency of the koshevoi. The crowd, or the so-called "Brotherhood," deliberated under the open sky, sending deputations every little while, and sometimes bursting in by force to the council house and terrorizing those within.

The throng was already enormous on the square, for the ataman had recently assembled at the Saitch all the warriors scattered over the islands, streams, and meadows; therefore the Brotherhood was more numerous than on ordinary occasions. Since the sun was near its setting, a number of tar barrels had been ignited already; and here and there were kegs of spirits which every kuren had set out for itself, and which added no small energy to the deliberations. Order between the kurens was maintained by the essauls, armed with heavy sticks to restrain the councilors, and with pistols to defend their own lives, which were frequently in danger.

Philip Zakhar and Tatarchuk went straight to the council house; for one as inspector, and the other as kuren ataman, had a right to a seat among the elders. In the council room there was but one small table, before which sat the army secretary. The atamans and the koshevoi had seats on skins by the walls; but at that hour their places were not yet occupied.

The koshevoi walked with great strides through the room; the kuren atamans, gathering in small groups, conversed in low tones, interrupted from time to time by more audible oaths. Tatarchuk, noticing that his acquaintances and even friends pretended not to see him, at once approached young Barabash, who was more or less in a position similar to his own. Others looked at them with a scowl, to which young Barabash paid no attention, not understanding well the reason. He was a man of great beauty and extraordinary strength, thanks to which he had the rank of kuren ataman. He was notorious throughout the whole Saitch for his stupidity, which had gained him the nickname of "Dunce Ataman" and the privilege of being laughed at by the elders for every word he uttered.

"Wait awhile; maybe we shall go in the water with a stone around the neck," whispered Tatarchuk to him.

"Why is that?" asked Barabash.

"Don't you know about the letters?"

"The plague take his mother! Have I written any letters?"

"See how they frown at us!"

"If I give it to one of them in the forehead, he won't look that way, for his eyes will jump out."

Just then shouts from the outside announced that something had happened. The doors of the council house opened wide, and in came Hmelnitski with Tugai Bey. They were the men greeted so joyfully. A few months before Tugai Bey, as the most violent of the Tartars and the terror of the men from below, was the object of extreme hatred in the Saitch. Now the Brotherhood hurled their caps in the air at the sight of him, as a good friend of Hmelnitski and the Zaporojians.

Tugai Bey entered first, and then Hmelnitski, with the baton in his hand as hetman of the Zaporojian armies. He had held that office since his return from the Crimea with reënforcements from the Khan. The crowd at that time raised him in their hands, and bursting open the army treasury, brought him the baton, the standard, and the seal which were generally borne before the hetman. He had changed, too, not a little. It was evident that he bore within himself the terrible power of the whole Zaporojie. This was not Hmelnitski the wronged, fleeing to the steppe through the Wilderness, but Hmelnitski the hetman, the spirit of blood, the giant, the avenger of his own wrongs on millions of people.

Still he did not break the chains; he only imposed new

and heavier ones. This was evident from his relations with Tugai Bey. This hetman, in the heart of the Zaporojie, took a place second to the Tartar, and endured with submission Tartar pride and treatment contemptuous beyond expression. It was the attitude of a vassal before his lord. But it had to be so. Hmelnitski owed all his credit with the Cossacks to the Tartars and the favor of the Khan, whose representative was the wild and furious Tugai Bey. But Hmelnitski knew how to reconcile with submission the pride which was bursting his own bosom, as well as to unite courage with cunning; for he was a lion and a fox, an eagle and a serpent. This was the first time since the origin of the Cossacks that the Tartar had acted as master in the center of the Saitch; but such were the times that had come. The Brotherhood hurled their caps in the air at sight of the Pagan. Such were the times that had been accepted.

The deliberations began. Tugai Bey sat down in the middle of the room on a large bundle of skins, and putting his legs under him, began to crack dry sunflower seeds and spit out the husks in front of himself. On his right side sat Hmelnitski, with the baton; on his left the koshevoi; but the atamans and the deputation from the Brotherhood sat farther away near the walls. Conversation had ceased; only from the crowd outside, debating under the open sky, came a murmur and dull sound like the noise of waves. Hmelnitski began to speak: —

"Gentlemen, with the favor, attention, and aid of the serene Tsar of the Crimea, the lord of many peoples and relative of the heavenly hosts; with the permission of his Majesty the gracious King Vladislav, our lord, and the hearty support of the brave Zaporojian armies, — trusting in our innocence and the justice of God, we are going to avenge the terrible and savage deeds of injustice which, while we had strength, we endured like Christians, at the hands of the faithless Poles, from commissioners, starostas, crown agents, from all the nobility, and from the Jews. Over these deeds of injustice you, gentlemen, and the whole Zaporojian army have shed many tears, and you have given me this baton that I might find the speedy vindication of our innocence and that of all our people. Esteeming this appointment as a great favor from you, my wellwishers, I went to ask of the serene Tsar that aid which he has given. But being ready and willing to move, I was

grieved not a little when I heard that there could be traitors in the midst of us, entering into communication with the faithless Poles, and informing them of our work. If this be true, then they are to be punished according to your will and discretion. We ask you, therefore, to listen to the letters brought from our enemy, Prince Vishnyevetski, by an envoy who is not an envoy but a spy, who wants to note our preparations and the good will of Tugai Bey, our friend, so as to report them to the Poles. And you are to decide whether he is to be punished as well as those to whom he brought letters, and of whom the koshevoi, as a true friend of me, of Tugai Bey, and of the whole army, gave prompt notice."

Hmelnitski stopped. The tumult outside the windows increased every moment. Then the army secretary began to read, first, the letter of the prince to the koshevoi ataman, beginning with these words: "We, by the grace of God, prince and lord in Lubni, Khorol, Pryluki, Gadyatch, etc., voevoda in Russia, etc., starosta, etc." The letter was purely official. The prince, having heard that forces were called in from the meadows, asked the ataman if that were true, and summoned him at once to desist from such action for the sake of peace in Christian lands; and in case Hmelnitski disturbed the Saitch, to deliver him up to the commissioners on their demand. The second letter was from Pan Grodzitski, also to the chief ataman; the third and fourth from Zatsvilikhovski and the old colonel of Cherkasi to Tatarchuk and Barabash. In all these there was nothing that could bring the persons to whom they were addressed into suspicion. Zatsvilikhovski merely begged Tatarchuk to take the bearer of his letter in care, and to make everything he might want easy for him.

Tatarchuk breathed more freely.

"What do you say, gentlemen, of these letters?" inquired Hmelnitski.

The Cossacks were silent. All their councils began thus, till liquor warmed up their heads, since no one of the atamans wished to raise his voice first. Being rude and cunning people, they did this principally from a fear of being laughed at for folly, which might subject the author of it to ridicule or give him a sarcastic nickname for the rest of his life; for such was the condition in the Saitch, where amidst the greatest rudeness the sense of the ridiculous and the dread of sarcasm were wonderfully developed.

The Cossacks remained silent. Hmelnitski raised his voice again.

"The koshevoi ataman is our brother and sincere friend. I believe in the koshevoi as I do in my own soul. And if any man were to speak otherwise, I should consider him a traitor. The koshevoi is our old friend and a soldier."

Having said this, he rose to his feet and kissed the koshevoi.

"Gentlemen," said the koshevoi, in answer, "I bring the forces together, and let the hetman lead them. As to the envoy, since they sent him to me, he is mine; and I make you a present of him."

"You, gentlemen of the delegation, salute the koshevoi," said Hmelnitski, "for he is a just man, and go to inform the Brotherhood that if there is a traitor, he is not the man; he first stationed a guard, he gave the order to seize traitors escaping to the Poles. Say, gentlemen, that the koshevoi is not the traitor, that he is the best of us all."

The deputies bowed to their girdles before Tugai Bey, who chewed his sunflower seeds the whole time with the greatest indifference; then they bowed to Hmelnitski and the koshevoi, and went out of the room.

After a while joyful shouts outside the windows announced that the deputies had accomplished their task.

"Long life to our koshevoi! long life to our koshevoi!" shouted hoarse voices, with such power that the walls of the building seemed to tremble to their foundations.

At the same time was heard the roar of guns and muskets. The deputies returned and took their seats again in the corner of the room.

"Gentlemen," said Hmelnitski, after quiet had come in some degree outside the windows, "you have decided wisely that the koshevoi is a just man. But if the koshevoi is not a traitor, who is the traitor? Who has friends among the Poles, with whom do they come to an understanding, to whom do they write letters, to whom do they confide the person of an envoy? Who is the traitor?"

While saying this, Hmelnitski raised his voice more and more, and directed his ominous looks toward Tatarchuk and young Barabash, as if he wished to point them out expressly.

A murmur rose in the room; a number of voices began to cry, "Barabash and Tatarchuk!" Some of the kuren atamans

stood up in their places, and among the deputies was heard the cry, "To destruction!"

Tatarchuk grew pale, and young Barabash began to look with astonished eyes at those present. His slow mind struggled for a time to discover what was laid to his charge; at length he said: —

"The dog won't eat meat!"

Then he burst out into idiotic laughter, and after him others. And all at once the majority of the kuren atamans began to laugh wildly, not knowing themselves why. From outside the windows came shouts, louder and louder; it was evident that liquor had begun to heat their brains. The sound of the human wave rose higher and higher.

But Anton Tatarchuk rose to his feet, and turning to Hmelnitski, began to speak: —

"What have I done to you, most worthy hetman of the Zaporojie, that you insist on my death? In what am I guilty before you? The commissioner Zatsvilikhovski has written a letter to me, — what of that? So has the prince written to the koshevoi. Have I received a letter? No! And if I had received it, what should I do with it? I should go to the secretary and ask to have it read; for I do not know how to write or to read. And you would always know what was in the letter. The Pole I don't know by sight. Am I a traitor, then? Oh, brother Zaporojians! Tatarchuk went with you to the Crimea; when you went to Wallachia, he went to Wallachia; when you went to Smolensk, he went to Smolensk, — he fought with you, brave men, lived with you, and shed his blood with you, was dying of hunger with you; so he is not a Pole, not a traitor, but a Cossack, — your own brother; and if the hetman insists on his death, let the hetman say why he insists. What have I done to him? In what have I shown my falsehood? And do you, brothers, be merciful, and judge justly."

"Tatarchuk is a brave fellow! Tatarchuk is a good man!" answered several voices.

"You, Tatarchuk, are a brave fellow," said Hmelnitski; "and I do not persecute you, for you are my friend, and not a Pole, — a Cossack, our brother. If a Pole were the traitor, then I should not be grieved, should not weep; but if a brave fellow is the traitor, my friend the traitor, then my heart is heavy, and I am grieved. Since you were in the Crimea and in Wallachia and at Smolensk, then the offense is the greater;

because now you were ready to inform the Poles of the readiness and wishes of the Zaporojian army. The Poles wrote to you to make it easy for their man to get what he wanted; and tell me, worthy atamans, what could a Pole want? Is it not my death and the death of my good friend Tugai Bey? Is it not the destruction of the Zaporojian army? Therefore you, Tatarchuk, are guilty; and you cannot show anything else. And to Barabash his uncle the colonel of Cherkasi wrote,—his uncle, a friend to Chaplinski, a friend to the Poles, who secreted in his house the charter of rights, so the Zaporojian army should not obtain it. Since it is this way,—and I swear, as God lives, that it is no other way,—you are both guilty; and now beg mercy of the atamans, and I will beg with you, though your guilt is heavy and your treason clear."

From outside the windows came, not a sound and a murmur, but as it were the roar of a storm. The Brotherhood wished to know what was doing in the council room, and sent a new deputation.

Tatarchuk felt that he was lost. He remembered that the week before he had spoken in the midst of the atamans against giving the baton to Hmelnitski, and against an alliance with the Tartars. Cold drops of sweat came out on his forehead; he understood that there was no rescue for him now. As to young Barabash, it was clear that in destroying him Hmelnitski wished to avenge himself on the old colonel of Cherkasi, who loved his nephew deeply. Still Tatarchuk did not wish to die. He would not have paled before the saber, the bullet, or the stake; but a death such as that which awaited him pierced him to the marrow of his bones. Therefore, taking advantage of a moment of quiet which reigned after the words of Hmelnitski, he screamed in a terrified voice:—

"In the name of Christ, brother atamans, dear friends, do not destroy an innocent man! I have not seen the Pole, I have not spoken with him! Have mercy on me, brothers! I do not know what the Pole wanted of me; ask him yourselves! I swear by Christ the Savior, the Holy Most Pure, Saint Nicholas the wonder-worker, by Michael the archangel, that you are destroying an innocent man!"

"Bring in the Pole!" shouted the chief inspector.

"The Pole this way! the Pole this way!" shouted the kuren atamans.

Confusion began. Some rushed to the adjoining room in

which the prisoner was confined, to bring him before the council. Others approached Tatarchuk and Barabash with threats. Gladki, the ataman of the Mirgorod kuren, first cried, "To destruction!" The deputies repeated the cry. Chernota sprang to the door, opened it, and shouted to the assembled crowd: —

"Worthy Brotherhood, Tatarchuk is a traitor, Barabash is a traitor; destruction to them!"

The multitude answered with a fearful howl. Confusion continued in the council room; all the atamans rose from their places; some cried, "The Pole! the Pole!" others tried to allay the disturbance. But while this was going on the doors were thrown wide open before the weight of the crowd, and to the middle of the room rushed in a mass of men from the square outside. Terrible forms, drunk with rage, filled the space, seething, waving their hands, gnashing their teeth, and exhaling the smell of spirits. "Death to Tatarchuk, and Barabash to destruction! Give up the traitors! To the square with them!" shouted the drunken voices. "Strike! kill!" and hundreds of hands were stretched out in a moment toward the hapless victims.

Tatarchuk offered no resistance; he only groaned in terror. But young Barabash began to defend himself with desperate strength. He understood at last that they wanted to kill him. Terror, despair, and madness were seen on his face; foam covered his lips, and from his bosom came forth the roar of a wild beast. Twice he tore himself from the hands of his executioners, and twice their hands seized him by the shoulders, by the breast, by the beard and hair. He struggled, he bit, he bellowed, he fell on the ground, and again rose up bleeding and terrible. His clothes were torn, his hair was pulled out of his head, an eye knocked out. At last, pressed to the wall, his arm was broken; then he fell. His executioners seized his feet, and dragged him with Tatarchuk to the square. There, by the light of tar barrels and the great fires, the final execution began. Several thousand people rushed upon the doomed men and tore them, howling and struggling among themselves to get at the victims. They were trampled under foot; bits of their bodies were torn away. The multitude struggled around them with that terrible convulsive motion of furious masses. For a moment bloody hands raised aloft two shapeless lumps, without the semblance of human form; then again

they were trampled upon the earth. Those standing farther away raised their voices to the sky, — some crying out to throw the victims into the water, others to beat them into a burning tar barrel. The drunken ones began to fight among themselves. In the frenzy two tubs of alcohol were set on fire, which lighted up the hellish scene with trembling blue flames; from heaven the moon looked down on it also — the moon, calm, bright, and mild. In this way the Brotherhood punished its traitors. . . .

Hmelnitski assumed unlimited power. A little while before, through fear that his voice might not be obeyed, he was forced to destroy his opponents by artifice, and by artifice defend the prisoner. Now he was lord of life and death for them all.

So it was ever. Before and after expeditions, even if the hetman was chosen, the multitude still imposed its will on the atamans and the koshevoi, for whom opposition was coupled with danger. But when the campaign was declared, the Brotherhood became an army subject to military discipline, the atamans officers, and the hetman a dictator in command. Therefore, when they heard the orders of Hmelnitski, the atamans went at once to their kurens. The council was at an end.

Soon the roar of cannon from the gates leading from Hassan Pasha to the square of the Saitch shook the walls of the room, and spread with gloomy echoes through all Chertomelik, giving notice of war.

It opened also an epoch in the history of two peoples; but that was unknown to the drunken Cossacks as well as to the Zaporojian hetman himself.

Escape of Zagloba and Helena.

Helena could not sleep for a long time. The events of the past night rose at once in her memory as vividly as life. In the darkness appeared the faces of her murdered aunt and cousins. It seemed to her that she was shut up in the chamber with their bodies, and that Bogun would come in a moment. She saw his pale face and his dark sable brows contracted with pain, and his eyes fixed upon her. Unspeakable terror seized her. But will she really see on a sudden through the darkness around her two gleaming eyes?

The moon, looking for a moment from behind the clouds,

whitened with a few rays the oaks, and lent fantastic forms to the stumps and branches. Land rails called in the meadows, and quails in the steppes; at times certain strange and distant cries of birds or beasts of the night came to them. Nearer was heard the snorting of their horses, who eating the grass and jumping in their fetters went farther and farther from the sleepers. But all those sounds quieted Helena, for they dissipated the fantastic visions and brought her to reality; told her that that chamber which was continually present before her eyes, and those corpses of her friends, and that pale Bogun, with vengeance in his looks, were an illusion of the senses, a whim of fear, nothing more. A few days before, the thought of such a night under the open sky in the desert would have frightened her to death; now, to gain rest, she was obliged to remember that she was really on the bank of the Kagamlik, and far from home.

The voices of the quails and land rails lulled her to sleep. The stars twinkled whenever the breeze moved the branches, the beetles sounded in the oak leaves; she fell asleep at last. But nights in the desert have their surprises too. Day was already breaking, when from a distance terrible noises came to Helena's ears, — howling, snorting, later a squeal so full of pain and terror that the blood stopped in her veins. She sprang to her feet, covered with cold sweat, terror-stricken, and not knowing what to do. Suddenly Zagloba shot past her. He rushed without a cap, in the direction of the cry, pistol in hand. After a while his voice was heard: "U-ha! u-ha!" a pistol shot, then all was silent. It seemed to Helena as if she had waited an age. At last she heard Zagloba below the bank.

"May the dogs devour you, may your skins be torn off, may the Jews wear you in their collars!"

Genuine despair was in the voice of Zagloba.

"What has happened?" inquired Helena.

"The wolves have eaten our horses."

"Jesus, Mary! both of them?"

"One is eaten, the other is maimed so that he cannot stand. They didn't go more than three hundred yards, and are lost."

"What shall we do now?"

"What shall we do? Whittle out sticks for ourselves and sit on them. Do I know what we shall do? Here is pure despair. I tell you, the devil has surely got after us, — which

is not to be wondered at, for he must be a friend of Bogun, or his blood relation. What are we to do? May I turn into a horse if I know, — you would then at least have something to ride on. I am a scoundrel if ever I have been in such a fix."

"Let us go on foot."

"It is well for your ladyship to travel in peasant fashion, with your twenty years, but not for me with my circumference. I speak incorrectly, though, for here any clown can have a nag, only dogs travel on foot. Pure despair, as God is kind to me! Of course we shall not sit here, we shall walk on directly; but when we are to reach Zólotonosha is unknown to me. If it is not pleasant to flee on horseback, it is sorest of all on foot. Now the worst thing possible has happened to us. We must leave the saddles and carry on our own shoulders whatever we put between our lips."

"I will not allow you to carry the burden alone; I too will carry whatever is necessary."

Zagloba was pleased to see such resolution in Helena.

"I should be either a Turk or a Pagan to permit you. Those white hands and slender shoulders are not for burdens. With God's help I will manage; only I must rest frequently, for, always too abstemious in eating and drinking, I have short breath now. Let us take the saddlecloths to sleep on and some provisions; but there will not be much of them, since we shall have to strengthen ourselves directly."

Straightway they began the strengthening, during which Pan Zagloba, abandoning his boasted abstemiousness, busied himself about long breath. Near midday they reached a ford through which men and wagons passed from time to time, for on both banks there were marks of wheels and horses' tracks.

"Maybe that is the road to Zólotonosha."

"There is no one to ask."

Zagloba had barely stopped speaking, when voices reached their ears from a distance.

"Wait!" whispered Zagloba, "we must hide."

The voices continued to approach them.

"Do you see anything?" inquired Helena.

"I do."

"Who are coming?"

"A blind old man with a lyre. A youth is leading him. Now they are taking off their boots. They will come to us through the river."

After a time the plashing water indicated that they were really crossing. Zagloba and Helena came out of the hiding place.

"Glory be to God!" said the noble, aloud.

"For the ages of ages!" answered the old man. "But who are you?"

"Christians. Don't be afraid, grandfather!"

"May Saint Nicholas give you health and happiness!"

"And where are you coming from, grandfather?"

"From Brovarki."

"And where does this road lead to?"

"Oh, to farmhouses and villages."

"It doesn't go to Zólotonosha?"

"Maybe it does."

"Is it long since you left Brovarki?"

"Yesterday morning."

"And were you in Rozlogi?"

"Yes. But they say that the knights came there, that there was a battle."

"Who said that?"

"Oh, they said so in Brovarki. One of the servants of the princess came, and what he told was terrible!"

"And you didn't see him?"

"I? I see no man, I am blind."

"And this youth?"

"He sees, but he is dumb. I am the only one who understands him."

"Is it far from here to Rozlogi, for we are going there?"

"Oh, it is far!"

"You say, then, that you were in Rozlogi?"

"Yes, we were."

"So!" said Zagloba; and suddenly he seized the youth by the shoulder. "Ha! scoundrels, criminals, thieves! you are going around as spies, rousing the serfs to rebellion. Here, Fedor, Oleksa, Maksim, take them, strip them naked, and hang or drown them; beat them, — they are rebels, spies, — beat, kill them!"

He began to pull the youth about and to shake him roughly, shouting louder and louder every moment. The old man threw himself on his knees, begging for mercy; the youth uttered sounds of terror peculiar to the dumb, and Helena looked with astonishment at the attack.

"What are you doing?" inquired she, not believing her own eyes.

But Zagloba shouted, cursed, moved hell, summoned all the miseries, misfortunes, and diseases, threatened with every manner of torment and death.

The princess thought that his mind had failed.

"Go away!" cried he to her; "it is not proper for you to see what is going to take place here. Go away, I tell you!"

He turned to the old man. "Take off your clothes, you clown! If you don't, I'll cut you to pieces."

When he had thrown the youth to the ground Zagloba began to strip him with his own hands. The old man, frightened, dropped his lyre, his bag, and his coat as quickly as he could.

"Throw off everything or you will be killed!" shouted Zagloba.

The old man began to take off his shirt.

Helena, seeing whither matters were tending, hurried away, and as she fled she heard the curses of Zagloba.

After she had gone some distance she stopped, not knowing what to do. Near by was the trunk of a tree thrown down by the wind; she sat on this and waited. The noises of the dumb youth, the groans of the old man, and the uproar of Zagloba came to her ears.

At last all was silent save the twittering of birds and the rustle of leaves. After a time the heavy steps of a man panting were heard. It was Zagloba. On his shoulders he carried the clothing stripped from the old man and the youth, in his hands two pairs of boots and a lyre. When he came near he began to wink with his sound eye, to smile, and to puff. He was evidently in perfect humor.

"No herald in a court would have shouted as I have," said he, "until I am hoarse; but I have got what I wanted. I let them go naked as their mother bore them. If the Sultan doesn't make me a pasha, or hospodar of Wallachia, he is a thankless fellow, for I have made two Turkish saints. Oh, the scoundrels! they begged me to leave them at least their shirts. I told them they ought to be grateful that I left them their lives. And see here, young lady! Everything is new, — the coats and the boots and the shirts. There must be nice order in that Commonwealth, in which trash dress so richly. But they were at a festival in Brovarki, where they collected no small amount of money and bought everything new at the fair. Not a single

noble will plow out so much in this country as a minstrel will beg. Therefore I abandon my career as a knight, and will strip grandfathers on the highway, for I see that in this manner I shall arrive at fortune more quickly."

"For what purpose did you do that?" asked Helena.

"Just wait a minute, and I will show you for what purpose."

Saying this, he took half the plundered clothing and went into the reeds which covered the bank. After a time the sounds of a lyre were heard in the rushes, and there appeared, not Pan Zagloba, but a real "grandfather" of the Ukraine, with a cataract on one eye and a gray beard. The "grandfather" approached Helena, singing with a hoarse voice: —

"Oh, bright falcon, my own brother,
High dost thou soar,
And far dost thou fly!"

The princess clapped her hands, and for the first time since her flight from Rozlogi a smile brightened her beautiful face.

"If I did not know that it was you, I should never have recognized you."

"Well," said Zagloba. "I know you have not seen a better mask at a festival. I looked into the Kagamlik myself; and if ever I have seen a better-looking grandfather, then hang me. As for songs, I have no lack of them. What do you prefer? Maybe you would like to hear of Marusia Boguslava, of Bondarivna, or the death of Sierpahova; I can give you that. I am a rogue if I can't get a crust of bread among the worst knaves that exist."

"Now I understand your action, why you stripped the clothing from those poor creatures, — because it is safer to go over the road in disguise."

"Of course," said Zagloba; "and what do you suppose? Here, east of the Dnieper, the people are worse than anywhere else; and now when they hear of the war with the Zaporojians, and the victories of Hmelnitski, no power will keep them from rebellion. You saw those herdsmen who wanted to get our skins. If the hetmans do not put down Hmelnitski at once, the whole country will be on fire in two or three days, and how should I take you through bands of peasants in rebellion? And if you had to fall into their hands, you would better have remained in Bogun's."

"That cannot be! I prefer death," interrupted Helena.

"But I prefer life; for death is a thing from which you cannot rise by any wit. I think, however, that God sent us this old man and the youth. I frightened them with the prince and his whole army as I did the herdsmen. They will sit in the reeds naked for three days from terror, and by that time we shall reach Zólotonosha in disguise somehow. We shall find your cousins and efficient aid; if not, we will go farther to the hetmans, — and all this in safety, for grandfathers have no fear of peasants and Cossacks. We might take our heads in safety through Hmelnitski's camp. But we have to avoid the Tartars, for they would take you as a youth into captivity."

"Then must I too disguise myself?"

"Yes; throw off your Cossack clothes, and disguise yourself as a peasant youth, — though you are rather comely to be a clodhopper's child, as I am to be a grandfather; but that is nothing. The wind will tan your face, and my stomach will fall in from walking. I shall sweat away all my thickness. When the Wallachians burned out my eye, I thought that an absolutely awful thing had come upon me; but now I see it is really an advantage, for a grandfather not blind would be suspected. You will lead me by the hand, and call me Onufri, for that is my minstrel name. Now dress up as quickly as you can, since it is time for the road, which will be so long for us on foot."

Zagloba went aside, and Helena began at once to array herself as a minstrel boy. Having washed in the river, she cast aside the Cossack coat, and took the peasant's svitka, straw hat, and knapsack. Fortunately the youth stripped by Zagloba was tall, so that everything fitted Helena well.

Zagloba, returning, examined her carefully, and said: —

"God save me! more than one knight would willingly lay aside his armor if he only had such an attendant as you; and I know one hussar who would certainly. But we must do something with that hair. I saw handsome boys in Stamboul, but never one so handsome as you are."

"God grant my beauty may work no ill for me!" said Helena. But she smiled; for her woman's ear was tickled by Zagloba's praise.

"Beauty never turns out ill, and I will give you an example of this; for when the Turks in Galáts burned out one of my

eyes, and wanted to burn out the other, the wife of the Pasha saved me on account of my extraordinary beauty, the remnants of which you may see even yet."

"But you said that the Wallachians burned your eye out."

"They were Wallachians, but had become Turks, and were serving the Pasha in Galáts."

"They didn't burn even one of your eyes out."

"But from the heated iron a cataract grew on it. It's all the same. What do you wish to do with your tresses?"

"What! I must cut them off?"

"You must. But how?"

"With your saber."

"It is well to cut a head off with this sword, but hair — I don't know how."

"Well, I will sit by that log and put my hair across it, you can strike and cut it off; but don't cut my head off!"

"Oh, never fear! More than once have I shot the wick from candles when I was drunk, without cutting the candle. I will do no harm to you, although this act is the first of its kind in my life."

Helena sat near the log, and throwing her heavy dark hair across it, raised her eyes to Zagloba. "I am ready," said she; "cut!"

She smiled somewhat sadly; for she was sorry for those tresses, which near the head could hardly be clasped by two hands. Zagloba had a sort of awkward feeling. He went around the trunk to cut more conveniently, and muttered: —

"Pshaw, pshaw! I would rather be a barber and cut Cossack tufts. I seem to be an executioner going to my work; for it is known to you that they cut the hair off witches, so that the devils shouldn't hide in it and weaken the power of torture. But you are not a witch; therefore this act seems disgraceful to me, — for which if Pan Skshetuski does not cut my ears, then I'll pay him. Upon my word, shivers are going along my arm. At least, close your eyes!"

"All ready!" said Helena.

Zagloba straightened up, as if rising in his stirrups for a blow. The metallic blade whistled in the air, and that moment the dark tresses slipped down along the smooth bark to the ground.

"All over!" said Zagloba, in his turn.

Helena sprang up, and immediately the short-cut hair fell

in a dark circle around her face, on which blushes of shame were beating, — for at that period the cutting of a maiden's hair was considered a great disgrace: therefore it was on her part a grievous sacrifice, which she could make only in case of extreme necessity. In fact, tears came to her eyes; and Zagloba, angry at himself, made no attempt to comfort her.

"It seems to me that I have ventured on something dishonorable, and I repeat to you that Pan Skshetuski, if he is a worthy cavalier, is bound to cut my ears off. But it could not be avoided, for your sex would have been discovered at once. Now at least we can go on with confidence. I inquired of the old man too about the road, holding a dagger to his throat. According to what he said, we shall see three oaks in the steppe: near them is the Wolf's Ravine, and along the ravine lies the road through Demiánovka to Zólotonosha. He said that wagoners go by the road, and it would be possible to sit with them in the wagons. You and I are passing through a grievous time, which I shall ever remember: for now we must part with the saber, since it befits neither the minstrel nor his boy to have marks of nobility about their persons. I will push it under this tree. God may permit me to find it here some other day. Many an expedition has this saber seen, and it has been the cause of great victories. Believe me, I should be commander of an army now were it not for the envy and malice of men who accused me of a love for strong drinks. So is it always in the world, — no justice in anything! When I was not rushing into destruction like a fool, and knew how to unite prudence with valor like a second Cunctator, Pan Zatsvilikhovski was the first to say that I was a coward. He is a good man, but he has an evil tongue. The other day he gnawed at me because I played brother with the Cossacks: but had it not been for that you would not have escaped the power of Bogun."

While talking, Zagloba thrust the saber under the tree, covered it with plants and grass, then threw the bag and lyre over his shoulder, took the staff pointed with flint stones, waved his hands a couple of times, and said: —

"Well, this is not bad. I can strike a light in the eyes of some dog or wolf with this staff and count his teeth. The worst of all is that we must walk: but there is no help. Come!"

They went on, — the dark-haired youth in front, the old man following. The latter grunted and cursed: for it was hot

for him to travel on foot, though a breeze passed over the steppe. The breeze burned and tanned the face of the handsome boy. Soon they came to the ravine, at the bottom of which was a spring which distilled its pure waters into the Kagamlik. Around that ravine not far from the river three strong oaks were growing on a mound; to these our wayfarers turned at once. They came also upon traces of the road, which looked yellow along the steppe from flowers which were growing on droppings of cattle. The road was deserted; there were neither teamsters, nor tar spots on the ground, nor gray oxen slowly moving. But here and there lay the bones of cattle torn to pieces by wolves and whitening in the sun. The wayfarers went on steadily, resting only under the shade of oak groves. The dark-haired boy lay down to slumber on the green turf, and the old man watched. They passed through streams also; and when there was no ford they searched for one, walking for a distance along the shore. Sometimes, too, the old man carried the boy over in his arms, with a power that was wonderful in a man who begged his bread. But he was a sturdy minstrel! Thus they dragged on till evening, when the boy sat down by the wayside at an oak forest and said: —

"My breath is gone, I have spent my strength; I can walk no farther, I will lie down here and die."

The old man was terribly distressed. "Oh, these cursed wastes, — not a house nor a cottage by the roadside, nor a living soul! But we cannot spend the night here. Evening is already falling, it will be dark in an hour, — and just listen!"

The old man stopped speaking, and for a while there was deep silence. But it was soon broken by a distant dismal sound which seemed to come from the bowels of the earth; it did really come from the ravine, which lay not far from the road.

"Those are wolves," said Zagloba. "Last night we had horses, — they ate them; this time they will get at our own persons. I have, it is true, a pistol under my svitka; but I don't know whether my powder would hold out for two charges, and I should not like to be the supper at a wolf's wedding. Listen! Another howl!"

The howling was heard again, and appeared to be nearer.

"Rise, my child!" said the old man; "and if you are unable to walk, I will carry you. What's to be done? I see that I have a great affection for you, which is surely because living in a wifeless condition I am unable to leave legitimate

descendants of my own; and if I have illegitimate they are heathen, for I lived a long time in Turkey. With me ends the family of Zagloba, with its escutcheon 'In the Forehead.' You will take care of my old age, but now you must get up and sit on my shoulders."

"My feet have grown so heavy that I cannot move."

"You were boasting of your strength. But stop! stop! As God is dear to me, I hear the barking of dogs. That's it. Those are dogs, not wolves. Then Demiánovka, of which the old minstrel told me, must be near. Praise be to God in the highest! I had thought not to make a fire on account of the wolves; for we should have surely gone to sleep, we are so tired. Yes, they are dogs. Do you hear?"

"Let us go on," said Helena, whose strength returned suddenly.

They had barely come out of the wood when smoke from a number of cottages appeared at no great distance. They saw also three domes of a church, covered with fresh shingles, which shone yet in the dusk from the last gleams of the evening twilight. The barking of dogs seemed nearer, more distinct each moment.

"Yes, that is Demiánovka; it cannot be another place," said Zagloba. "They receive minstrels hospitably everywhere; maybe we shall find supper and lodging, and perhaps good people will take us farther. Wait a moment! this is one of the prince's villages; there must be an agent living in it. We will rest and get news. The prince must be already on the way. Rescue may come sooner than you expect. Remember that you are a mute. I began at the wrong end when I told you to call me Onufri, for since you are a mute you cannot call me anything. I shall speak for you and for myself, and, praise be to God! I can use peasants' speech as well as Latin. Move on, move on! Now the first cottage is near. My God! when will our wanderings come to an end? If we could get some warmed beer, I should praise the Lord God for even that."

Zagloba ceased, and for a time they went on in silence together; then he began to talk again.

"Remember that you are dumb. When they ask you about anything, point to me and say, 'Hum, hum, hum! niyá, niyá!' I have seen that you have much wit, and besides, it is a question of our lives. If we should chance on a regiment belonging to the hetmans or the prince, then we would tell who we

are at once, especially if the officer is courteous and an acquaintance of Pan Skshetuski. It is true that you are under the guardianship of the prince, and you have nothing to fear from soldiers. Oh! what fires are those bursting out in the glen? Ah, there are blacksmiths — there is a forge! But I see there is no small number of people at it. Let us go there."

In the cleft which formed the entrance to the ravine there was a forge, from the chimney of which bundles and bunches of golden sparks were thrown out; and through the open doors and numerous chinks in the walls sparkling light burst forth, intercepted from moment to moment by dark forms moving around inside. In front of the forge were to be seen in the evening twilight a number of dark forms standing together in knots. The hammers in the forge beat in time, till the echo was heard all about; and the sound was mingled with songs in front of the forge, with the buzz of conversation and the barking of dogs. Seeing all this, Zagloba turned immediately into the ravine, touched his lyre, and began to sing:—

"Hei! on the mountain
Reapers are seen,
Under the mountain,
The mountain green,
Cossacks are marching on."

Singing thus, he approached the crowd of people standing in front of the forge. He looked around. They were peasants, for the most part drunk. . . .

A little later the minstrel had strengthened himself powerfully with mutton and a good portion of mead. Next morning early, he moved on with his attendant lad, in a comfortable telega, toward Zólotonosha, escorted by a number of mounted peasants armed with pikes and scythes.

They went through Kovraiets, Chernobái, and Krapivna. The wayfarers saw that everything was seething; the peasants were arming at all points, the forges were working from morning till night, and only the terrible name and power of Prince Yeremi still restrained the bloody outburst. West of the Dnieper the tempest was let loose in all its fury. News of the defeat at Korsún had spread over all Russia with the speed of lightning, and every living soul was rushing forth.

THE MIGHTY MAGICIAN.

By CALDERON.

(From the "Magico Prodigioso"; Shelley's translation.)

[Pedro Calderon de la Barca, one of the chief poets of Spain, was born in Madrid, January 17, 1600; died there May 25, 1681. He received his schooling at a Jesuits' college in Madrid; studied history, philosophy, and law at Salamanca; and served ten years in the army in Milan and the Netherlands. He was then summoned to Madrid by Philip IV., a prince fond of theatrical amusements, and was appointed director of the court theater. In 1651 he entered the priesthood, but notwithstanding his religious duties continued to write for the stage, besides which he composed many "autos sacramentales," or the Corpus Christi plays, performed annually in the cathedrals of Toledo, Seville, and Granada. According to his own account he wrote one hundred and eleven plays, among which are: "The Fairy Lady," "'Tis Better than it Was," "The Mock Astrologer," "The Wonder-working Magician," "The Devotion of the Cross," "The Constant Prince," "Life is a Dream," "No Magic like Love."]

Scene I. — Cyprian *as a student;* Clarin *and* Moscon *as poor scholars with books.*

Cyprian —

In the sweet solitude of this calm place,
This intricate wild wilderness of trees
And flowers and undergrowth of odorous plants,
Leave me: the books you brought out of the house
To me are ever best society,
And whilst with glorious festival and song
Antioch now celebrates the consecration
Of a proud temple to great Jupiter,
And bears his image in loud jubilee
To its new shrine, I would consume what still
Lives of the dying day, in studious thought,
Far from the throng and turmoil.
You, my friends,
Go and enjoy the festival, — it will
Be worth the labor, and return for me
When the sun seeks its grave among the billows,
Which among dim gray clouds on the horizon,
Dance like white plumes upon a hearse; and here
I shall expect you.

Moscon — I cannot bring my mind,
Great as my haste to see the festival

Certainly is, to leave you, sir, without
Just saying some three or four thousand words.
How is it possible that on a day
Of such festivity, you can be content
To come forth to a solitary country
With three or four old books, and turn your back
On all this mirth?

Clarin — My master's in the right;
There is not anything more tiresome
Than a procession day, with troops, and priests,
And dances, and all that.

Moscon — From first to last,
Clarin, you are a temporizing flatterer:
You praise not what you feel but what he does; —
Toadeater!

Clarin — You lie — under a mistake —
For this is the most civil sort of lie
That can be given to a man's race. I now
Say what I think.

Cyprian — Enough, you foolish fellows!
Pufft up with your own doting ignorance,
You always take the two sides of one question.
Now go; and as I said, return for me
When night falls, veiling in its shadows wide
This glorious fabric of the universe.

Moscon —
How happens it, altho' you can maintain
The folly of enjoying festivals,
That yet you go there?

Clarin — Nay, the consequence
Is clear: — who ever did what he advises
Others to do? —

Moscon — Would that my feet were wings,
So would I fly to Livia. [*Exit.*

Clarin — To speak truth,
Livia is she who has surprised my heart;
But he is more than halfway there. — Soho!
Livia, I come; good sport, Livia, soho! [*Exit.*

Cyprian —
Now, since I am alone, let me examine
The question which has long disturbed my mind
With doubt, since first I read in Plinius
The words of mystic import and deep sense
In which he defines God. My intellect
Can find no God with whom these marks and signs

Fitly agree. It is a hidden truth
Which I must fathom.

[CYPRIAN *reads; the* DEMON, *dressed in a Court dress, enters.*

Demon — Search even as thou wilt,
But thou shalt never find what I can hide.

Cyprian —
What noise is that among the boughs? Who moves?
What art thou? —

Demon — 'Tis a foreign gentleman.
Even from this morning I have lost my way
In this wild place; and my poor horse at last,
Quite overcome, has stretcht himself upon
The enameled tapestry of this mossy mountain,
And feeds and rests at the same time. I was
Upon my way to Antioch upon business
Of some importance, but wrapt up in cares
(Who is exempt from this inheritance?)
I parted from my company, and lost
My way, and lost my servants and my comrades.

Cyprian —
'Tis singular that even within the sight
Of the high towers of Antioch you could lose
Your way. Of all the avenues and green paths
Of this wild wood there is not one but leads,
As to its center, to the walls of Antioch;
Take which you will you cannot miss your road.

Demon —
And such is ignorance! Even in the sight
Of knowledge, it can draw no profit from it;
But as it still is early, and as I
Have no acquaintances in Antioch,
Being a stranger there, I will even wait
The few surviving hours of the day,
Until the night shall conquer it. I see
Both by your dress and by the books in which
You find delight and company, that you
Are a great student; — for my part, I feel
Much sympathy in such pursuits.

Cyprian — Have you
Studied much?

Demon — No, — and yet I know enough
Not to be wholly ignorant.

Cyprian — Pray, sir,
What science may you know? —

Demon — Many.
Cyprian — Alas!
Much pains must we expend on one alone,
And even then attain it not; — but you
Have the presumption to assert that you
Know many without study.
Demon — And with truth.
For in the country whence I come the sciences
Require no learning, — they are known.
Cyprian — Oh would
I were of that bright country! for in this
The more we study, we the more discover
Our ignorance.
Demon — It is so true, that I
Had so much arrogance as to oppose
The chair of the most high Professorship,
And obtained many votes, and tho' I lost,
The attempt was still more glorious, than the failure
Could be dishonorable. If you believe not,
Let us refer it to dispute respecting
That which you know the best, and altho' I
Know not the opinion you maintain, and tho'
It be the true one, I will take the contrary.
Cyprian —
The offer gives me pleasure. I am now
Debating with myself upon a passage
Of Plinius, and my mind is rackt with doubt
To understand and know who is the God
Of whom he speaks.
Demon — It is a passage, if
I recollect it right, coucht in these words:
"God is one supreme goodness, one pure essence,
One substance, and one sense, all sight, all hands.
Cyprian —
'Tis true.
Demon — What difficulty find you here?
Cyprian —
I do not recognize among the Gods
The God defined by Plinius; if he must
Be supreme goodness, even Jupiter
Is not supremely good; because we see
His deeds are evil, and his attributes
Tainted with mortal weakness; in what manner
Can supreme goodness be consistent with
The passions of humanity?

Demon — The wisdom
Of the old world maskt with the names of Gods
The attributes of Nature and of Man;
A sort of popular philosophy.

Cyprian —
This reply will not satisfy me, for
Such awe is due to the high name of God
That ill should never be imputed. Then
Examining the question with more care,
It follows that the Gods would always will
That which is best, were they supremely good.
How then does one will one thing, one another?
And that you may not say that I allege
Poetical or philosophic learning: —
Consider the ambiguous responses
Of their oracular statues; from two shrines
Two armies shall obtain the assurance of
One victory. Is it not indisputable
That two contending wills can never lead
To the same end? And being opposite,
If one be good is not the other evil?
Evil in God is inconceivable;
But supreme goodness fails among the Gods
Without their union.

Demon — I deny your major.
These responses are means towards some end
Unfathomed by our intellectual beam.
They are the work of providence, and more
The battle's loss may profit those who lose,
Than victory advantage those who win.

Cyprian —
That I admit; and yet that God should not
(Falsehood is incompatible with deity)
Assure the victory; it would be enough
To have permitted the defeat. If God
Be all sight, — God, who had beheld the truth,
Would not have given assurance of an end
Never to be accomplisht: thus, altho'
The Deity may according to his attributes
Be well distinguisht into persons, yet
Even in the minutest circumstance
His essence must be one.

Demon — To attain the end
The affections of the actors in the scene
Must have been thus influenced by his voice.

Cyprian —

But for a purpose thus subordinate
He might have employed Genii, good or evil, —
A sort of spirits called so by the learned,
Who roam about inspiring good or evil,
And from whose influence and existence we
May well infer our immortality.
Thus God might easily, without descent
To a gross falsehood in his proper person,
Have moved the affections by this mediation
To the just point.

Demon — These trifling contradictions
Do not suffice to impugn the unity
Of the high Gods; in things of great importance
They still appear unanimous; consider
That glorious fabric man, — his workmanship
Is stampt with one conception.

Cyprian — Who made man
Must have, methinks, the advantage of the others.
If they are equal, might they not have risen
In opposition to the work, and being
All hands, according to our author here,
Have still destroyed even as the other made?
If equal in their power, unequal only
In opportunity, which of the two
Will remain conqueror?

Demon — On impossible
And false hypothesis there can be built
No argument. Say, what do you infer
From this?

Cyprian — That there must be a mighty God
Of supreme goodness and of highest grace,
All sight, all hands, all truth, infallible,
Without an equal and without a rival,
The cause of all things and the effect of nothing,
One power, one will, one substance, and one essence.
And in whatever persons, one or two,
His attributes may be distinguisht, one
Sovereign power, one solitary essence,
One cause of all cause. [*They rise.*

Demon — How can I impugn
So clear a consequence?

Cyprian — Do you regret
My victory?

Demon — Who but regrets a check

In rivalry of wit? I could reply
And urge new difficulties, but will now
Depart, for I hear steps of men approaching,
And it is time that I should now pursue
My journey to the city.

Cyprian — Go in peace!

Demon —

Remain in peace! — Since thus it profits him
To study, I will wrap his senses up
In sweet oblivion of all thought, but of
A piece of excellent beauty; and as I
Have power given me to wage enmity
Against Justina's soul, I will extract
From one effect two vengeances. [*Aside and exit.*

Scene III: The Demon *tempts* Justina, *who is a Christian.*

Demon —

Abyss of Hell! I call on thee,
Thou wild misrule of thine own anarchy!
From thy prison house set free
The spirits of voluptuous death,
That with their mighty breath
They may destroy a world of virgin thoughts;
Let her chaste mind with fancies thick as motes
Be peopled from thy shadowy deep,
Till her guiltless fantasy
Full to overflowing be!
And with sweetest harmony
Let birds, and flowers, and leaves, and all things move
To love, only to love.
Let nothing meet her eyes
But signs of Love's soft victories;
Let nothing meet her ear
But sounds of Love's sweet sorrow,
So that from faith no succor she may borrow,
But, guided by my spirit blind
And in a magic snare entwined,
She may now seek Cyprian.
Begin, while I in silence bind
My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast began.

A Voice [*within*] —

What is the glory far above
All else in human life!

All — Love! love! [*Exit* Demon, *enter* Justina.

The First Voice —
There is no form in which the fire
Of love its traces has imprest not.
Man lives far more in love's desire
Than by life's breath, soon possest not.
If all that lives must love or die,
All shapes on earth, or sea, or sky,
With one consent to Heaven cry
That the glory far above
All else in life is ——
All — Love! oh love!
Justina — Thou melancholy thought which art
So flattering and so sweet, to thee
When did I give the liberty
Thus to afflict my heart?
What is the cause of this new power
Which doth my fevered being move,
Momently raging more and more?
What subtle pain is kindled now
Which from my heart doth overflow
Into my senses? ——
All — Love! oh love!
Justina —
'Tis that enamored nightingale
Who gives me the reply;
He ever tells the same soft tale
Of passion and of constancy
To his mate who rapt and fond
Listening sits a bough beyond.

Be silent, Nightingale — no more
Make me think, in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
If a bird can feel his so,
What a man would feel for me.
And, voluptuous Vine, O thou
Who seekest most when least pursuing, —
To the trunk thou interlacest
Art the verdure which embracest,
And the weight which is its ruin, —
No more with green embraces, Vine,
Make me think on what thou lovest, —
For whilst thus thy boughs entwine,
I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,
How arms might be entangled too.

Light-enchanted Sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendor!
Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance,
Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How must eyes weep! O Nightingale,
Cease from thy enamored tale, —
Leafy Vine, unwreathe thy bower,
Restless Sunflower, cease to move, —
Or tell me all, what poisonous power
Ye use against me ——

All — Love! love! love!

Justina —

It cannot be! — Whom have I ever loved?
Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,
Floro and Lelio did I not reject?
And Cyprian?
[*She becomes troubled at the name of Cyprian.*
Did I not requite him
With such severity, that he has fled
Where none has ever heard of him again? —
Alas! I now begin to fear that this
May be the occasion whence desire grows bold,
As if there were no danger. From the moment
That I pronounced to my own listening heart,
Cyprian is absent, O me miserable!
I know not what I feel! [*More calmly.*] It must be pity
To think that such a man, whom all the world
Admired, should be forgot by all the world,
And I the cause. [*She again becomes troubled.*
And yet if it were pity,
Floro and Lelio might have equal share,
For they are both imprisoned for my sake.
[*Calmly.*] Alas! what reasonings are these? it is
Enough I pity him, and that, in vain,
Without this ceremonious subtlety.
And woe is me! I know not where to find him now,
Even should I seek him thro' this wide world.

Enter DEMON.

Demon —

Follow, and I will lead thee where he is.

Justina —

And who art thou, who hast found entrance hither,
Into my chamber thro' the doors and locks?
Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness
Has formed in the idle air?

Demon — No. I am one
Called by the thought which tyrannizes thee
From his eternal dwelling; who this day
Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.

Justina —

So shall thy promise fail. This agony
Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul
May sweep imagination in its storm;
The will is firm.

Demon — Already half is done
In the imagination of an act.
The sin incurred, the pleasure then remains;
Let not the will stop halfway on the road.

Justina —

I will not be discouraged, nor despair,
Altho' I thought it, and altho' 'tis true
That thought is but a prelude to the deed: —
Thought is not in my power, but action is:
I will not move my foot to follow thee.

Demon —

But a far mightier wisdom than thine own
Exerts itself within thee, with such power
Compelling thee to that which it inclines
That it shall force thy step; how wilt thou then
Resist, Justina?

Justina — By my free will.

Demon — I
Must force thy will.

Justina — It is invincible;
It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.
[*He draws but cannot move her.*

Demon —

Come, where a pleasure waits thee.

Justina — It were bought
Too dear.

Demon —

'Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.

Justina —

'Tis dread captivity.

Demon — 'Tis joy, 'tis glory.

Justina —
'Tis shame, 'tis torment, 'tis despair.
Demon — But how
Canst thou defend thyself from that or me,
If my power drags thee onward?
Justina — My defense
Consists in God.
[*He vainly endeavors to force her, and at last releases her.*
Demon —
Woman, thou hast subdued me,
Only by not owning thyself subdued.
But since thou thus findest defense in God,
I will assume a feigned form, and thus
Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.
For I will mask a spirit in thy form
Who will betray thy name to infamy,
And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss,
First by dishonoring thee, and then by turning
False pleasure to true ignominy. [*Exit.*
Justina — I
Appeal to Heaven against thee; so that Heaven
May scatter thy delusions, and the blot
Upon my fame vanish in idle thought,
Even as flame dies in the envious air,
And as the floweret wanes at morning frost,
And thou shouldst never — But, alas! to whom
Do I still speak? — Did not a man but now
Stand here before me? — No, I am alone,
And yet I saw him. Is he gone so quickly?
Or can the heated mind engender shapes
From its own fear? Some terrible and strange
Peril is near. Lisander! father! lord!
Livia! —

Enter LISANDER *and* LIVIA.

Lisander — Oh, my daughter! What?
Livia — What?
Justina — Saw you
A man go forth from my apartment now? —
I scarce contain myself!
Lisander — A man here!
Justina —
Have you not seen him?
Livia — No, lady.

Justina —
I saw him.
Lisander —
'Tis impossible; the doors
Which led to this apartment were all lockt.
Livia [*aside*] —
I dare say it was Moscon whom she saw,
For he was lockt up in my room.
Lisander — It must
Have been some image of thy fantasy.
Such melancholy as thou feedest is
Skillful in forming such in the vain air
Out of the motes and atoms of the day.
Livia —
My master's in the right.
Justina — Oh would it were
Delusion; but I fear some greater ill.
I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom
My heart was torn in fragments; ay,
Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame
So potent was the charm, that had not God
Shielded my humble innocence from wrong,
I should have sought my sorrow and my shame
With willing steps. — Livia, quick, bring my cloak,
For I must seek refuge from these extremes
Even in the temple of the highest God
Where secretly the faithful worship.
Livia — Here.
Justina [*putting on her cloak*] —
In this, as in a shroud of snow, may I
Quench the consuming fire in which I burn,
Wasting away!
Lisander — And I will go with thee.
Livia —
When once I see them safe out of the house
I shall breathe freely.
Justina — So do I confide
In thy just favor, Heaven!
Lisander — Let us go.
Justina —
Thine is the cause, great God! turn for my sake,
And for thine own, mercifully to me!

SEGISMUND'S DREAM.

By CALDERON.

(From Edward Fitzgerald's version of "Vida es Sueño," entitled "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of.")

[The King of Poland, frightened by an omen at his son's birth, which the soothsayers have interpreted to mean that the boy will grow up a mere wild beast, bringing fire and slaughter on the country if he succeeds to power, has imprisoned him in a tower till he shall come of age, with a faithful officer for guard. He then has him released — to see if the oracle has been mistaken! — and told that all this confinement and misery has been a dream — as in the "Induction" to the "Taming of the Shrew."]

Segismund [*within*] —
Forbear! I stifle with your perfume! cease
Your crazy salutations! peace, I say —
Begone, or let me go, ere I go mad
With all this babble, mummery, and glare,
For I am growing dangerous — Air! room! air! —
[*He rushes in. Music ceases.*
Oh but to save the reeling brain from wreck
With its bewildered senses! —
[*He covers his eyes for a while.*
[*After looking in the mirror.*]
What, this fantastic Segismund the same
Who last night, as for all his nights before,
Lay down to sleep in wolfskin on the ground
In a black turret which the wolf howled round.
And woke again upon a golden bed,
Round which as clouds about a rising sun,
In scarce less glittering caparison,
Gathered gay shapes that, underneath a breeze
Of music, handed him upon their knees
The wine of heaven in a cup of gold,
And still in soft melodious undersong
Hailing me Prince of Poland! — "Segismund,"
They said, "Our Prince! The Prince of Poland!" and
Again, "Oh, welcome, welcome, to his own
Our own Prince Segismund — "

If reason, sense, and self-identity
Obliterated from a worn-out brain,
Art thou not maddest striving to be sane,

And catching at that Self of yesterday
That, like a leper's rags, best flung away!
Or if not mad, then dreaming — dreaming? — well —
Dreaming then — Or, if self to self be true,
Not mocked by that, but as poor souls have been
By those who wronged them, to give wrong new relish?
Or have those stars indeed they told me of
As masters of my wretched life of old,
Into some happier constellation rolled,
And brought my better fortune out on earth
Clear as themselves in heav'n! —

[The great officers of state crowd around him with protestations of fidelity; Clotaldo, his old warder, comes, and after attempts at explaining and justifying the situation, Segismund in a fury attempts to strike his head off; the Princess Estrella, betrothed to the Duke of Muscovy, enters, and Segismund claims her for his own and attempts to throttle the Duke; the King is called in, and after a storm of reproaches which the King parries on the ground of good intentions, Segismund closes as follows:]

Be assured your Savage, once let loose,
Will not be caged again so quickly; not
By threat or adulation to be tamed,
Till he have had his quarrel out with those
Who made him what he is.

King — Beware! Beware!
Subdue the kindled Tiger in your eye,
Nor dream that it was sheer necessity
Made me thus far relax the bond of fate,
And, with far more of terror than of hope
Threaten myself, my people, and the State.
Know that, if old, I yet have vigor left
To wield the sword as well as wear the crown;
And if my more immediate issue fail,
Not wanting scions of collateral blood,
Whose wholesome growth shall more than compensate
For all the loss of a distorted stem.

Segismund —
That will I straightway bring to trial — Oh,
After a revelation such as this,
The Last Day shall have little left to show
Of righted wrong and villainy requited!
Nay, Judgment now beginning upon earth,
Myself, methinks, in right of all my wrongs,
Appointed heav'n's avenging minister,

Accuser, judge, and executioner,
Sword in hand, cite the guilty — First, as worst,
The usurper of his son's inheritance;
Him and his old accomplice, time and crime
Inveterate, and unable to repay
The golden years of life they stole away.
What, does he yet maintain his state, and keep
The throne he should be judged from? Down with him,
That I may trample on the false white head
So long has worn my crown! Where are my soldiers?
Of all my subjects and my vassals here
Not one to do my bidding? Hark! A trumpet!
The trumpet —

[*He pauses as the trumpet sounds as in Act I., and masked Soldiers gradually fill in behind the throne.*]

King [*rising before his throne*] —
Aye, indeed, the trumpet blows
A memorable note, to summon those
Who, if forthwith you fall not at the feet
Of him whose head you threaten with the dust,
Forthwith shall draw the curtain of the Past
About you; and this momentary gleam
Of glory, that you think to hold life-fast,
So coming, so shall vanish, as a dream.
Segismund —
He prophesies; the old man prophesies;
And, at his trumpet's summons, from the tower
The leash-bound shadows loosened after me
My rising glory reach and overlour —
But, reach not I my height, he shall not hold,
But with me back to his own darkness!
[*He dashes toward the throne and is inclosed by the soldiers.*
Traitors!
Hold off! Unhand me! Am not I your king?
And you would strangle him!
But I am breaking with an inward Fire
Shall scorch you off, and wrap me on the wings
Of conflagration from a kindled pyre
Of lying prophecies and prophet kings
Above the extinguished stars — Reach me the sword
He flung me — Fill me such a bowl of wine
As that you woke the day with —
King — And shall close, —
But of the vintage that Clotaldo knows.

[He is drugged, returned to the tower, and on waking assured that the recent taste of freedom and kingship was all a dream, and his former life in the tower the reality.]

Segismund — You know
'Tis nothing but a dream?
Clotaldo — Nay, you yourself
Know best how lately you awoke from that
You know you went to sleep on?
Why, have you never dreamt the like before?
Segismund —
Never, to such reality.
Clotaldo — Such dreams
Are oftentimes the sleeping exhalations
Of that ambition that lies smoldering
Under the ashes of the lowest fortune;
By which, when reason slumbers, or has lost
The reins of sensible comparison,
We fly at something higher than we are —
Scarce ever dive to lower — to be kings,
Or conquerors, crowned with laurel or with gold,
Nay, mounting heav'n itself on eagle wings.
Which, by the way, now that I think of it,
May furnish us the key to this high flight —
That royal Eagle we were watching, and
Talking of as you went to sleep last night.
Segismund —
Last night? Last night?
Clotaldo — Aye, do you not remember
Envying his immunity of flight,
As, rising from his throne of rock, he sailed
Above the mountains far into the West
That burned about him, while with poising wings
He darkled in it as a burning brand
Is seen to smolder in the fire it feeds?
Segismund —
Last night — last night — Oh, what a day was that
Between that last night and this sad To-day!
Clotaldo —
And yet, perhaps,
Only some few dark moments, into which
Imagination, once lit up within
And unconditional of time and space,
Can pour infinities.
Segismund — And I remember
How the old man they called the King, who wore

The crown of gold about his silver hair,
And a mysterious girdle round his waist,
Just when my rage was roaring at its height,
And after which it was all dark again,
Bid me beware lest all should be a dream.

Clotaldo —

Aye, there another specialty of dreams,
That once the dreamer 'gins to dream he dreams,
His foot is on the very verge of waking.

Segismund —

Would it had been upon the verge of death
That knows no waking —
Lifting me up to glory, to fall back,
Stunned, crippled — wretcheder than ev'n before.

Clotaldo —

Yet not so glorious, Segismund, if you
Your visionary honor wore so ill
As to work murder and revenge on those
Who meant you well.

Segismund — Who meant me! — me! their Prince
Chained like a felon —

Clotaldo — Stay, stay — Not so fast,
You dreamed the Prince, remember.

Segismund — Then in dream
Revenged it only.

Clotaldo — True. But as they say
Dreams are rough copies of the waking soul
Yet uncorrected of the higher Will,
So that men sometimes in their dreams confess
An unsuspected, or forgotten, self;
One must beware to check — aye, if one may,
Stifle ere born, such passion in ourselves
As makes, we see, such havoc with our sleep,
And ill reacts upon the waking day.
And, by the bye, for one test, Segismund,
Between such swearable realities —
Since Dreaming, Madness, Passion, are akin
In missing each that salutary rein
Of reason, and the guiding will of man:
One test, I think, of waking sanity
Shall be that conscious power of self-control,
To curb all passion, but much most of all
That evil and vindictive, that ill squares
With human, and with holy canon less,
Which bids us pardon ev'n our enemies.

And much more those who, out of no ill will,
Mistakenly have taken up the rod
Which heav'n, they think, has put into their hands.

Segismund —

I think I soon shall have to try again —
Sleep has not yet done with me.

Clotaldo — Such a sleep.
Take my advice — 'tis early yet — the sun
Scarce up above the mountain; go within,
And if the night deceived you, try anew
With morning; morning dreams they say come true.

Segismund —

Oh, rather pray for me a sleep so fast
As shall obliterate dream and waking too.

[*Exit into the tower.*

Clotaldo —

So sleep; sleep fast: and sleep away those two
Night potions, and the waking dream between
Which dream thou must believe; and, if to see
Again, poor Segismund! that dream must be.
And yet, and yet, in these our ghostly lives,
Half night, half day, half sleeping, half awake,
How if our working life, like that of sleep,
Be all a dream in that eternal life
To which we wake not till we sleep in death?
How if, I say, the senses we now trust
For date of sensible comparison, —
Aye, ev'n the Reason's self that dates with them,
Should be in essence or intensity
Hereafter so transcended, and awoke
To a perceptive subtlety so keen
As to confess themselves befooled before,
In all that now they will avouch for most?
One man — like this — but only so much longer
As life is longer than a summer's day,
Believed himself a king upon his throne,
And played at hazard with his fellows' lives,
Who cheaply dreamed away their lives to him.
The sailor dreamed of tossing on the flood:
The soldier of his laurels grown in blood:
The lover of the beauty that he knew
Must yet dissolve to dusty residue:
The merchant and the miser of his bags
Of fingered gold; the beggar of his rags:
And all this stage of earth on which we seem

Such busy actors, and the parts we played,
Substantial as the shadow of a shade,
And Dreaming but a dream within a dream.

Fife —

Was it not said, sir,
By some philosopher as yet unborn,
That any chimney sweep who for twelve hours
Dreams himself king is happy as the king
Who dreams himself twelve hours a chimney-sweep?

Clotaldo —

A theme indeed for wiser heads than yours
To moralize upon.

[An insurrection breaking out to reinstate Segismund, a band of soldiers bring him, asleep, from the tower.]

Captain —

O Royal Segismund, our Prince and King,
Look on us — listen to us — answer us,
Your faithful soldiery and subjects, now
About you kneeling, but on fire to rise
And cleave a passage through your enemies,
Until we seat you on your lawful throne.
For though your father, King Basilio,
Now King of Poland, jealous of the stars
That prophesy his setting with your rise,
Here holds you ignominiously eclipsed,
And would Astolfo, Duke of Muscovy,
Mount to the throne of Poland after him;
So will not we, your loyal soldiery
And subjects; neither those of us now first
Apprised of your existence and your right:
Nor those that hitherto deluded by
Allegiance false, their vizors now fling down,
And craving pardon on their knees with us
For that unconscious disloyalty,
Offer with us the service of their blood;
Not only we and they; but at our heels
The heart, if not the bulk, of Poland follows
To join their voices and their arms with ours,
In vindicating with our lives our own
Prince Segismund to Poland and her throne.

Soldiers —

Segismund, Segismund, Prince Segismund!
Our own King Segismund, etc. [*They all arise*

Segismund —
Again? So soon? — What, not yet done with me?
The sun is little higher up, I think,
Than when I last lay down,
To bury in the depth of your own sea
You that infest its shallows.
Captain — Sir!
Segismund — And now,
Not in a palace, not in the fine clothes
We all were in; but here, in the old place,
And in your old accouterment —
Only your vizors off, and lips unlockt
To mock me with that idle title —
Captain — Nay,
Indeed no idle title, but your own,
Then, now, and now forever. For, behold,
Ev'n as I speak, the mountain passes fill
And bristle with the advancing soldiery
That glitters in your rising glory, sir;
And, at our signal, echo to our cry,
"Segismund, King of Poland!" [*Shouts, trumpets, etc*
Segismund — Oh, how cheap
The muster of a countless host of shadows,
As impotent to do with as to keep!
All this they said before — to softer music.
Captain —
Soft music, sir, to what indeed were shadows,
That, following the sunshine of a Court,
Shall back be brought with it — if shadows still,
Yet to substantial reckoning.
Segismund — They shall?
The white-haired and white-wanded chamberlain,
So busy with his wand too — the old King
That I was somewhat hard on — he had been
Hard upon me — and the fine feathered Prince
Who crowed so loud — my cousin, — and another,
Another cousin, we will not bear hard on —
And — but Clotaldo?
Captain — Fled, my Lord, but close
Pursued; and then —
Segismund — Then, as he fled before,
And after he had sworn it on his knees,
Came back to take me — where I am! — No more,
No more of this! Away with you! Begone!
Whether but visions of ambitious night

That morning ought to scatter, or grown out
Of night's proportions you invade the day
To scare me from my little wits yet left,
Begone! I know I must be near awake,
Knowing I dream; or, if not at my voice,
Then vanish at the clapping of my hands,
Or take this foolish fellow for your sport:
Dressing me up in visionary glories,
Which the first air of waking consciousness
Scatters as fast as from the alamander —
That, waking one fine morning in full flower,
One rougher insurrection of the breeze
Of all her sudden honor disadorns
To the last blossom, and she stands again
The winter-naked scarecrow that she was!

[*Shouts, trumpets, etc.*

A Soldier — Our forces, sir,
Challenging King Basilio's, now in sight,
And bearing down upon us.

Captain — Sir, you hear;
A little hesitation and delay,
And all is lost — your own right, and the lives
Of those who now maintain it at that cost;
With you all saved and won; without, all lost.
That former recognition of your right
Grant but a dream, if you will have it so;
Great things forecast themselves by shadows great:
Or will you have it, this like that dream too,
People, and place, and time itself, all dream —
Yet, being in't, and as the shadows come
Quicker and thicker than you can escape,
Adopt your visionary soldiery,
Who, having struck a solid chain away,
Now put an airy sword into your hand,
And harnessing you piecemeal till you stand
Amidst us all complete in glittering,
If unsubstantial, steel —

[A battle is fought, in which Segismund is victorious; taught by his former experience, he resolves to be wise and temperate, and closes with the following moralizing:]

You stare upon me all, amazed to hear
The word of civil justice from such lips
As never yet seemed tuned to such discourse.
But listen — In that same enchanted tower,

Not long ago, I learned it from a dream
Expounded by this ancient prophet here;
And which he told me, should it come again,
How I should bear myself beneath it; not
As then with angry passion all on fire,
Arguing and making a distempered soul;
But ev'n with justice, mercy, self-control,
As if the dream I walked in were no dream,
And conscience one day to account for it.
A dream it was in which I thought myself,
And you that hailed me now then hailed me King,
In a brave palace that was all my own,
Within, and all without it, mine; until,
Drunk with excess of majesty and pride,
Methought I towered so high and swelled so wide,
That of myself I burst the glittering bubble,
That my ambition had about me blown,
And all again was darkness. Such a dream
As this in which I may be walking now;
Dispensing solemn justice to you shadows,
Who make believe to listen; but anon,
With all your glittering arms and equipage,
Kings, princes, captains, warriors, plume and steel,
Aye, ev'n with all your airy theater,
May flit into the air you seem to rend
With acclamation, leaving me to wake
In the dark tower; or dreaming that I wake
From this that waking is; or this and that
Both waking or both dreaming; such a doubt
Confounds and clouds our mortal life about.
And, whether wake or dreaming; this I know,
How dream-wise human glories come and go;
Whose momentary tenure not to break,
Walking as one who knows he soon may wake
So fairly carry the full cup, so well
Disordered insolence and passion quell,
That there be nothing after to upbraid
Dreamer or doer in the part he played,
Whether To-morrow's dawn shall break the spell,
Or the Last Trumpet of the eternal Day,
When Dreaming with the Night shall pass away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENES AND CUSTOMS IN THE MOON.

By CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

[Savinien Hercule de Cyrano Bergerac, philosopher, man of letters, and fighter, was born in Paris in 1619, a younger son of a noble Perigord family. Educated first in the country and then at the Collège de Beauvais in Paris, — under tutors he satirized in "Le Pédant Joué," — he led a wild student-life; his father cutting off his allowance, Cyrano entered Carbon de Castel-Jaloux's famous Gascon-noblemen's company of Guards, and from a butt forced himself into a foremost position of repute for reckless courage. Shot through the body at Mouzon in 1639, and stabbed in the throat at Arras in 1640, he had to leave the army, and began literary life and study at Paris at twenty-two. He became deep in ancient and modern metaphysics, and a speculator of great boldness and independence, upholding free thought for all; and the travels credited to him within the next twelve years may have been enforced, like Voltaire's, to escape persecution. He seems to have led a straitened life, and certainly a quarrelsome one, his immense nose being the cause of many duels. Finally enforced to seek patronage from the Duc d'Arpajon, his unorthodox "Agrippine" and an injury needing care caused the Duke to send him away, and he was cared for by an aunt and two other women of a convent, and his friend Lebret; but finally went to the house of a cousin, and died there at thirty-six. His "Voyage to the Moon," and "Comic History of the States and Empires of the Sun," were published posthumously.]

Languages, Meals, and how Bills are Paid.

You may judge what conversation I could have with these that came to see me, since, besides that they only took me for an animal, in the highest class of the category of brutes, I neither understood their language nor they mine. For you must know that there are but two idioms in use in that country, one for the grandees and another for the people in general.

That of the great ones is no more but various inarticulate tones, much like our music when the words are not added to the air: and in reality it is an invention both very useful and pleasant; for when they are weary of talking, or disdain to prostitute their throats to that office, they take either a lute or some other instrument, whereby they communicate their thoughts as well as by their tongue: so that sometimes fifteen or twenty in a company will handle a point of divinity, or discuss the difficulties of a lawsuit, in the most harmonious concert that ever tickled the ear.

The second, which is used by the vulgar, is performed by a shivering of the members, but not perhaps as you may imagine; for some parts of the body signify an entire discourse; for ex-

ample, the agitation of a finger, a hand, an ear, a lip, an arm, an eye, a cheek, every one severally will make up an oration, or a period with all the parts of it: others serve only instead of words, as the knitting of the brows, the several quiverings of the muscles, the turning of the hands, the stamping of the feet, the contortion of the arms; so that when they speak, as their custom is, stark naked, their members, being used to gesticulate their conceptions, move so quick that one would not think it to be a man that spoke, but a body that trembled.

Every day almost the spirit came to see me, and his rare conversation made me patiently bear with the rigor of my captivity. At length one morning I saw a man enter my cabin, whom I knew not, who having a long while licked me gently, took me in his teeth by the shoulder, and with one of his paws, wherewith he held me up for fear I might hurt myself, threw me upon his back, where I found myself so softly seated, and so much at my ease, that, although afflicted to be used like a beast, I had not the least desire of making my escape; and besides, these men that go upon all four are much swifter than we, seeing the heaviest of them make nothing of running down a stag.

In the meantime I was extremely troubled that I had no news of my courteous spirit; and the first night we came to our inn, as I was walking in the court, expecting till supper should be ready, a pretty handsome young man came smiling in my face and cast his two fore-legs about my neck. After I had a little considered him: "How!" said he in French, "don't you know your friend, then?" I leave you to judge in what case I was at that time; really, my surprise was so great, that I began to imagine, that all the globe of the moon, all that had befallen me, and all that I had seen, had only been enchantment: and that beast-man, who was the same that had carried me all day, continued to speak to me in this manner; "You promised me, that the good offices I did you should never be forgotten, and yet it seems you have never seen me before;" but perceiving me still in amaze: "In fine," said he, "I am that same demon of Socrates, who diverted you during your imprisonment, and who, that I may still oblige you, took to myself a body, on which I carried you to-day:" "But," said I, interrupting him, "how can that be, seeing that all day you were of a very long stature, and now you are very short; that all day long you had a weak and broken voice, and now you

have a clear and vigorous one; that, in short, all day long you were a grayheaded old man, and are now a brisk young blade: Is it then that whereas in my country, the progress is from life to death; animals here go retrograde from death to life, and by growing old become young again."

"So soon as I had spoken to the prince," said he, "and received orders to bring you to court, I went and found you out where you were, and have brought you hither; but the body I acted in was so tired out with the journey, that all its organs refused me their ordinary functions, so that I inquired the way to the hospital; where being come in I found the body of a young man, just then expired by a very odd accident, but yet very common in this country. I drew near him, pretending to find motion in him still, and protesting to those who were present, that he was not dead, and that what they thought to be the cause of his death, was no more but a bare lethargy; so that without being perceived, I put my mouth to his, by which I entered as with a breath: Then down dropped my old carcass, and as if I had been that young man, I rose and came to look for you, leaving the spectators crying a miracle."

With this they came to call us to supper, and I followed my guide into a parlor richly furnished; but where I found nothing fit to be eaten. No victuals appearing, when I was ready to die of hunger, made me ask him where the cloth was laid: But I could not hear what he answered, for at that instant three or four young boys, children of the house, drew near, and with much civility stripped me to the shirt. This new ceremony so astonished me, that I durst not so much as ask my pretty *valets de chambre* the cause of it; and I cannot tell how my guide, who asked me what I would begin with, could draw from me these two words, *a potage;* but hardly had I pronounced them, when I smelt the odor of the most agreeable soup that ever steamed in the rich glutton's nose: I was about to rise from my place, that I might trace that delicious scent to its source, but my carrier hindered me: "Whither are you going," said he, "we shall fetch a walk by and by; but now it is time to eat, make an end of your *potage,* and then we'll have something else:" "And where the devil is the *potage?*" answered I, half angry: "Have you laid a wager you'll jeer me all this day?" "I thought," replied he, "that at the town we came from, you had seen your master or somebody else at meal, and that's the reason I told you not, how people feed in this country. Seeing

then you are still ignorant, you must know, that here they live on steams. The art of cookery is to shut up in great vessels, made on purpose, the exhalations that proceed from the meat whilst it is a dressing; and when they have provided enough of several sorts and several tastes, according to the appetite of those they treat, they open one vessel where that steam is kept, and after that another; and so on till the company be satisfied.

"Unless you have already lived after this manner, you would never think that the nose, without teeth and gullet, can perform the office of the mouth in feeding a man; but I'll make you experience it yourself." He had no sooner said so, but I found so many agreeable and nourishing vapors enter the parlor, one after another, that in less than half a quarter of an hour I was fully satisfied. When we were got up, "This is not a matter," said he, "much to be admired at, seeing you cannot have lived so long, and not have observed, that all sorts of cooks, who eat less than people of another calling, are nevertheless much fatter. Whence proceeds that plumpness, d'ye think, unless it be from the steams that continually environ them, which penetrate into their bodies and fatten them? Hence it is, that the people of this world enjoy a more steady and vigorous health, by reason that their food hardly engenders any excrements, which are in a manner the original of all diseases. You were, perhaps, surprised, that before supper you were stripped, since it is a custom not practiced in your country; but it is the fashion of this, and for this end used, that the animal may be the more transpirable to the fumes." "Sir," answered I, "there is a great deal of probability in what you say, and I have found somewhat of it myself by experience; but I must frankly tell you, that, not being able to unbrute myself so soon, I should be glad to feel something that my teeth might fix upon:" He promised I should, but not before next day; "because," said he, "to eat so soon after your meal would breed crudities."

After we had discoursed a little longer, we went up to a chamber to take our rest; a man met us on the top of the stairs, who having attentively eyed us, led me into a closet where the floor was strewed with orange-flowers three foot thick, and my spirit into another filled with gilly-flowers and jessamines. Perceiving me amazed at that magnificence, he told me they were the beds of the country. In fine, we laid ourselves down to rest in our several cells, and so soon as I had

stretched myself out upon my flowers, by the light of thirty large glow-worms shut up in a crystal (being the only candles they use), I perceived the three or four boys who had stripped me before supper, one tickling my feet, another my thighs, the third my flanks, and the fourth my arms, and all so delicately and daintily, that in less than a minute I was fast asleep.

Next morning by sun-rising my spirit came into my room and said to me, "Now I'll be as good as my word, you shall breakfast this morning more solidly than you supped last night." With that I got up, and he led me by the hand to a place at the back of the garden, where one of the children of the house stayed for us, with a piece in his hand much like to one of our firelocks. He asked my guide if I would have a dozen of larks, because baboons (one of which he took me to be) loved to feed on them? I had hardly answered yes, when the fowler discharged a shot, and twenty or thirty larks fell at our feet ready roasted. This, thought I presently with myself, verifies the proverb in our world of a country where larks fall ready roasted; without doubt it has been made by somebody that came from hence. "Fall to, fall to," said my spirit, "don't spare; for they have a knack of mingling a certain composition with their powder and shot which kills, plucks, roasts, and seasons the fowl all at once." I took up some of them, and ate them upon his word; and to say the truth, in all my lifetime I never ate anything so delicious.

Having thus breakfasted we prepared to be gone, and with a thousand odd faces, which they use when they would show their love, our landlord received a paper from my spirit. I asked him, if it was a note for the reckoning? He replied no, that all was paid, and that it was a copy of verses. "How! Verses," said I; "are your inn-keepers here curious of rhyme, then?" "It's," said he, "the money of the country, and the charge we have been at here hath been computed to amount to three couplets, or six verses, which I have given him. I did not fear we should out-run the constable; for though we should pamper ourselves for a whole week we could not spend a sonnet, and I have four about me, besides two epigrams, two odes, and an eclogue."

"Would to God," said I, "it were so in our world; for I know a good many honest poets there who are ready to starve, and who might live plentifully if that money would pass in payment." I further asked him, if these verses would always

serve, if one transcribed them? He made answer, no, and so went on: "When an author has composed any, he carries them to the mint, where the sworn poets of the kingdom sit in court. There these versifying officers assay the pieces; and if they be judged sterling, they are rated not according to their coin; that's to say, that a sonnet is not always as good as a sonnet; but according to the intrinsic value of the piece; so that if any one starve, he must be a blockhead: For men of wit make always good cheer." With ecstasy I was admiring the judicious policy of that country, when he proceeded in this manner: —

"There are others who keep public-house after a far different manner: When one is about to be gone, they demand, proportionably to the charges, an acquittance for the other world; and when that is given them, they write down in a great register, which they call *Doomsday's Book*, much after this manner: *Item*, The value of so many verses, delivered such a day, to such a person, which he is to pay upon the receipt of this acquittance, out of his readiest cash: and when they find themselves in danger of death, they cause these registers to be chopped in pieces, and swallow them down; because they believe, that if they were not thus digested, they would be good for nothing."

Phonographs, Burials, and Noses.

I fell to consider attentively my books and their boxes, that's to say, their covers, which seemed to me to be wonderfully rich; the one was cut of a single diamond, incomparably more resplendent than ours; the second looked like a prodigious great pearl, cloven in two. My spirit had translated those books into the language of that world; but because I have none of their print, I'll now explain to you the fashion of these two volumes.

As I opened the box, I found within somewhat of metal, almost like to our clocks, full of I know not what little springs and imperceptible engines: it was a book, indeed; but a strange and wonderful book, that had neither leaves nor letters: In fine, it was a book made wholly for the ears, and not the eyes. So that when anybody has a mind to read in it, he winds up that machine with a great many strings; then he turns the hand to the chapter which he desires to hear, and straight, as

from the mouth of a man, or a musical instrument, proceed all the distinct and different sounds, which the lunar grandees make use of for expressing their thoughts, instead of language.

When I since reflected on this miraculous invention, I no longer wondered that the young men of that country were more knowing at sixteen or eighteen years old, than the gray-beards of our climate; for knowing how to read as soon as speak, they are never without lectures [readings], in their chambers, their walks, the town, or traveling; they may have in their pockets, or at their girdles, thirty of these books, where they need but wind up a spring to hear a whole chapter, and so more, if they have a mind to hear the book quite through; so that you never want the company of all the great men, living and dead, who entertain you with living voices. This present employed me about an hour; and then hanging them to my ears, like a pair of pendants, I went a walking; but I was hardly at the end of the street when I met a multitude of people very melancholy.

Four of them carried upon their shoulders a kind of hearse, covered with black: I asked a spectator, what that procession, like to a funeral in my country, meant? He made me answer, that that naughty [musical sequence, the form in which he represents all human names], called so by the people because of a knock he had received upon the right knee, being convicted of envy and ingratitude, died the day before; and that twenty years ago, the Parliament had condemned him to die in his bed, and then to be interred after his death. I fell a laughing at that answer. And he asking me, why? "You amaze me," said I, "that that which is counted a blessing in our world, as a long life, a peaceable death, and an honorable burial, should pass here for an exemplary punishment." "What, do you take a burial for a precious thing then," replied that man? "And, in good earnest, can you conceive anything more horrid than a corpse crawling with worms, at the discretion of toads which feed on his cheeks; the plague itself clothed with the body of a man? Good God! The very thought of having, even when I am dead, my face wrapped up in a shroud, and a pike-depth of earth upon my mouth, makes me I can hardly fetch breath. The wretch whom you see carried here, besides the disgrace of being thrown into a pit, hath been condemned to be attended by an hundred and

fifty of his friends; who are strictly charged, as a punishment for their having loved an envious and ungrateful person, to appear with a sad countenance at his funeral; and had it not been that the judges took some compassion of him, imputing his crimes partly to his want of wit, they would have been commanded to weep there also.

"All are burnt here, except malefactors: And, indeed, it is a most rational and decent custom: For we believe, that the fire having separated the pure from the impure, the heat by sympathy reassembles the natural heat which made the soul, and gives it force to mount up till it arrive at some star, the country of certain people more immaterial and intellectual than us; because their temper ought to suit with, and participate of the globe which they inhabit.

"However, this is not our neatest way of burying neither; for when any one of our philosophers comes to an age, wherein he finds his wit begin to decay, and the ice of his years to numb the motions of his soul, he invites all his friends to a sumptuous banquet; then having declared to them the reasons that move him to bid farewell to nature, and the little hopes he has of adding anything more to his worthy actions, they show him favor; that's to say, they suffer him to die; or otherwise are severe to him and command him to live. When then, by plurality of voices, they have put his life into his own hands, he acquaints his dearest friends with the day and place. These purge, and for four and twenty hours abstain from eating; then being come to the house of the sage, and having sacrificed to the sun, they enter the chamber where the generous philosopher waits for them on a bed of state; every one embraces him, and when it comes to his turn whom he loves best, having kissed him affectionately, leaning upon his bosom, and joining mouth to mouth, with his right hand he sheathes a dagger in his heart."

I interrupted this discourse, saying to him that told me all, that this manner of acting much resembled the ways of some people of our world; and so pursued my walk which was so long that when I came back dinner had been ready two hours. They asked me, why I came so late? It is not my fault, said I to the cook, who complained: I asked what it was o'clock several times in the street, but they made me no answer but by opening their mouths, shutting their teeth, and turning their faces awry.

"How," cried all the company, "did not you know by that, that they showed you what it was o'clock?" "Faith," said I, "they might have held their great noses in the sun long enough, before I had understood what they meant." "It's a commodity," said they, "that saves them the trouble of a watch; for with their teeth they make so true a dial, that when they would tell anybody the hour of the day, they do no more but open their lips, and the shadow of that nose, falling upon their teeth, like the gnomon of a sun-dial, makes the precise time.

"Now, that you may know the reason why all people in this country have great noses; as soon as a woman is brought to bed, the midwife carries the child to the master of the seminary; and exactly at the year's end, the skillful being assembled, if his nose prove shorter than the standing measure, which an alderman keeps, he is judged to be a flat nose, and delivered over to be gelt. You'll ask me, no doubt, the reason of that barbarous custom, and how it comes to pass that we, amongst whom virginity is a crime, should enjoin continence by force; but know that we do so, because after thirty ages' experience we have observed, that a great nose is the mark of a witty, courteous, affable, generous, and liberal man; and that a little nose is a sign of the contrary. Wherefore of flat noses we make eunuchs, because the Republic had rather have no children at all than children like them."

He was still speaking, when I saw a man come in stark naked: I presently sat down and put on my hat to show him honour, for these are the greatest marks of respect that can be shown to any in that country. "The kingdom," said he, "desires that you would give the magistrates notice, before you return to your own world; because a mathematician hath just now undertaken before the council, that provided when you are returned home, you would make a certain machine, that he'll teach you how to do, he'll attract your globe, and join it to this."

[When the time comes, however, the Demon of Socrates takes him in his arms and carries him back to earth.]

PASSIONS AND THEIR BODILY SIGNS.

By RENÉ DESCARTES.

(Translated for this work.)

[RENÉ DESCARTES, French mathematician and philosopher of the first rank, was born in Touraine, 1596; educated at the Jesuit College of La Flèche; spent 1613–1618 in Paris; traveled over Europe, studying and observing, 1618–1629; was a volunteer at the siege of La Rochelle in 1628; and lived in Holland 1629–1649, studying and writing expository and polemic works, especially in defense of his new conceptions. In 1649 he went to Stockholm on the invitation of Queen Christina, but died of pneumonia five months after (1650). His novel ideas in substance were all published together in 1637: the chief parts being "Discourse on Method," a new science of thought, and "Geometry," a new basis for that and for algebra. There were also essays on dioptrics and meteors. He also published "Meditationes de Prima Philosophia" (1641), "Principles of Philosophy" (1644), "On the Passions of the Soul" (1649), here excerpted, and polemics. Others were published after his death.]

LAUGHTER. — Laughter consists in the blood which comes from the right cavity of the heart, through the arterial vein, and inflates the lungs suddenly and in various repetitions, forcing the air they contain to leave them with impetuosity through the windpipe, where it forms an inarticulate and broken voice; and the lungs becoming so much inflated that the air in passing presses against all the muscles of the diaphragm, of the chest, and of the throat, by means of which they move those of the visage which have any connection with them; and it is only that action of the visage, with that inarticulate and broken voice, which one calls laughter.

Now, though it seems that laughter is one of the principal signs of joy, the latter, nevertheless, cannot cause it save when it is but moderate, and there is some wonder or some aversion mixed with it; for one finds by experience that when he is unusually joyful, the subject of that joy never makes him burst into laughter, and even that he cannot be so easily summoned to that state by any other cause as when he is sad; of which the reason is, that in great joys the lungs are always so full of blood that they can be no more inflated by repetitions.

I can only note two causes which give rise to this sudden inflation of the lungs. The first is the surprise of wonder, which, being added to joy, is able to open the orifices of the heart so promptly that a great abundance of blood, entering

all at once on its right side through the *vena cava,* is rarefied, and passing thence through the arterial vein, inflates the lungs. The other is the mixture of some fluid which augments the rarefaction of the blood; and I find nothing in it adapted to this except the more fluid part of that which comes from the spleen, which part of the blood being driven toward the heart by some light emotion of aversion, aided by the surprise of wonder, and mingling itself with the blood which comes from other channels of the body, which joy causes to enter there in abundance, is able to make the blood expand there to a more than ordinary degree: just as one sees a quantity of other fluids expand all at once, while over the fire, when he throws a little vinegar into the vessel where they are; for the more fluid part of the blood which comes from the spleen is of a nature like vinegar Experience also shows us that in all the meetings which can produce that broken laughter which comes from the lungs, there is always some little subject of aversion, or at least of wonder. And those in whom the spleen is not very sound are subject to being not alone more sad, but also at intervals more gay and more disposed to laugh, than others, inasmuch as the spleen carries two kinds of blood to the heart, — the one very thick and heavy, which causes sadness, the other very fluid and refined, which causes joy. And often, after having laughed greatly, one feels himself naturally inclined to sadness, because, the more fluid part of the blood from the spleen becoming thickened, the other, the heavier, follows it toward the heart.

Tears. — As laughter is never caused by the greatest joys, so tears do not come from an extreme sadness, but only from that which is moderate, and accompanied or followed by some sentiment of love, or even of joy. And to understand their origin well, it must be observed that although a quantity of vapors continually depart from all portions of our bodies, there is none whence they depart so much as from the eyes, because of the large size of the optic nerves and the multitude of little arteries by which they reach there; and that as the perspiration is composed only of vapors which, leaving other parts, convert themselves into water on the surface, so tears are made of vapors which leave the eyes.

Courage and Boldness. — Courage, when it is a passion and not a natural habitude or inclination, is a certain warmth or agitation which disposes the mind to urge itself powerfully

to the execution of the things it wishes to do, of whatsoever nature they are; and boldness is a species of courage which disposes the mind to the execution of the things which are most dangerous.

Emulation. — Emulation is also a species of courage, but in another sense; for one must consider courage as a genus which divides itself into as many species as there are different objects, and as many others as it has causes: in the first fashion, boldness is a species, in the second emulation; and the latter is nothing other than a warmth which disposes the mind to undertake the things it hopes to be able to achieve because it sees them achieved by others; and thus it is a sort of courage of which the external cause is example. I say the external cause, because beyond that it must always have an internal cause, which consists in one's having a body, in such a condition that desire and hope have more power to send a quantity of blood toward the heart than dread or despair have to hinder it.

For it is to be remarked that although the object of boldness may be difficulty, which ordinarily is followed by dread or even despair, so that it is in the most dangerous or desperate affairs that one employs his boldness and courage, it is nevertheless necessary that one should hope, or even be assured, that the end he proposes to himself will be attained, to oppose with vigor the difficulties he encounters. But this end is different from this subject; for one cannot be assured and in despair of the same thing at the same time. Thus, when the Decii threw themselves athwart the enemy, and rushed to a certain death, the subject of their boldness was the difficulty of preserving their lives during that action, as to which difficulty they could only despair, for they were sure to die: but their object was to animate their soldiers by their example, and make them gain the victory of which they had hope; rather also, their object was to have glory after their death, of which they were assured.

Cowardice and Fear. — Cowardice is a languor or coldness which prevents the soul from carrying into execution the things it would do if it were exempt from that passion; and fear or terror is not only coldness, but also a trouble and stupefaction of the spirit which takes from it the power of resisting evils which it thinks are near. Now, though I cannot persuade myself that nature has given to men any passion which must always

be vicious, and has no good and praiseworthy use, I have, nevertheless, much difficulty in divining what these two can serve.

It seems to me that cowardice only has some use when it causes an exemption from certain sufferings, which one might be incited to undergo by plausible reasons if other surer reasons which have caused them to be reckoned worthless, had not excited that passion : for, besides exempting the spirit from those sufferings, it then serves for the body also, in which, retarding the movement of the spirits, it prevents the forces from being dissipated. But ordinarily it is very injurious, because it turns aside the will from useful actions; and since it only arises from one not having enough hope or desire, one should increase in himself those two passions to correct it.

As to fear or terror, I do not see that it can ever be praiseworthy or useful ; besides, it is not an individual passion, it is only an excess of cowardice, of stupefaction and dread, which is always vicious, just as boldness is an excess of courage which is always good, provided the end proposed is good ; and since the principal cause of fear is surprise, there is nothing better to procure exemption from it than to use premeditations and prepare for all eventualities, the dread of which causes it.

Remorse. — Remorse of conscience is a species of sadness which springs from a doubt whether something one is doing or has done is not wrong ; and it necessarily presupposes doubt ; for if one were entirely assured that what he was doing was bad, inasmuch as the will does not apply itself except to things which have some appearance of goodness ; and if one were assured that what he had already done was bad, he ought to repent of it, not merely feel remorse. Now, the use of that passion is to make one examine if the thing one doubts of is good or not, or prevent him from doing one at another time until he is assured it is good. But, because it presupposes evil, it would be best never to be subject to the feelings ; and one can prevent it by the same means by which he can free himself from irresolution.

Mockery. — Derision or mockery is a species of joy mingled with aversion, which springs from perceiving some slight misfortune befall a person whom one thinks deserves it ; and when it occurs unexpectedly, the surprise of the wonderment is the cause of one's bursting into laughter, according to what has been said above of the nature of laughter. But the misfortune must be slight; for if it is great one cannot believe that

he who has it deserves it, unless one had a very bad nature, or feels a great deal of aversion. And we see that those who have very obvious deformities — for instance, those who are lame, one-eyed, or humpbacked, or have received some affront in public — are particularly inclined to mockery ; for, desiring to see all others as much disgraced as themselves, they are well pleased with the evils that come to those others, and think they deserve them.

The Use of Raillery. — With regard to modest raillery, which rebukes the vices by making them seem ridiculous, without however laughing at them one's self, nor evincing any hate against persons, it is not a passion, but the trait of an honest man, which makes visible the gayety of his humor and the tranquillity of his spirit, which are the marks of virtue, and often also the skill of his wit, by which to know how to give an agreeable appearance to the things he scoffs at. And it is not indecent to laugh when one hears another's railleries ; they may even be such that it would be surly not to laugh at them ; but when one rallies another himself, it is more seemly to abstain from it, to the end of not seeming surprised by the things he says himself, not admiring the skill with which he has invented them and that causes them to surprise so much more those who hear them.

Envy. — What is commonly termed envy is a vice that consists in a perversity of nature, which makes certain people torment themselves with the good fortune they see coming to other men ; but I use the word here to signify a passion which is not always vicious. Envy, then, so far as it is a passion, is a species of sadness mixed with aversion which springs from seeing good things come to those we think worthy of them — those which we justly think are only gifts of fortune ; for as to those of soul or of body, so far as one has them from birth, it is enough to constitute desert of them that one has received them from God before being capable of committing any evil. But when fortune sends some one good things he is really unworthy of, and envy is excited in us only because, naturally loving justice, we are pained that it is not observed in the distribution of the benefits, it is a zeal which cannot but be excusable, principally when the good which we envy others is of such a nature that it may be converted into evil in their hands, as when it is some charge or office in the exercise of which they can behave ill ; even when one desires for himself the same good, and is hindered from having it because others who are less worthy possess it,

this renders that passion more violent, but it does not cease to be excusable, provided the aversion it contains relates solely to the bad distribution of the good one envies, and not at all to the persons who possess or distribute it. But there are few so just and so generous as to have no hate whatever to those who block the way to their acquisition of a good which is not communicable to many, and which they have desired for themselves, even if those who have acquired it are as worthy or more so. And what is ordinarily most envied is glory ; for even if that of others does not hinder us from aspiring to it, it nevertheless renders access more difficult and raises the price.

Furthermore, there is no vice which injures the happiness of men so much as envy ; for besides that those infected afflict themselves, they also trouble to the extent of their power the pleasure of others ; and they generally have a leaden color, — that is to say, a mixture of yellow and black, as if of dead blood, whence it comes that the envious is named *livor* in Latin ; which accords very well with what has been said above of the movements of the blood in sadness and in aversion ; for this causes the yellow bile which comes from the lower part of the liver, and the black which comes from the spleen, to spread themselves from the heart through the arteries into all the veins, and that causes the venous blood to have less heat and flow more slowly than ordinary, which suffices to render the color livid. But because the bile, as well yellow as black, can also be carried into the veins by many other causes, and that envy does not force them there in large enough quantity to change the color of the complexion, unless it is very great and of long duration, we ought not to think that all those in whom we see that color are thus inclined.

Pity. — Pity is a species of sadness, mingled with love or good will toward those we see suffering some evil of which we think them unworthy. Thus it is the opposite of envy, by reason of its object ; and of mockery, because he regards them in another manner. Those who feel themselves very weak and very subject to adversities of fortune, seem to be more inclined to this passion than others, because they fancy the evils of others may come to themselves ; and thus they are moved to pity rather by the love they bear themselves than by that which they bear to others.

But nevertheless those who are most generous, and who have the strongest spirit, so that they fear no evil for them-

selves, and hold themselves beyond the power of fortune, are not exempt from compassion when they see the infirmity of other men, and hear their complaints ; for it is a part of generosity to have good will to every one. But the sadness of that pity is not very bitter, and like that caused by the mournful acts they see represented in the theater, it is more in the exterior and the senses than in the interior of the soul, which nevertheless has the satisfaction of thinking that it is doing its duty, in that it sympathizes with the afflicted. And there is this difference : that whereas the ordinary man has compassion for those who complain, because he thinks the evils they suffer are very grievous, the principal object of pity with great men is the weakness of those whom they see complain, because they think no casualty which can befall is so great an evil as the cowardice of those who cannot suffer with constancy ; and though they hate vices, they do not hate on that account those they see subject to such, they have only pity for them.

But there are none but malicious and envious minds who naturally hate all men ; or rather it is those who are so brutal, and so blinded by good fortune, or desperate from bad, that they think nothing evil can come to themselves, who are insensible to pity. Furthermore, one weeps very easily in this passion, because love, carrying much blood to the heart, causes many vapors to depart through the eyes.

POEMS OF RICHARD LOVELACE.

[Richard Lovelace was born in Kent, 1618, of distinguished legal and military families ; graduated at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, and took military service in Charles' inglorious Scotch war, besides essaying drama in the style of Fletcher, and poetry in that of Donne. In the civil broils that followed, he presented a petition to the Long Parliament in favor of the King, and was made prisoner on parole, with £40,000 bail, which kept him from English soldiering through the war, though he helped the French King besiege Dunkirk in 1646. Returning to England in 1648, he was again imprisoned, released after Charles' execution, but died in hopeless poverty in 1658. He had published a volume of poems, "Lucasta," in 1649.]

To Althea, from Prison.

When love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,

And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud, how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

To Lucasta,[1] on going to the Wars.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,

[1] Lucy Sacheverell, who married another on a false report of his death at Dunkirk.

And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore, —
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

The Grasshopper.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND MR. CHARLES COTTON.

O thou that swing'st upon the waving ear
Of some well-fillèd oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropt thee from heaven, where now thou art reared.

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn bed to lie.

Up with the day, the Sun thou welcom'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah! the sickle! golden ears are cropt;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night;
Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topt,
And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now green ice, thy joys
Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter rain, and poise
Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends, we will create
A genuine summer in each other's breast;
And spite of this cold time and frozen fate,
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally
As vestal flames; the North Wind, he
Shall strike his frost-stretched wings, dissolve, and fly
This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
Bewail th' usurping of his reign;
But when in showers of old Greek we begin,
Shall cry, he hath his crown again!

Night as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip
From the light casements where we play,
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
That asking nothing, nothing need;
Though lord of all what seas embrace, yet he
That wants himself is poor indeed.

CHARLES I.'S APOLOGY FOR HIMSELF.

(From the "Eikōn Basilike," ostensibly written by Charles I. during his imprisonment, and accepted as such by the people; the authorship afterwards claimed by Gauden, bishop of Exeter, and this authorship generally accepted in recent times; but later investigations make this very dubious, and its place as Charles' authentic work again probable.)

[Charles I., son of James I., was born November 19, 1600; acceded to the throne 1625, and married Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France, after years of his father's seeking a Spanish marriage for him, which was the source of his worst troubles later. The Petition of Right (practically a restatement of the leading clauses of Magna Charta) was forced from him in 1628, in consequence of his clinging to Buckingham, who was assassinated shortly after. He held no Parliament after 1629 till the Short Parliament of April–May, 1639, wrung from him by the Scotch war, resulting from Archbishop Laud forcing a ritual on the Scotch. Compelled to summon another, the Long Parliament met in November, swept away his measures, impeached his advisers, and sent Strafford to the block, Charles being coerced into signing Strafford's death warrant. This Parliament split over ecclesiastical measures, and an indictment of Charles' administration (the Grand Remonstrance) was only carried by eleven votes; Charles thought it a favorable time to reduce the majority to nothing by seizing and executing the leaders, and the famous attempt on the Five Members resulted in ruining his cause. This proof that the fight was one of life and death hastened open war, August 22, 1642; he showed that no terms could be made with him and no promises would be kept by him, was tried for treason, and executed January 30, 1649.]

Upon the Earl of Strafford's Death.

I looked upon my Lord of Strafford as a gentleman whose great abilities might make a prince rather afraid than ashamed to employ him in the greatest affairs of State.

For those were prone to create in him great confidence of undertakings, and this was like enough to betray him to great errors and many enemies; whereof he could not but contract good store, while moving in so high a sphere, and with so vigorous a luster, he must needs, as the sun, raise many envious exhalations, which, condensed by a popular odium, were capable to cast a cloud upon the brightest merit and integrity.

Though I cannot in my judgment approve all he did, driven, it may be, by the necessities of the times, and the temper of that people, more than led by his own disposition to any height and rigor of actions; yet I could never be convinced of any such criminousness in him as willingly to expose his life to the stroke of justice and malice of his enemies.

I never met with a more unhappy conjuncture of affairs than in the business of that unfortunate Earl, when between my own unsatisfiedness in conscience and a necessity, as some told me, of satisfying the importunities of some people, I was persuaded by those that I think wished me well to choose rather what was safe than what seemed just, preferring the outward peace of my kingdoms with men before that inward exactness of conscience before God.

And, indeed, I am so far from excusing or denying that compliance on my part (for plenary consent it was not) to his destruction, whom in my judgment I thought not, by any clear law, guilty of death, that I never bear any touch of conscience with greater regret; which, as a sign of my repentance, I have often with sorrow confessed both to God and men as an act of so sinful frailty that it discovered more a fear of man than of God, whose name and place on earth no man is worthy to bear, who will avoid inconveniences of State by acts of so high injustice as no public convenience can expiate or compensate.

I see it a bad exchange to wound a man's own conscience, thereby to salve State sores; to calm the storms of popular discontents by stirring up a tempest in a man's own bosom.

Nor hath God's justice failed, in the event and sad consequences, to show the world the fallacy of that maxim, Better one man perish, though unjustly, than the people be displeased or destroyed. For,

In all likelihood, I could never have suffered, with my people, greater calamities, yet with greater comfort, had I

vindicated Strafford's innocency, at least by denying to sign that destructive Bill, according to that justice which my conscience suggested to me, than I have done since I gratified some men's unthankful importunities with so cruel a favor. And I have observed, that those who counseled me to sign that Bill have been so far from receiving the rewards of such ingratiatings with the people, that no men have been harassed and crushed more than they. He only hath been least vexed by them who counseled me not to consent against the vote of my own conscience. I hope God hath forgiven me and them the sinful rashness of that business.

To which being in my soul so fully conscious, those judgments God hath pleased to send upon me are so much the more welcome, as a means, I hope, which His mercy hath sanctified so to me as to make me repent of that unjust act (for so it was to me), and for the future to teach me that the best rule of policy is to prefer the doing of justice before all enjoyments, and the peace of my conscience before the preservation of my kingdoms.

Nor hath anything more fortified my resolutions against all those violent importunities which since have sought to gain a like consent from me to acts wherein my conscience is unsatisfied, than the sharp touches I have had for what passed me in my Lord of Strafford's business.

Not that I resolved to have employed him in my affairs, against the advice of my parliament; but I would not have had any hand in his death, of whose guiltlessness I was better assured than any living man could be.

Nor were the crimes objected against him so clear, as after a long and fair hearing to give convincing satisfaction to the major part of both Houses, especially that of the Lords, of whom scarce a third part were present when the Bill passed that House. And for the House of Commons, many gentlemen, disposed enough to diminish my Lord of Strafford's greatness and power, yet unsatisfied of his guilt in law, durst not condemn him to die; who, for their integrity in their votes, were, by posting their names, exposed to the popular calumny, hatred, and fury, which grew then so exorbitant in their clamors for justice (that is, to have both myself and the two Houses vote and do as they would have us), that many, it is thought, were rather terrified to concur with the condemning party than satisfied that of right they ought so to do.

And that after act, vacating the authority of the precedent for future imitation, sufficiently tells the world that some remorse touched even his most implacable enemies as knowing he had very hard measure, and such as they would be very loath should be repeated to themselves.

This tenderness and regret I find in my soul for having had any hand (and that very unwillingly, God knows) in shedding one man's blood unjustly, though under the color and formalities of justice and pretenses of avoiding public mischiefs; which may, I hope, be some evidence before God and man to all posterity that I am far from bearing justly the vast load and guilt of all that blood which hath been shed in this unhappy war, which some men will needs charge on me to ease their own souls, who am, and ever shall be, more afraid to take away any man's life unjustly than to lose my own.

But Thou, O God of infinite mercies, forgive me that act of sinful compliance, which hath greater aggravations upon me than any man, since I had not the least temptation of envy or malice against him and by my place should at least so far have been a preserver of him as to have denied my consent to his destruction.

O Lord, I acknowledge my transgression, and my sin is ever before me.

Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation, and my tongue shall sing of Thy righteousness.

Against Thee have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight, for Thou sawest the contradiction between my heart and my hand.

Yet cast me not away from Thy presence, purge me with the blood of my Redeemer, and I shall be clean; wash me with that precious effusion, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Teach me to learn righteousness by Thy judgments, and to see my frailty in Thy justice. While I was persuaded by shedding one man's blood to prevent after troubles, Thou hast for that, among other sins, brought upon me and upon my kingdoms great, long, and heavy troubles.

Make me to prefer justice, which is Thy will before all contrary clamors, which are but the discoveries of man's injurious will.

It is too much that they have once overcome me, to please them by displeasing Thee. O never suffer me, for any reason of State, to go against my reason of conscience, which is highly to sin against Thee, the God of reason, and judge of our consciences.

Whatever, O Lord, Thou seest fit to deprive me of, yet restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and ever uphold me with Thy free spirit,

which subjects my will to none but Thy light of reason, justice, and religion which shines in my soul; for Thou desirest truth in the inward parts, and integrity in the outward expressions.

Lord, hear the voice of Thy Son's and my Saviour's blood, which speaks better things. O make me and my people to hear the voice of joy and gladness, that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice in Thy salvation.

Upon his Majesty's Going to the House of Commons.

My going to the House of Commons to demand justice upon the five members, was an act which my enemies loaded with all the obloquies and exasperations they could.

It filled indifferent men with great jealousies and fears; yea, and many of my friends resented it as a motion rising rather from passion than reason, and not guided with such discretion as the touchiness of those times required.

But these men knew not the just motives and pregnant grounds with which I thought myself so furnished, that there needed nothing to such evidence as I could have produced against those I charged save only a free and legal trial, which was all I desired.

Nor had I any temptation of displeasure or revenge against those men's persons further than I had discovered those, as I thought, unlawful correspondences they had used, and engagements they had made, to embroil my kingdoms; of all which I missed but little to have produced writings under some men's own hands who were the chief contrivers of the following innovations.

Providence would not have it so; yet I wanted not such probabilities as were sufficient to raise jealousies in any king's heart, who is not wholly stupid and neglective of the public peace; which to preserve by calling in question half a dozen men in a fair and legal way (which, God knows, was all my design), could have amounted to no worse effect, had it succeeded, than either to do me and my kingdom right, in case they had been found guilty, or else to have cleared their innocency and removed my suspicions, which, as they were not raised out of any malice, so neither were they in reason to be smothered.

What flames of discontent this spark (though I sought by all speedy and possible means to quench it) soon kindled, all

the world is witness. The aspersion which some men cast upon that action, as if I had designed by force to assault the House of Commons and invade their privilege, is so false, that as God best knows I had no such intent, so none that attended me could justly gather from anything I then said or did the least intimation of any such thoughts.

That I went attended with some gentlemen, as it was no unwonted thing for the majesty and safety of a king so to be attended, especially in discontented times, so were my followers at that time short of my ordinary guard, and no way proportionable to hazard a tumultuary conflict. Nor were they more scared at my coming than I was unassured of not having some affronts cast upon me, if I had none with me to preserve a reverence to me; for many people had, at that time, learned to think those hard thoughts which they have since abundantly vented against me both by words and deeds.

The sum of that business was this: Those men and their adherents were then looked upon by the affrighted vulgar as greater protectors of their laws and liberties than myself, and so worthier of their protection. I leave them to God and their own consciences, who, if guilty of evil machinations no present impunity or popular vindications of them will be subterfuge sufficient to rescue them from those exact tribunals.

To which, in the obstructions of justice among men, we must religiously appeal, as being an argument to us Christians of that after unavoidable judgment which shall rejudge what among men is but corruptly decided, or not at all.

I endeavored to have prevented, if God had seen fit, those future commotions which I foresaw would in all likelihood follow some men's activity, if not restrained, and so now have done to the undoing of many thousands; the more is the pity.

But to overawe the freedom of the Houses, or to weaken their just authority by any violent impressions upon them, was not at all my design. I thought I had so much justice and reason on my side as should not have needed so rough assistance, and I was resolved rather to bear the repulse with patience than to use such hazardous extremities.

But Thou, O Lord, art my witness in heaven, and in my heart. If I have purposed any violence or oppression against the innocent, or if there were any such wickedness in my thoughts, then let the enemy

persecute my soul, and tread my life to the ground, and lay mine honor in the dust.

Thou that seest not as man seeth, but lookest beyond all popular appearances, searching the heart and trying the reins, and bringing to light the hidden things of darkness, show Thyself.

Let not my afflictions be esteemed, as with wise and godly men they cannot be, any argument of my sin in that matter, more than their impunity among good men is any sure token of their innocency.

But forgive them wherein they have done amiss, though they are not punished for it in this world.

Save Thy servant from the privy conspiracies and open violence of bloody and unreasonable men, according to the uprightness of my heart and the innocency of my hands in this matter.

Plead my cause, and maintain my right, O Thou that sittest in the throne judging rightly, that Thy servant may ever rejoice in Thy salvation.

Upon the Queen's Departure and Absence out of England.

Although I have much cause to be troubled at my wife's departure from me and out of my dominions, yet not her absence so much as the scandal of that necessity which drives her away doth afflict me, that she should be compelled by my own subjects, and those pretending to be Protestants, to withdraw for her safety, this being the first example of any Protestant subjects that have taken up arms against their king, a Protestant. For I look upon this now done in England as another act of the same tragedy which was lately begun in Scotland; the brands of that fire, being ill quenched, have kindled the like flames here. I fear such motions, so little to the adorning of the Protestant profession, may occasion a further alienation of mind and divorce of affections in her from that religion, which is the only thing wherein we differ.

Which yet God can, and I pray He would, in time take away, and not suffer these practices to be any obstruction to her judgment, since it is the motion of those men, for the most part, who are yet to seek and settle their religion for doctrine, government, and good manners, and so not to be imputed to the true English Protestants, who continue firm to their former settled principles and laws.

I am sorry my relation to so deserving a lady should be any occasion of her danger and affliction, whose merits would

have served her for a protection among the savage Indians, while their rudeness and barbarity knows not so perfectly to hate all virtues as some men's subtility doth, among whom I yet think few are so malicious as to hate her for herself. The fault is, that she is my wife.

All justice, then, as well as affection, commands me to study her security, who is only in danger for my sake. I am content to be tossed, weather-beaten, and shipwrecked, so as she may be in safe harbor.

This comfort I shall enjoy by her safety in the midst of my personal dangers, that I can perish but half if she be preserved; in whose memory and hopeful posterity I may yet survive the malice of my enemies, although they should be satiated with my blood.

I must leave her and them to the love and loyalty of my good subjects, and to His protection who is able to punish the faults of princes, and no less severely to revenge the injuries done to them by those who in all duty and allegiance ought to have made good that safety which the laws chiefly provide for princes.

But common civility is in vain expected from those that dispute their loyalty; nor can it be safe for any relation to a king, to tarry among them who are shaking hands with their allegiance, under pretense of laying faster hold on their religion.

It is pity so noble and peaceful a soul should see, much more suffer, the rudeness of those who must make up their want of justice with inhumanity and impudence.

Her sympathy with me in my afflictions will make her virtues shine with greater luster, as stars in the darkest nights, and assure the envious world that she loves me, not my fortunes.

Neither of us but can easily forgive, since we do not so much blame the unkindness of the generality and vulgar; for we see God is pleased to try both our patience by the most self-punishing sin, the ingratitude of those who, having eaten of our bread and being enriched with our bounty, have scornfully lifted up themselves against us; and those of our own household are become our enemies. I pray God lay not their sins to their charge, who think to satisfy all obligations to duty by their corban of religion, and can less endure to see, than to sin against, their benefactors as well as their sovereigns.

But even that policy of my enemies is so far venial as it was necessary to their designs, by scandalous articles and all irreverent demeanor to seek to drive her out of my kingdoms; lest by the influence of her example — eminent for love as a wife and loyalty as a subject — she should have converted to, or retained in their love and loyalty all those whom they had a purpose to pervert.

The less I may be blest with her company, the more I will retire to God and my own heart, whence no malice can banish her. My enemies may envy, but they can never deprive me of the enjoyment of her virtues while I enjoy myself.

Thou, O Lord, whose justice at present sees fit to scatter us, let Thy mercy, in Thy due time, reunite us on earth, if it be Thy will; however, bring us both at last to Thy heavenly kingdom.

Preserve us from the hands of our despiteful and deadly enemies, and prepare us by our sufferings for Thy presence.

Though we differ in some things as to religion, which is my greatest temporal infelicity, yet, Lord, give and accept the sincerity of our affections, which desire to seek, to find, to embrace every truth of Thine.

Let both our hearts agree in the love of Thyself, and Christ crucified for us.

Teach us both what Thou wouldest have us to know in order to Thy glory, our public relations, and our souls' eternal good, and make us careful to do what good we know.

Let neither ignorance of what is necessary to be known, nor unbelief or disobedience to what we know, be our misery or our willful default.

Let not this great scandal of those my subjects which profess the same religion with me, be any hindrance to her love of any truth Thou wouldst have her to learn, nor any hardening of her in any error Thou wouldst have cleared to her.

Let mine and other men's constancy be an antidote against the poison of their example.

Let the truth of that religion I profess be represented to her judgment with all the beauties of humility, loyalty, charity, and peaceableness, which are the proper fruits and ornaments of it; not in the odious disguises of levity, schism, heresy, novelty, cruelty, and disloyalty, which some men's practices have lately put upon it.

Let her see Thy sacred and saving truths as Thine, that she may believe, love, and obey them as Thine, cleared from all rust and dross of human mixtures.

That in the glass of Thy truth she may see Thee in those mercies which Thou hast offered to us in Thy Son Jesus Christ our only

Saviour, and serve Thee in all those holy duties which most agree with His holy doctrine and most imitable example.

The experience we have of the vanity and uncertainty of all human glory and greatness in our scatterings and eclipses, let it make us both so much the more ambitious to be invested in those durable honors and perfections which are only to be found in Thyself, and obtained through Jesus Christ.

AN HORATIAN ODE

Upon Oliver Cromwell's Return from Ireland in 1650.

By ANDREW MARVELL.

[Andrew Marvell, English poet and satirist, was born 1621, in Holderness; entered Trinity College, Cambridge, was captured by the Jesuits and taken to London, recaptured and returned to Trinity (1638); becoming unsettled (perhaps by his father's drowning in 1640), he was expelled in 1641; traveled for years on the Continent; in 1650 was tutor to Lord Fairfax's daughter, and wrote "Poems of the Country," and "Poems of Imagination and Love" (in part); in 1652, to Cromwell's nephew Dutton; 1657–1658, assistant Latin secretary to Milton; 1658, member of Richard Cromwell's Parliament, and remained in Parliament till death, almost through Charles II.'s reign, except when (1663–1665) he was secretary to Lord Carlisle's embassy to the Northern Powers. His correspondence is large and valuable. Politically he was a strong and open monarchist, but a loyal adherent to any *de facto* government. His chief satirical works were: "The Rehearsal Transprosed" (1672), against a bigoted clergyman who claimed the right of persecution for the State; a rejoinder to his reply (1673); "Mr. Smike, or the Divine in Mode" (1676); a mock "King's Speech" (1675). In 1678 he published a powerful pamphlet, "The Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Power," which aroused great indignation. He died the same year. He was a man not only of great wit, charm, and scholarship, but of the loftiest integrity.]

The forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear;
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unusèd armor's rust;
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star;

And like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide.

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous or enemy;
And, with such, to inclose,
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame;
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere,
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,)

Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mold!

Though justice against fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain —
But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art:

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case;

That thence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn.
While around the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands,

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The ax's edge did try:

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forcèd power;
So, when they did design
The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run;
And yet in that the state
Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust:

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand,
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey.

He to the commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame to make it theirs:

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt:
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year?

As Cæsar, he, erelong, to Gaul;
To Italy an Hannibal;
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his party-colored mind;
But, from this valor sad,
Shrink underneath the plaid —

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on;
And, for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect!

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

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FROM of old, I will confess, this theory of Cromwell's falsity has been incredible to me. Nay, I cannot believe the like of any Great Man whatever. Multitudes of Great Men figure in History as false selfish men; but if we will consider it, they are but *figures* for us, unintelligible shadows; we do not see into them as men that could have existed at all. A superficial unbelieving generation only, with no eye but for surfaces and semblances of things, could form such notions of Great Men. Can a great soul be possible without a *conscience* in it, the essence of all *real* souls, great or small? No, we cannot figure Cromwell as a Falsity and Futuity: the longer I study him and his career, I believe this the less. Why should we? There is no evidence of it. Is it not strange that, after all the mountains of calumny this man has been subject to, after being represented as the very prince of liars, who never, or hardly ever, spoke truth, but always some cunning counterfeit of truth, there should not yet have been one falsehood brought clearly home to him? A prince of liars, and no lie spoken by him. Not one that I could yet get sight of. . . .

Let us leave all these calumnious chimeras, as chimeras ought to be left. They are not portraits of the man: they are distracted phantasms of him, the joint product of hatred and darkness.

Looking at the man's life with our own eyes, it seems to me a very different hypothesis suggests itself. What little we know of his earlier obscure years, distorted as it has come down to us, does it not all betoken an earnest, affectionate, sincere kind of man? His nervous melancholic temperament indicates rather a seriousness too deep for him. . . .

The young Oliver is sent to study Law; falls, or is said to have fallen, for a little period, into some of the dissipations of youth; but if so, speedily repents, abandons all this: not much above twenty, he is married, settled as an altogether grave and quiet man.

"He pays back what money he had won at gambling," says the story; he does not think any gain of that kind could be really *his*. It is very interesting, very natural, this "conversion" as they well name it; this awakening of a great true soul from the worldly slough, to see into the awful *truth* of things; to see that Time and its shows all rested on Eternity, and this poor Earth of ours was the threshold either of Heaven or of Hell! Oliver's life at St. Ives and Ely, as a sober industrious Farmer, is it not altogether as that of a true and devout man? He has renounced the world and its ways: *its* prizes are not the thing that can enrich him. He tills the earth; he reads his Bible; daily assembles his servants round him to worship God. He comforts persecuted ministers, is fond of preachers; nay, can himself preach, — exhorts his neighbors to be wise, to redeem the time. In all this what "hypocrisy," "ambition," "cant," or other falsity? The man's hopes, I do believe, were fixed on the other Higher World; his aim to get well *thither*, by walking well through his humble course in *this* world. He courts no notice: what would notice here do for him? "Ever in his great Taskmaster's eye."

It is striking, too, how he comes out once into public view; he, since no other is willing to come: in resistance to a public grievance. I mean, in that matter of the Bedford Fens. No one else will go to law with Authority; therefore he will. That matter once settled, he returns back into obscurity, to his Bible and his Plow. "Gain influence?" His influence is the most legitimate; derived from personal knowledge of him, as a just, religious, reasonable, and determined man. In this way he has lived till past forty; old age is now in view of him, and the earnest portal of Death and Eternity; it was at this point that he suddenly became "ambitious!" I do not interpret his Parliamentary mission in that way!

His successes in Parliament, his successes through the world, are honest successes of a brave man; who has more resolution in the heart of him, more light in the head of him, than other men. His prayers to God; his spoken thanks to the God of Victory, who had preserved him safe, and carried him forward

so far, through the furious clash of a world all set in conflict, through desperate-looking envelopments at Dunbar; through the death hail of so many battles; mercy after mercy; to the "crowning mercy" of Worcester Fight: all this is good and genuine for a deep-hearted Calvinistic Cromwell. Only to vain unbelieving Cavaliers, worshiping not God but their own "lovelocks" frivolities, and formalities, living quite apart from contemplations of God, living *without* God in the world, need it seem hypocritical.

Nor will his participation in the King's death involve him in condemnation with us. It is a stern business killing of a King! But if you once go to war with him, it lies *there;* this and all else lies there. Once at war, you have made wager of battle with him: it is he to die, or else you. Reconciliation is problematic; may be possible, or, far more likely, is impossible. It is now pretty generally admitted that the Parliament, having vanquished Charles First, had no way of making any tenable arrangement with him. The large Presbyterian party, apprehensive now of the Independents, were most anxious to do so; anxious indeed as for their own existence; but it could not be. The unhappy Charles, in those final Hampton-Court negotiations, shows himself as a man fatally incapable of being dealt with. A man who, once for all, could not and would not *understand:* whose thought did not in any measure represent to him the real fact of the matter; nay worse, whose *word* did not at all represent his thought. We may say this of him without cruelty, with deep pity rather; but it is true and undeniable. Forsaken there of all but the *name* of Kingship, he still, finding himself treated with outward respect as a King, fancied that he might play off party against party, and smuggle himself into his old power by deceiving both. Alas, they both *discovered* that he was deceiving them. A man whose *word* will not inform you at all what he means or will do, is not a man you can bargain with. You must get out of that man's way, or put him out of yours! The Presbyterians, in their despair, were still for believing Charles, though found false, unbelievable, again and again. Not so Cromwell: "For all our fighting," says he, "we are to have a little bit of paper?" No!—

In fact, everywhere we have to note the decisive practical eye of this man; how he drives towards the practical and prac-

ticable; has a genuine insight into what *is* fact. Such an intellect, I maintain, does not belong to a false man: the false man sees false shows, plausibilities, expediences: the true man is needed to discern even practical truth. Cromwell's advice about the Parliament's Army, early in the contest, How they were to dismiss their city tapsters, flimsy riotous persons, and choose substantial yeomen, whose hearts were in the work, to be soldiers for them: this is advice by a man who *saw*. Fact answers, if you see into Fact! Cromwell's *Ironsides* were the embodiment of this insight of his; men fearing God, and without any other fear. No more conclusively genuine set of fighters ever trod the soil of England, or of any other land.

Neither will we blame greatly that word of Cromwell's to them; which was so blamed: "If the King should meet me in battle, I would kill the King." Why not? These words were spoken to men who stood as before a Higher than Kings. They had set more than their own lives on the cast. The Parliament may call it, in official language, a fighting "*for* the King"; but we, for our share, cannot understand that. To us it is no dilettante work, no sleek officiality; it is sheer rough death and earnest. They have brought it to the calling forth of *War;* horrid internecine fight, man grappling with man in fire-eyed rage, — the *infernal* element in man called forth, to try it by that? *Do* that therefore; since that is the thing to be done. — The successes of Cromwell seem to me a very natural thing! Since he was not shot in battle, they were an inevitable thing. That such a man, with the eye to see, with the heart to dare, should advance, from post to post, from victory to victory, till the Huntingdon Farmer became, by whatever name you might call him, the acknowledged Strongest Man in England, virtually the King of England, requires no magic to explain it! —

Truly it is a sad thing for a people, as for a man, to fall into Skepticism, into dilettanteism, insincerity; not to know a Sincerity when they see it. For this world, and for all worlds, what curse is so fatal? The heart lying dead, the eye cannot see. What intellect remains is merely the *vulpine* intellect. That a true *King* be sent them is of small use; they do not know him when sent. They say scornfully, Is this your King? The Hero wastes his heroic faculty in bootless contradiction from the unworthy; and can accomplish little. For himself

he does accomplish a heroic life, which is much, which is all; but for the world he accomplishes comparatively nothing. The wild rude Sincerity, direct from Nature, is not glib in answering from the witness box: in your small-debt *pie-powder* court, he is scouted as a counterfeit. The vulpine intellect "detects" him. For being a man worth any thousand men, the response your Knox, your Cromwell, gets is an argument for two centuries whether he was a man at all. God's greatest gift to this Earth is sneeringly flung away. The miraculous talisman is a paltry plated coin, not fit to pass in the shops as a common guinea.

Lamentable this! I say, this must be remedied. Till this be remedied in some measure, there is nothing remedied. "Detect quacks?" Yes do, for Heaven's sake; but know withal the men that are to be trusted! Till we know that, what is all our knowledge; how shall we even so much as "detect"? For the vulpine sharpness, which considers itself to be knowledge, and "detects" in that fashion, is far mistaken. Dupes indeed are many; but, of all *dupes*, there is none so fatally situated as he who lives in undue terror of being duped. The world does exist; the world has truth in it, or it would not exist! First recognize what is true, we shall *then* discern what is false; and properly never till then.

"Know the men that are to be trusted:" alas, this is yet, in these days, very far from us. The sincere alone can recognize sincerity. Not a Hero only is needed, but a world fit for him; a world not of *Valets*, — the Hero comes almost in vain to it otherwise! Yes, it is far from us: but it must come; thank God, it is visibly coming. Till it do come, what have we? Ballot boxes, suffrages, French Revolutions: if we are as Valets, and do not know the Hero when we see him, what good are all these? A heroic Cromwell comes; and for a hundred and fifty years he cannot have a vote from us. Why, the insincere, unbelieving word is the *natural property* of the Quack, and of the Father of quacks and quackeries! Misery, confusion, unveracity, are alone possible there. By ballot boxes we alter the *figure* of our Quack; but the substance of him continues. The Valet World *has* to be governed by the Sham Hero, by the king merely *dressed* in King gear. It is his; he is its! In brief, one of two things: We shall either learn to know a Hero, a true Governor and Captain, somewhat better, when we see him: or else go on to be forever governed by

the Unheroic; had we ballot boxes clattering at every street corner, there were no remedy in these.

Poor Cromwell, — great Cromwell! The inarticulate Prophet; Prophet who could not *speak*. Rude, confused, struggling to utter himself, with his savage depth, with his wild sincerity; and he looked so strange, among the elegant Euphemisms, dainty little Falklands, didactic Chillingworths, diplomatic Clarendons! Consider him. An outer hull of chaotic confusion, visions of the Devil, nervous dreams, almost semimadness; and yet such a clear determinate man's energy working in the heart of that. A kind of chaotic man. The ray as of pure starlight and fire, working in such an element of boundless hypochondria, *un*formed black of darkness! And yet withal this hypochondria, what was it but the very greatness of the man? The depth and tenderness of his wild affections: the quantity of *sympathy* he had with things, — the quantity of insight he would yet get into the heart of things, the mastery he would yet get over things: this was his hypochondria. The man's misery as man's misery always does, came of his greatness. Samuel Johnson too is that kind of man. Sorrow-stricken, half-distracted; the wide element of mournful *black* enveloping him, — wide as the world. It is the character of a prophetic man; a man with his whole soul *seeing*, and struggling to see.

On this ground, too, I explain to myself Cromwell's reputed confusion of speech. To himself the internal meaning was sun-clear; but the material with which he was to clothe it in utterance was not there. He had *lived* silent; a great unnamed sea of Thought round him all his days; and in his way of life little call to attempt *naming* or uttering that. With his sharp power of vision, resolute power of action, I doubt not he could have learned to write Books withal, and speak fluently enough; he did harder things than writing of Books. This kind of man is precisely he who is fit for doing manfully all things you will set him on doing. Intellect is not speaking and logicizing; it is seeing and ascertaining. Virtue, *Vir-tus*, manhood, *hero*hood, is not fair-spoken, immaculate regularity; it is first of all what the Germans well name it, *Tugend* (*Taugend*, *dow*ing or *Dough*-tiness), Courage and the Faculty to *do*. This basis of the matter Cromwell had in him.

One understands moreover how, though he could not speak in Parliament, he might *preach*, rhapsodic preaching; above

all, how he might be great in extempore prayer. These are the free outpouring utterances of what is in the heart; method is not required in them; warmth, depth, sincerity, are all that is required. Cromwell's habit of prayer is a notable feature of him. All his great enterprises were commenced with prayer. In dark, inextricable-looking difficulties, his Officers and he used to assemble, and pray alternately, for hours, for days, till some definite resolution rose among them, some "door of hope," as they would name it, disclosed itself. Consider that. In tears, in fervent prayers, and cries to the great God, to have pity on them, to make His light shine before them. They, armed Soldiers of Christ, as they felt themselves to be; a little band of Christian Brothers, who had drawn the sword against a great black devouring world not Christian, but Mammonish, Devilish, — they cried to God in their straits, in their extreme need, not to forsake the Cause that was His. The light which now rose upon them, — how could a human soul, by any means at all, get better light? Was not the purpose so formed like to be precisely the best, wisest, the one to be followed without hesitation any more? To them it was as the shining of Heaven's own Splendor in the waste-howling darkness; the Pillar of Fire by night, that was to guide them on their desolate, perilous way. *Was* it not such? Can a man's soul, to this hour, get guidance by any other method than intrinsically by that same, — devout prostration of the earnest struggling soul before the Highest, the Giver of all Light; be such *prayer* a spoken, articulate, or be it a voiceless, inarticulate one? There is no other method. "Hypocrisy"? One begins to be weary of all that. They who call it so have no right to speak on such matters. They never formed a purpose, what one can call a purpose. They went about balancing expediences, plausibilities; gathering votes, advices; they never were alone with the *truth* of a thing at all. — Cromwell's prayers were likely to be "eloquent," and much more than that. His was the heart of a man who *could* pray.

But indeed his actual Speeches, I apprehend, were not nearly so ineloquent, incondite, as they look. We find he was, what all speakers aim to be, an impressive speaker, even in Parliament; one who, from the first, had weight. With that rude, passionate voice of his, he was always understood to *mean* something, and men wished to know what. He disregarded eloquence, — nay, despised and disliked it; spoke al-

ways without premeditation of the words he was to use. The Reporters, too, in those days seem to have been singularly candid; and to have given the Printer precisely what they found on their own note paper. And withal, what a strange proof is it of Cromwell's being the premeditative, ever-calculating hypocrite, acting a play before the world, That to the last he took no more charge of his Speeches! How came he not to study his words a little, before flinging them out to the public? If the words were true words, they could be left to shift for themselves.

But with regard to Cromwell's "lying," we will make one remark. This, I suppose, or something like this, to have been the nature of it. All parties found themselves deceived in him; each party understood him to be meaning *this*, heard him even say so, and behold he turns out to have been meaning *that!* He was, cry they, the chief of liars. But now, intrinsically, is not all this the inevitable fortune, not of a false man in such times, but simply of a superior man? Such a man must have *reticences* in him. If he walk wearing his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, his journey will not extend far! There is no use for any man's taking up his abode in a house built of glass. A man always is to be himself the judge how much of his mind he will show to other men; even to those he would have work along with him. There are impertinent inquiries made: your rule is, to leave the inquirer *un*informed on that matter; not, if you can help it, *mis*informed, but precisely as dark as he was!

This, could one hit the right phrase of response, is what the wise and faithful man would aim to answer in such a case.

Cromwell, no doubt of it, spoke often in the dialect of small subaltern parties; uttered to them a *part* of his mind. Each little party thought him all its own. Hence their rage, one and all, to find him not of their party, but of his own party! Was it his blame? At all seasons of his history he must have felt, among such people, how, if he explained to them the deeper insight he had, they must either have shuddered aghast at it, or believing it, their own little compact hypothesis must have gone wholly to wreck. They could not have worked in his province any more; nay, perhaps they could not now have worked in their own province. It is the inevitable position of a great man among small men. Small men, most active, useful, are to be seen everywhere, whose

whole activity depends on some conviction which to you is palpably a limited one; imperfect, what we call an *error*. But would it be a kindness always, is it a duty always or often, to disturb them in that? Many a man, doing loud work in the world, stands only on some thin traditionality, conventionality, to him indubitable, to you incredible: break that beneath him, he sinks to endless depths! "I might have my hand full of truth," said Fontenelle, "and open only my little finger."

And if this be the fact even in matters of doctrine, how much more in all departments of practice! He that cannot withal *keep his mind to himself* cannot practice any considerable thing whatever. And we call it "dissimulation," all this? What would you think of calling the general of an army a dissembler because he did not tell every corporal and private soldier, who pleased to put the question, what his thoughts were about everything? — Cromwell, I should rather say, managed all this in a manner we must admire for its perfection. An endless vortex of such questioning "corporals" rolled confusedly round him through his whole course; whom he did answer. It must have been as a great true-seeing man that he managed this too. Not one proved falsehood, as I said; not one! Of what man that ever wound himself through such a coil of things will you say so much? —

But in fact there are two errors, widely prevalent, which pervert to the very basis our judgments formed about such men as Cromwell; about their "ambition," "falsity," and such-like. The first is what I might call substituting the *goal* of their career for the course and starting point of it. The vulgar Historian of a Cromwell fancies that he had determined on being Protector of England, at the time when he was plowing the marsh lands of Cambridgeshire. His career lay all mapped out: a programme of the whole drama; which he then step by step dramatically unfolded with all manner of cunning, deceptive dramaturgy, as he went on, — the hollow scheming Ὑποκριτής, or Play-actor, that he was! This is a radical perversion; all but universal in such cases. And think for an instant how different the fact is! How much does one of *us* foresee of his own life? Short way ahead of us it is all dim; an *un*wound skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptabilities, vague-looming hopes. This Cromwell had *not* his life lying all in that fashion of Programme, which he needed then, with that unfathomable cunning of his, only to enact dramatically, scene after scene! Not so. We see it so; but to him it

was in no measure so. What absurdities would fall away of themselves, were this one undeniable fact kept honestly in view by History! Historians indeed will tell you that they do keep it in view; but look whether such is practically the fact! Vulgar History, as in this Cromwell's case, omits it altogether; even the best kinds of History only remember it now and then. To remember it duly with rigorous perfection, as in the fact it *stood*, requires indeed a rare faculty; rare, nay impossible. A very Shakespeare for faculty; or more than Shakespeare; who could *enact* a brother man's biography, see with the brother man's eyes at all points of his course what things *he* saw; in short, *know* his course and him, as few "Historians" are like to do. Half or more of all the thick-plied perversions which distort our image of Cromwell will disappear, if we honestly so much as try to represent them so; in sequence, as they *were;* not in the lump, as they are thrown down before us.

But a second error, which I think the generality commit, refers to this same "ambition" itself. We exaggerate the ambition of Great Men; we mistake what the nature of it is. Great men are not ambitious in that sense; he is a small, poor man that is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under the sun. A *great* man? A poor morbid prurient empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital, than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way.

But with regard to Cromwell and his purposes: Hume, and a multitude following him, come upon me here with an admission that Cromwell *was* sincere at first; a sincere "Fanatic" at first, but gradually became a "Hypocrite" as things opened round him. This of the Fanatic Hypocrite is Hume's theory of it; extensively applied since, — to Mahomet and many

others. Think of it seriously, you will find something in it; not much, not all, very far from all. Since hero hearts do not sink in this miserable manner. The Sun flings forth impurities, gets balefully incrusted with spots; but it does not quench itself, and become no Sun at all, but a mass of Darkness! I will venture to say that such never befell a great deep Cromwell; I think, never. Nature's own lion-hearted Son; Antæuslike, his strength is got by *touching the Earth*, his Mother; lift him up from the Earth, lift him up into Hypocrisy, Inanity, his strength is gone. We will not assert that Cromwell was an immaculate man; that he fell into no faults, no insincerities, among the rest. He was no dilettante professor of "perfections," "immaculate conducts." He was a rugged Orson, rending his rough way through actual, true *work*, — doubtless with many a *fall* therein. Insincerities, faults, very many faults, daily and hourly: it was too well known to him; known to God and him! The Sun was dimmed many a time; but the Sun had not himself grown a Dimness. Cromwell's last words, as he lay waiting for death, are those of a Christian, heroic man. Broken prayers to God, that He would judge him and this Cause, He since man could not, in justice yet in pity. They are most touching words. He breathed out his wild, great soul, its toils and sins all ended now, into the presence of his Maker, in this manner.

I, for one, will not call the man a Hypocrite! Hypocrite, mummer, the life of him a mere theatricality; empty barren quack, hungry for the shouts of mobs? The man had made obscurity do very well for him till his head was gray; and now he *was*, there as he stood recognized unblamed, the virtual King of England. Cannot a man do without King's Coaches and Cloaks? Is it such a blessedness to have clerks forever pestering you with bundles of papers in red tape? A simple Diocletian prefers planting of cabbages; a George Washington, no very immeasurable man, does the like. One would say, it is what any genuine man could do; and would do. The instant his real work were out in the matter of Kingship, — away with it!

Let us remark, meanwhile, how indispensable everywhere a *King* is, in all movements of men. It is strikingly shown, in this very War, what becomes of men when they cannot find a Chief Man, and their enemies can. The Scotch Nation was all but unanimous in Puritanism; zealous and of one mind about it, as in this English end of the Island was always far

from being the case. But there was no great Cromwell among them; poor, tremulous, hesitating, diplomatic Arygles and such-like; none of them had a heart true enough for the truth, or durst commit himself to the truth. They had no leader; and the scattered Cavalier party in that country had one; Montrose, the noblest of all the Cavaliers; an accomplished, gallant-hearted, splendid man; what one may call the Hero Cavalier. Well, look at it; on the one hand subjects without a King; on the other a King without subjects! The subjects without King can do nothing; the subjectless King can do something. This Montrose, with a handful of Irish or Highland savages, few of them so much as guns in their hands, dashes at the drilled Puritan armies like a wild whirlwind; sweeps them, time after time, some five times over, from the field before him. He was at one period, for a short while, master of all Scotland. One man; but he was a man: a million zealous men, but *without* the one; they against him were powerless! Perhaps of all the persons in that Puritan struggle, from first to last, the single indispensable one was verily Cromwell. To see and dare, and decide; to be a fixed pillar in the welter of uncertainty; a King among them, whether they called him so or not.

Precisely here, however, lies the rub for Cromwell. His other proceedings have all found advocates, and stand generally justified; but this dismissal of the Rump Parliament and assumption of the Protectorship is what no one can pardon him. He had fairly grown to be King in England; Chief Man of the victorious party in England: but it seems he could not do without the King's Cloak, and sold himself to perdition in order to get it. Let us see a little how this was.

England, Scotland, Ireland, all lying now subdued at the feet of the Puritan Parliament, the practical question arose, What was to be done with it? How will you govern these Nations, which Providence in a wondrous way has given up to your disposal? Clearly those hundred surviving members of the Long Parliament, who sit there as supreme authority, cannot continue forever to sit. What *is* to be done? — It was a question which theoretical constitution builders may find easy to answer; but to Cromwell, looking there into the real practical facts of it, there could be none more complicated. He asked of the Parliament, What it was they would decide upon? It

was for the Parliament to say. Yet the Soldiers too, however contrary to Formula, they who had purchased this victory with their blood, it seemed to them that they also should have something to say in it! We will not "For all our fighting have nothing but a little piece of paper." We understand that the Law of God's Gospel, to which He through us has given the victory, shall establish itself, or try to establish itself, in this land!

For three years, Cromwell says, this question had been sounded in the ears of the Parliament. They could make no answer; nothing but talk, talk. Perhaps it lies in the nature of parliamentary bodies; perhaps no Parliament could in such case make any answer but even that of talk, talk! Nevertheless the question must and shall be answered. You sixty men there, becoming fast odious, even despicable, to the whole nation, whom the nation already calls Rump Parliament, *you* cannot continue to sit there; who or what then is to follow? "Free Parliament," right of Election, Constitutional Formulas of one sort or the other, — the thing is a hungry Fact coming on us, which we must answer or be devoured by it! And who are you that prate of Constitutional Formulas, rights of Parliament? You have had to kill your King, to make Pride's Purges, to expel and banish by the law of the stronger whosoever would not let your Cause prosper: there are but fifty or three-score of you left there, debating, in these days. Tell us what we shall do; not in the way of Formula, but of practicable Fact!

How they did finally answer remains obscure to this day. The diligent Godwin himself admits that he cannot make it out. The likeliest is that this poor Parliament still would not, and indeed could not, dissolve and disperse; that when it came to the point of actually dispersing, they again, for the tenth or twentieth time, adjourned it, — and Cromwell's patience failed him. But we will take the favorablest hypothesis ever started for the Parliament; the favorablest, though I believe it is not the true one, but too favorable.

According to this version: At the uttermost crisis, when Cromwell and his Officers were met on the one hand, and the fifty or sixty Rump Members on the other, it was suddenly told Cromwell that the Rump in its despair *was* answering in a very singular way; that in their splenetic, envious despair, to keep out the Army at least, these men were hurrying through the

House a kind of Reform Bill, — Parliament to be chosen by the whole of England; equable electoral division into districts; free suffrage, and the rest of it! A very questionable, or indeed for *them* an unquestionable thing. Reform Bill, free suffrage of Englishmen? Why, the Royalists, themselves, silenced indeed but not exterminated, perhaps out*number* us; the great numerical majority of England was always indifferent to our Cause, merely looked at it and submitted to it. It is in weight and force, not by counting of heads, that we are the majority! And now with your Formulas and Reform Bills, the whole matter sorely won by our swords, shall again launch itself to sea; become a mere hope, and likelihood, *small* even as a likelihood? And it is not a likelihood; it is a certainty, which we have won, by God's strength and our own right hands, and do now hold *here*. Cromwell walked down to these refractory Members; interrupted them in that rapid speed of their Reform Bill; ordered them to begone, and talk there no more. — Can we not forgive him? Can we not understand him? John Milton, who looked on it all near at hand, could applaud him. The Reality had swept the Formulas away before it. I fancy, most men who were realities in England might see into the necessity of that.

The strong, daring man, therefore, has set all manner of Formulas and logical superficialities against him; has dared appeal to the genuine Fact of this England, Whether it will support him or not? It is curious to see how he struggles to govern in some constitutional way; find some Parliament to support him; but cannot. His first Parliament, the one they call Barebones' Parliament, is, so to speak, a *Convocation of the Notables*. From all quarters of England the leading Ministers and chief Puritan Officials nominate the men most distinguished by religious reputation, influence, and attachment to the true Cause: these are assembled to shape out a plan. They sanctioned what was past; shaped as they could what was to come. They were scornfully called *Barebones' Parliament*, the man's name, it seems, was not *Barebones*, but Barbone, — a good enough man. Nor was it a jest, their work; it was a most serious reality, — a trial on the part of these Puritan Notables how far the Law of Christ could become the Law of this England. There were men of sense among them, men of some quality; men of deep piety I suppose the most of them were. They failed, it seems, and broke down, endeavoring to reform

the Court of Chancery! They dissolved themselves, as incompetent; delivered up their power again into the hands of the Lord General Cromwell, to do with it what he liked and could.

What *will* he do with it? The Lord General Cromwell, "Commander in chief of all the Forces raised and to be raised"; he hereby sees himself, at this unexampled juncture, as it were the one available Authority left in England, nothing between England and utter Anarchy but him alone. Such is the undeniable Fact of his position and England's, there and then. What will he do with it? After deliberation, he decides that he will *accept* it; will formally, with public solemnity, say and vow before God and men, "Yes, the Fact is so, and I will do the best I can with it!" Protectorship, Instrument of Government, — these are the external forms of the thing; worked out and sanctioned as they could in the circumstances be, by the Judges, by the leading Official people, "Council of Officers and Persons of interest in the Nation": and as for the thing itself, undeniably enough, at the pass matters had now come to, there was no alternative but Anarchy or that. Puritan England might accept it or not; but Puritan England was, in real truth, saved from suicide thereby! — I believe the Puritan People did, in an inarticulate, grumbling, yet on the whole grateful and real way, accept this anomalous act of Oliver's; at least, he and they together made it good, and always better to the last. But in their Parliamentary *articulate* way, they had their difficulties, and never knew fully what to say to it! —

Oliver's second Parliament, properly his *first* regular Parliament, chosen by the rule laid down in the Instrument of Government, did assemble, and worked; but got, before long, into bottomless questions as to the Protector's *right*, as to "usurpation," and so forth; and had at the earliest legal day to be dismissed. Cromwell's concluding Speech to these men is a remarkable one. So likewise to his third Parliament, in similar rebuke for their pedantries and obstinacies. Most rude, chaotic, all these Speeches are; but most earnest-looking. You would say, it was a sincere, helpless man; not used to *speak* the great inorganic thought of him, but to act it rather! A helplessness of utterance, in such bursting fullness of meaning. He talks much about "births of Providence." All these changes, so many victories and events, were not forethoughts, and theatrical contrivances of men, of *me* or of men; it is blind blasphemers that will persist in calling them so! He insists

with a heavy sulphurous wrathful emphasis on this. As he well might. As if a Cromwell in that dark, huge game he had been playing, the world wholly thrown into chaos round him, had *foreseen* it all, and played it all off like a precontrived puppet show by wood and wire! These things were foreseen by no man, he says; no man could tell what a day would bring forth: they were "births of Providence," God's finger guided us on, and we came at last to clear height of victory, God's Cause triumphant in these Nations; and you as a Parliament could assemble together, and say in what manner all this could be *organized*, reduced into rational feasibility among the affairs of men. You were to help with your wise counsel in doing that. "You have had such an opportunity as no Parliament in England ever had." Christ's Law, the Right and True, was to be in some measure made the Law of this land. In place of that, you have got into your idle pedantries, constitutionalities, bottomless cavilings, and questionings about written laws for *my* coming here; and would send the whole matter in chaos again, because I have no Notary's parchment, but only God's voice from the battle whirlwind, for being President among you. That opportunity is gone; and we know not when it will return. You have had your constitutional Logic; and Mammon's Law, not Christ's Law, rules yet in this land. "God be judge between you and me!" These are his final words to them: Take you your constitution formulas in your hand; and I my *in*formal struggles, purposes, realities, and acts; and "God be judge between you and me!"

We said above what shapeless, involved chaotic things the printed Speeches of Cromwell are. *Willfully* ambiguous, unintelligible, say the most: a hypocrite shrouding himself in confused Jesuitic jargon! To me they do not seem so. I will say rather, they afforded the first glimpses I could ever get into the reality of this Cromwell, — nay, into the possibility of him. Try to believe that he means something, search lovingly what that may be: you will find a real *speech* lying imprisoned in these broken, rude, tortuous utterances; a meaning in the great heart of this inarticulate man! You will, for the first time, begin to see that he was a man; not an enigmatic chimera, unintelligible to you, incredible to you. The Histories and Biographies written of this Cromwell, written in shallow, skeptical generations that could not know or conceive of a deep believing man, are far more *obscure* than Cromwell's Speeches.

You look through them only into the infinite vague of Black and the Inane. "Heats and jealousies," says Lord Clarendon himself: "heats and jealousies," mere crabbed whims, theories and crotchets; these induced slow, sober, quiet Englishmen to lay down their plows and work; and fly into red fury of confused war against the best-conditioned of Kings! *Try* if you can find that true. Skepticism writing about Belief may have great gifts; but it is really *ultra vires* there. It is Blindness laying down the Laws of Optics.—

Cromwell's third Parliament split on the same rock as his second. Ever the constitutional Formula: How came *you* there? Show us some Notary parchment! Blind pedants: "Why, surely the same power which makes you a Parliament, that, and something more, made me a Protector!" If my Protectorship is nothing, what in the name of wonder is your Parliamenteership, a reflex and creation of that?—

Parliaments having failed, there remained nothing but the way of Despotism. Military Dictators, each with his district, to *coerce* the Royalist and other gainsayers, to govern them, if not by act of Parliament, then by the sword. Formula shall *not* carry it, while the Reality is here! I will go on, protecting oppressed Protestants abroad, appointing just judges, wise managers, at home cherishing true Gospel ministers; doing the best I can to make England a Christian England, greater than old Rome, the Queen of Protestant Christianity; I, since you will not help me; I, while God leaves me life!—Why did he not give it up; retire into obscurity again, since the Law would not acknowledge him? cry several. That is where they mistake. For him there was no giving of it up! Prime Ministers have governed countries, Pitt, Bombal, Choiseul; and their word was a law while it held: but this Prime Minister was one that *could not get resigned*. Let him once resign, Charles Stuart and the Cavaliers waited to kill him; to kill the Cause *and* him. Once embarked, there is no retreat, no return. This Prime Minister could *retire* no-whither except into his tomb.

One is sorry for Cromwell in his old days. His complaint is incessant of the heavy burden Providence has laid on him. Heavy; which he must bear till death. Old Colonel Hutchinson, as his wife relates it, Hutchinson, his old battle mate, coming to see him on some indispensable business, much against his will,—Cromwell "follows him to the door," in a most fraternal, domestic, conciliatory style; begs that he would be

reconciled to him, his old brother in arms; says how much it grieves him to be misunderstood, deserted by true fellow-soldiers, dear to him from of old: the rigorous Hutchinson, cased in his Republican formula, sullenly goes his way. — And the man's head now white; his strong arm growing weary with its long work! I think always too of his poor Mother, now very old, living in that Palace of his; a right brave woman; as indeed they lived all an honest God-fearing Household there: if she heard a shot go off, she thought it was her son killed. He had to come to her at least once a day, that she might see with her own eyes that he was yet living. The poor old Mother! — What had this man gained; what had he gained? He had a life of sore strife and toil, to his last day. Fame, ambition, place in History? His dead body was hung in chains; his "place in History," — place in History forsooth! — has been a place of ignominy, accusation, blackness, and disgrace; and here, this day, who knows if it is not rash in me to be among the first that ever ventured to pronounce him not a knave and liar, but a genuinely honest man! Peace to him. Did he not, in spite of all, accomplish much for us? *We* walk smoothly over his great rough heroic life; step over his body sunk in the ditch there. We need not *spurn* it, as we step on it! Let the Hero rest. It was not to *men's* judgment that he appealed: nor have men judged him very well.

CONTENTEDNESS IN ALL ESTATES AND ACCIDENTS.

By JEREMY TAYLOR.

(From "The Rule and Exercise of Holy Living.")

[JEREMY TAYLOR: An English theologian; born at Cambridge, August 15, 1613; died at Lisburn, Ireland, August 13, 1667. He was the son of a barber, and received his degree at Cambridge. He was probably a chaplain during the Civil War, later became a schoolmaster, and after the Restoration was made bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland. He published "Episcopacy Asserted against the Acephali and Aërians, New and Old" (1642), "Discourse on the Liberty of Prophesying" (1647), "The Great Exemplar of Sanctity and Holy Life" (1649), "The Rule and Exercise of Holy Living" (1650), and "Ductor Dubitantium" (1660).]

VIRTUES and discourses are like friends, necessary in all fortunes; but those are the best which are friends in our sad-

nesses, and support us in our sorrows and sad accidents: and, in this sense, no man that is virtuous can be friendless; nor hath any man reason to complain of the Divine Providence, or accuse the public disorder of things, or his own infelicity, since God hath appointed one remedy for all the evils in the world, and that is a contented spirit: for this alone makes a man pass through fire, and not be scorched; through seas, and not be drowned; through hunger and nakedness, and want nothing.

For since all the evil in the world consists in the disagreeing between the object and the appetite,—as when a man hath what he desires not, or desires what he hath not, or desires amiss,—he that composes his spirit to the present accident hath variety of instances for his virtue, but none to trouble him; because his desires enlarge not beyond his present fortune: and a wise man is placed in the variety of chances, like the nave or center of a wheel in the midst of all the circumvolutions and changes of posture, without violence or change, save that it turns gently in compliance with its changed parts, and is indifferent which part is up and which is down; for there is some virtue or other to be exercised, whatever happens; either patience or thanksgiving, love or fear, moderation or humility, charity or contentedness; and they are every one of them equally in order to his great end and immortal felicity: and beauty is not made by white or red, by black eyes and a round face, by a straight body and a smooth skin; but by a proportion to the fancy.

No rules can make amiability, our minds and apprehensions make that: and so is our felicity: and we may be reconciled to poverty and a low fortune, if we suffer contentedness and the grace of God to make the proportions. For no man is poor, that does not think himself so: but if, in a full fortune, with impatience he desires more, he proclaims his wants and his beggarly condition. But, because this grace of Contentedness was the sum of all the old moral philosophy, and a great duty in Christianity, and of most universal use in the whole course of our lives, and the only instrument to ease the burdens of the world and the enmities of sad chances, it will not be amiss to press it by the proper arguments by which God hath bound it upon our spirits: it being fastened by reason and religion, by duty and interest, by necessity and conveniency, by example, and by the proposition of excellent rewards, no less than peace and felicity.

Contentedness in all estates is a duty of religion; it is the great reasonableness of complying with the Divine Providence

which governs all the world, and hath so ordered us in the administration of His great family. He were a strange fool that should be angry because dogs and sheep need no shoes, and yet himself is full of care to get some. God hath supplied those needs to them by natural provisions, and to thee by an artificial: for He hath given thee reason to learn a trade, or some means to make or buy them; so that it only differs in the manner of our provision: and which had you rather want, shoes or reason? And my patron that hath given me a farm is freer to me than if he gives a loaf ready baked. But, however, all these gifts come from Him, and therefore it is fit He should dispense them as He pleases; and if we murmur here, we may at the next melancholy be troubled that God did not make us to be angels or stars. For, if that which we are or have do not content us, we may be troubled for everything in the world which is besides our being or our possessions.

God is the master of the scenes; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, *if this please God, let it be as it is:* and we, who pray that God's will may be done in earth as it is in heaven, must remember that the angels do whatsoever is commanded them, and go wherever they are sent, and refuse no circumstances: and if their employment be crossed by a higher decree, they sit down in peace and rejoice in the event; and, when the Angel of Judæa could not prevail in behalf of the people committed to his charge, because the Angel of Persia opposed it, he only told the story at the command of God, and was as content, and worshiped with as great an ecstasy in his proportion as the prevailing Spirit. Do thou so likewise: keep the station where God hath placed you, and you shall never long for things without, but sit at home feasting upon the Divine Providence and thy own reason, by which we are taught that it is necessary and reasonable to submit to God.

For, is not all the world God's family? Are not we His creatures? Are we not as clay in the hand of the potter? Do not we live upon His meat, and move by His strength, and do our work by His light? Are we anything but what we are from Him? And shall there be a mutiny among the flocks and herds, because their Lord or their Shepherd chooses their pastures, and suffers them not to wander into deserts and unknown ways? If we choose, we do it so foolishly that we cannot like it long, and most commonly not at all: but God, who can do

what He pleases, is wise to choose safely for us, affectionate to comply with our needs, and powerful to execute all His wise decrees. Here therefore is the wisdom of the contented man, to let God choose for him: for when we have given up our wills to Him, and stand in that station of the battle where our great General hath placed us, our spirits must needs rest while our conditions have for their security the power, the wisdom, and the charity of God.

Contentedness in all accidents brings great peace of spirit, and is the great and only instrument of temporal felicity. It removes the sting from the accident, and makes a man not to depend upon chance and the uncertain dispositions of men for his well-being, but only on God and his own spirit. We ourselves make our own fortunes good or bad; and when God lets loose a tyrant upon us, or a sickness, or scorn, or a lessened fortune, if we fear to die, or know not to be patient, or are proud, or covetous, then the calamity sits heavy on us. But if we know how to manage a noble principle, and fear not death so much as a dishonest action, and think impatience a worse evil than a fever, and pride to be the biggest disgrace, and poverty to be infinitely desirable before the torments of covetousness; then we who now think vice to be so easy, and make it so familiar, and think the cure so impossible, shall quickly be of another mind, and reckon these accidents among things eligible.

But no man can be happy that hath great hopes and great fears of things without, and events depending upon other men, or upon the chances of fortune. The rewards of virtue are certain, and our provisions for our natural support are certain; or, if we want meat till we die, then we die of that disease, and there are many worse than to die with an atrophy or consumption, or unapt and coarser nourishment. But he that suffers a transporting passion concerning things within the power of others is free from sorrow and amazement no longer than his enemy shall give him leave; and it is ten to one but he shall be smitten then and there where it shall most trouble him: for so the adder teaches us where to strike, by her curious and fearful defending of her head. The old Stoics when you told them of a sad story, would still answer: "*τί πρὸς μέ*; *What is that to me?*" "Yes, for the tyrant hath sentenced you also to prison." "Well, what is that? He will put a chain upon my leg, but he cannot bind my soul." "No: but he will kill you." "Then I'll die. If presently, let me go, that I may presently

be freer than himself: but if not till anon or to-morrow, I will dine first, or sleep, or do what reason and nature calls for, as at other times." This in Gentile philosophy is the same with the discourse of St. Paul, *I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed, both how to be full and how to be hungry, both to abound and suffer need.*

We are in the world like men playing at tables; the chance is not in our power, but to play it is; and when it is fallen we must manage it as we can; and let nothing trouble us, but when we do a base action, or speak like a fool, or think wickedly: these things God hath put into our powers; but concerning those things which are wholly in the choice of another, they cannot fall under our deliberations, and therefore neither are they fit for our passions. My fear may make me miserable, but it cannot prevent what another hath in his power and purpose: and prosperities can only be enjoyed by them who fear not at all to lose them; since the amazement and passion concerning the future takes off all the pleasure of the present possession. Therefore if thou hast lost thy land, do not also lose thy constancy: and if thou must die a little sooner, yet do not die impatiently. For no chance is evil to him that is content, and *to a man nothing miserable, unless it be unreasonable.* No man can make another man to be his slave, unless he hath first enslaved himself to life and death, to pleasure or pain, to hope or fear: command these passions, and you are freer than the Parthian kings. . . .

There is nothing but hath a double handle, or at least we have two hands to apprehend it. When an enemy reproaches us, let us look on him as an impartial relator of our faults, for he will tell thee truer than thy fondest friend will; and thou mayest call them precious balms, though they break thy head, and forgive his anger, while thou makest use of the plainness of his declamation. "The ox, when he is weary, treadeth surest;" and if there be nothing else in the disgrace, but that it makes us to walk warily, and tread sure for fear of our enemies, that is better than to be flattered into pride and carelessness. . . .

Never compare thy condition with those about thee; but to secure thy content, look upon those thousands with whom thou wouldest not, for any interest, change thy fortune and condition. A soldier must not think himself unprosperous if he be not

successful as the son of Philip, or cannot grasp a fortune as big as the Roman empire. Be content that thou art not lessened as was Pyrrhus, or if thou beest, that thou art not routed like Crassus; and when that comes to thee, it is a great prosperity that thou art not caged and made a spectacle, like Bajazet, or thy eyes were not pulled out, like Zedekiah's, or that thou wert not flayed alive, like Valentinian.[1] If thou admirest the greatness of Xerxes, look also on those that digged the mountain Atho, or whose ears and noses were cut off because the Hellespont carried away the bridge. It is a fine thing (thou thinkest) to be carried on men's shoulders; but give God thanks that thou art not forced to carry a rich fool upon thy shoulders, as those poor men do whom thou beholdest. There are but a few kings in mankind; but many thousands who are very miserable if compared to thee. However, it is a huge folly rather to grieve for the good of others than to rejoice for that good which God hath given us as our own.

And yet there is no wise or good man that would change persons or conditions entirely with any man in the world. It may be, he would have one man's wealth added to himself, or the power of a second, or the learning of a third; but still he would receive these into his own person because he loves that best, and therefore esteems it best, and therefore overvalues all that which he is, before all that which any other man in the world can be. Would any man be Dives to have his wealth, or Judas for his office, or Saul for his kingdom, or Absalom for his beauty, or Achitophel for his policy? It is likely he would wish all these, and yet he would be the same person still. For every man hath desires of his own, and objects just fitted to them, without which he cannot be, unless he were not himself. And let every man that loves himself so well as to love himself before all the world, consider if he have not something for which in the whole he values himself for more than he can value any man else. There is, therefore, no reason to take the finest feathers from all the winged nation to deck that bird that thinks already she is more valuable than any of the inhabitants of the air. Either change all or none. Cease to love yourself best, or be content with that portion of being and blessing for which you love yourself so well.

[1] A slip for "Valerian," and even he was not (apocryphally) reported as flayed *alive*, but after his death.

OF THE LIBERTY OF SUBJECTS.

By THOMAS HOBBES.

(From "The Leviathan.")

[THOMAS HOBBES, a great English metaphysician, was born at Malmesbury, April 5, 1588; died December 4, 1679. His works are so numerous and special, in metaphysical exposition and controversy, that only students of such subjects would find a list of them useful; the one still familiar is "The Leviathan," an analysis of society.]

THE difference of commonwealths consisteth in the difference of the sovereign, or the person representative of all and every one of the multitude. And because the sovereignty is either in one man, or in an assembly of more than one; and into that assembly either every man hath right to enter, or not every one, but certain men distinguished from the rest: it is manifest, there can be but three kinds of commonwealth. For the representative must needs be one man, or more; and if more, then it is the assembly of all, or but of a part. When the representative is one man, then is the commonwealth a Monarchy; when of all that will come together, then it is a Democracy, or popular commonwealth; when of a part only, then it is called an Aristocracy. Other kind of commonwealth there can be none; for either one, or more, or All, must have the sovereign power (which I have shown to be indivisible) entire.

There be other names of government, in the histories and books of policy: Tyranny and Oligarchy; but they are not the names of other forms of government, but of the same forms misliked. For they that are discontented under Monarchy call it Tyranny; and they that are displeased with Aristocracy call it Oligarchy; so also they which find themselves grieved under a Democracy, call it Anarchy (which signifies want of government). And yet I think no man believes that want of government is any new kind of government; nor by the same reason, ought they to believe that the government is of one kind when they like it, and another when they mislike it, or are oppressed by the governors. Liberty, or "freedom," signifieth, properly, the absence of opposition; by "opposition," I mean external impediments of motion; and may be applied no less to irrational and inanimate

creatures than to rational. For whatsoever is so tied, or environed, as it cannot move but within a certain space, which space is determined by the opposition of some external body, we say it hath not liberty to go further. And so of all living creatures whilst they are imprisoned, or restrained, with walls or chains; and of the water whilst it is kept in by banks or vessels, that otherwise would spread itself into a larger space, we use to say, they are not at liberty to move in such manner, as without those external impediments they would. But when the impediment of motion is in the constitution of the thing itself, we use not to say, it wants the liberty, but the power to move; as when a stone lieth still, or a man is fastened to his bed by sickness.

And according to this proper and generally received meaning of the word, a "freeman is he that, in those things which by his strength and wit he is able to do, is not hindered to do what he has a will to." But when the words "free" and "liberty" are applied to anything but "bodies," they are abused; for that which is not subject to motion is not subject to impediment; and therefore, when it is said, for example, the way is free, no liberty of the way is signified, but of those that walk in it without stop. And when we say a gift is free, there is not meant any liberty of the gift, but of the giver, that was not bound by any law or covenant to give it. So when we "speak freely," it is not the liberty of voice, or pronunciation, but of the man, whom no law hath obliged to speak otherwise than he did. Lastly, from the use of the word "free-will," no liberty can be inferred of the will, desire, or inclination, but the liberty of the man; which consisteth in this, that he finds no stop in doing what he has the will, desire, or inclination to do.

Fear and liberty are consistent; as when a man throweth his goods into the sea for "fear" the ship should sink, he doth it nevertheless very willingly, and may refuse to do it if he will: it is therefore the action of one that was "free"; so a man sometimes pays his debt, only for "fear" of imprisonment, which because nobody hindered him from detaining, was the action of a man at "liberty." And generally all actions which men do in commonwealths, for "fear" of the law, are actions which the doers had "liberty" to omit.

"Liberty" and "necessity" are consistent, as in the water, that hath not only "liberty," but a "necessity," of descending by the channel; so likewise in the actions which men voluntarily do: which, because they proceed from their will, proceed

from "liberty," and yet, because every act of man's will, and every desire and inclination, proceedeth from some cause, and that from another cause, in a continual chain, whose first link is in the hand of God the first of all causes, proceed from "necessity." So that to him that could see the connection of those causes, the "necessity" of all men's voluntary actions would appear manifest. And therefore God, that seeth and disposeth all things, seeth also that the "liberty" of man in doing what he will is accompanied with the "necessity" of doing that which God will, and no more nor less. For though men may do many things which God does not command, nor is therefore author of them, yet they can have no passion, nor appetite to anything, of which appetite God's will is not the cause. And did not His will assure the "necessity" of man's will, and consequently of all that on man's will dependeth, the "liberty" of men would be a contradiction and impediment to the omnipotence and "liberty" of God. And this shall suffice, as to the matter in hand, of that natural "liberty," which only is properly called "liberty."

But as men, for the attaining of peace, and the conservation of themselves thereby, have made an artificial man, which we call a commonwealth; so also have they made artificial chains, called "civil laws," which they themselves, by mutual covenants, have fastened at one end, to the lips of that man, or assembly, to whom they have given the sovereign power; and at the other end to their own ears. These bonds, in their own nature but weak, may nevertheless be made to hold, by the danger, though not by the difficulty, of breaking them.

In relation to these bonds only it is that I am to speak now of the "liberty" of "subjects." For seeing there is no commonwealth in the world wherein there be rules enough set down for the regulating of all the actions and words of men, as being a thing impossible, it followeth necessarily that in all kinds of actions by the laws pretermitted, men have the liberty of doing what their own reasons shall suggest, for the most profitable to themselves. For if we take liberty in the proper sense, for corporal liberty; that is to say, freedom from chains and prison; it were very absurd for men to clamor as they do for the liberty they so manifestly enjoy. Again, if we take liberty for an exemption from laws, it is no less absurd for men to demand as they do that liberty by which all other men may be masters of their lives. And yet, as absurd as it is, this is it they demand:

not knowing that the laws are of no power to protect them, without a sword in the hands of a man, or men, to cause those laws to be put in execution. The liberty of a subject lieth therefore only in those things which, in regulating their actions, the sovereign hath pretermitted: such as is the liberty to buy and sell, and otherwise contract with one another; to choose their own abode, their own diet, their own trade of life, and institute their children as they themselves think fit; and the like.

Nevertheless we are not to understand that by such liberty the sovereign power of life and death is either abolished or limited. For it has been already shown that nothing the sovereign representative can do to a subject, on what pretense soever, can properly be called injustice or injury; because every subject is author of every act the sovereign doth; so that he never wanteth right to anything, otherwise than as he himself is the subject of God, and bound thereby to observe the laws of Nature. And therefore it may, and doth often happen in commonwealths, that a subject may be put to death by the command of the sovereign power; and yet neither do the other wrong: as when Jephtha caused his daughter to be sacrificed; in which, and the like cases, he that so dieth, had liberty to do the action, for which he is nevertheless without injury put to death. And the same holdeth also in a sovereign prince that putteth to death an innocent subject. For though the action be against the law of Nature, as being contrary to equity, as was the killing of Uriah by David; yet it was not an injury to Uriah, but to God. Not to Uriah, because the right to do what he pleased was given him by Uriah himself: and yet to God, because David was God's subject, and prohibited all iniquity by the law of Nature: which distinction, David himself, when he repented the fact, evidently confirmed, saying, "To Thee only have I sinned." In the same manner the people of Athens, when they banished the most potent of their commonwealth for ten years, thought they committed no injustice; and yet they never questioned what crime he had done, but what hurt he would do: nay, they commanded the banishment of they knew not whom; and every citizen bringing his oyster shell into the market place, written with the name of him he desired should be banished, without actually accusing him, sometimes banished an Aristides, for his reputation of justice, and sometimes a scurrilous jester, as Hyperbolus, to make a jest of it. And yet a man cannot say, the

sovereign people of Athens wanted right to banish them, or an Athenian the liberty to jest or to be just.

The liberty whereof there is so frequent and honorable mention in the histories and philosophy of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and in the writings and discourse of those that from them have received all their learning in the politics, is not the liberty of particular men, but the liberty of the commonwealth: which is the same with that which every man then should have, if there were no civil laws, nor commonwealth at all. And the effects of it also be the same. For as amongst masterless men there is perpetual war, of every man against his neighbor; no inheritance to transmit to the son, nor to expect from the father; no propriety of goods or lands; no security; but a full and absolute liberty in every particular man: so in states and commonwealths not dependent on one another, every commonwealth, not every man, has an absolute liberty to do what it shall judge, that is to say, what that man, or assembly that representeth it, shall judge most conducing to their benefit. But withal, they live in the condition of a perpetual war, and upon the confines of battle, with their frontiers armed, and cannons planted against their neighbors round about. The Athenians and Romans were free; that is, free commonwealths: not that any particular men had the liberty to resist their own representative, but that their representative had the liberty to resist or invade other people. There is written on the turrets of the city of Lucca, in great characters, at this day, the word "Libertas"; yet no man can thence infer that a particular man has more liberty, or immunity from the service of the commonwealth there, than in Constantinople. Whether a commonwealth be monarchical or popular, the freedom is still the same.

But it is an easy thing for men to be deceived by the specious name of liberty, and for want of judgment to distinguish, mistake that for their private inheritance and birthright which is the right of the public only. And when the same error is confirmed by the authority of men in reputation for their writings on this subject, it is no wonder if it produce sedition and change of government. In these western parts of the world we are made to receive our opinions concerning the institution and rights of commonwealths, from Aristotle, Cicero, and other men, Greeks and Romans, that living under popular states derived those rights, not from the principles of Nature, but transcribed them into their books out of the practice of their own

commonwealths, which were popular; as the grammarians describe the rules of language out of the practice of the time, or the rules of poetry out of the poems of Homer and Virgil. And because the Athenians were taught to keep them from desire of changing their government, that they were free men, and all that lived under monarchy were slaves; therefore Aristotle put it down in his "Politics" (lib. 6, cap. ii.): "In democracy, 'liberty' is to be supposed: for it is commonly held that no man is 'free' in any other government." And as Aristotle, so Cicero and other writers have grounded their civil doctrine on the opinions of the Romans, who were taught to hate monarchy, at first, by them that, having deposed their sovereign, shared amongst them the sovereignty of Rome, and afterwards by their successors. And by reading of these Greek and Latin authors, men from their childhood have gotten a habit, under a false show of liberty, of favoring tumults, and of licentious controlling the actions of their sovereigns, and again of controlling those controllers; with the effusion of so much blood as I think I may truly say there was never anything so dearly bought as these western parts have bought the learning of the Greek and Latin tongues.

To come now to the particulars of the true liberty of a subject; that is to say, what are the things which, though commanded by the sovereign, he may nevertheless, without injustice, refuse to do; we are to consider what rights we pass away, when we make a commonwealth; or, which is all one, what liberty we deny ourselves, by owning all the actions, without exception, of the man, or assembly, we make our sovereign. For in the act of our "submission" consisteth both our "obligation" and our "liberty"; which must therefore be inferred by arguments taken from thence; there being no obligation on any man, which ariseth not from some act of his own; for all men equally are by Nature free. And because such arguments must either be drawn from the express words, I "authorize all his actions," or from the intention of him that submitteth himself to his power, which intention is to be understood by the end for which he so submitteth, the obligation and liberty of the subject is to be derived, either from those words, or others equivalent; or else from the end of the institution of sovereignty, namely, the peace of the subjects within themselves, and their defense against a common enemy.

First, therefore, seeing sovereignty by institution is by

covenant of every one to every one; and sovereignty by acquisition, by covenants of the vanquished to the victor, or child to the parent; it is manifest that every subject has liberty in all those things the right whereof cannot by covenant be transferred. I have shown before, in the 14th chapter, that covenants not to defend a man's own body are void. Therefore,

If the sovereign command a man, though justly condemned, to kill, wound, or maim himself; or not to resist those that assault him; or to abstain from the use of food, air, medicine, or any other thing, without which he cannot live; yet hath that man the liberty to disobey.

If a man be interrogated by the sovereign, or his authority, concerning a crime done by himself, he is not bound, without assurance of pardon, to confess it; because no man, as I have shown in the same chapter, can be obliged by covenant to accuse himself.

Again, the consent of a subject to sovereign power is contained in these words, "I authorize, or take upon me, all his actions;" in which there is no restriction at all, of his own former natural liberty: for by allowing him to "kill me," I am not bound to kill myself when he commands me. It is one thing to say, "Kill me, or my fellow, if you please;" another thing to say, "I will kill myself, or my fellow." It followeth therefore that

No man is bound by the words themselves, either to kill himself, or any other man; and consequently, that the obligation a man may sometimes have, upon the command of the sovereign to execute any dangerous or dishonorable office, dependeth not on the words of our submission, but on the intention which is to be understood by the end thereof. When therefore our refusal to obey frustrates the end for which the sovereignty was ordained, then there is no liberty to refuse: otherwise there is.

Upon this ground, a man that is commanded as a soldier to fight against the enemy, though his sovereign have right enough to punish his refusal with death, may nevertheless in many cases refuse, without injustice; as when he substituteth a sufficient soldier in his place: for in this case he deserteth not the service of the commonwealth. And there is allowance to be made for natural timorousness; not only to women, of whom no such dangerous duty is expected, but also to men of feminine cour-

age. When armies fight, there is on one side, or both, a running away; yet when they do it not out of treachery, but fear, they are not esteemed to do it unjustly, but dishonorably. For the same reason, to avoid battle is not injustice, but cowardice. But he that enrolleth himself a soldier, or taketh impressed money, taketh away the excuse of a timorous nature, and is obliged, not only to go to the battle, but also not to run from it, without his captain's leave. And when the defense of the commonwealth requireth at once the help of all that are able to bear arms, every one is obliged; because otherwise the institution of the commonwealth, which they have not the purpose or courage to preserve, was in vain.

To resist the sword of the commonwealth in defense of another man, guilty or innocent, no man hath liberty; because such liberty takes away from the sovereign the means of protecting us, and is therefore destructive of the very essence of government. But in case a great many men together have already resisted the sovereign power unjustly, or committed some capital crime for which every one of them expecteth death, whether have they not the liberty then to join together, and assist and defend one another? Certainly they have; for they but defend their lives, which the guilty man may as well do as the innocent. There was indeed injustice in the first breach of their duty; their bearing of arms subsequent to it, though it be to maintain what they have done, is no new unjust act. And if it be only to defend their persons, it is not unjust at all. But the offer of pardon taketh from them to whom it is offered the plea of self-defense, and maketh their perseverance in assisting or defending the rest unlawful.

As for other liberties, they depend on the silence of the law. In cases where the sovereign has prescribed no rule, there the subject hath the liberty to do, or forbear, according to his own discretion. And therefore such liberty is in some places more, and in some less; and in some times more, in other times less, according as they that have the sovereignty shall think most convenient.

"THE COMPLEAT ANGLER."

By IZAAK WALTON.

[Izaak Walton, the "Father of Angling," was born at Stafford, August 9, 1593, and for twenty years kept a linen draper's shop in Fleet Street, London. In 1644 he retired on a competency and passed a large part of the remainder of his life at Winchester, where he died in 1683, in the house of his son-in-law, a prebendary of Winchester cathedral. His masterpiece is "The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation" (1653). He also wrote lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Sanderson, and other friends and contemporaries.]

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose myself in such like arguments; I might tell you that Almighty God is said to have spoken to a fish but never to a beast; that he hath made a whale a ship to carry, and set his prophet Jonah safe on the appointed shore. But I cry your mercy for being so long, and thank you for your patience.

Auceps — Sirs, my pardon is easily granted you: I except against nothing that you have said; nevertheless I must part with you at this park wall, for which I am very sorry; but I assure you, Mr. Piscator, I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourself, but your recreation. And so, gentlemen, God keep you both.

Piscator — Well, now, Mr. Venator, you shall neither want time nor my attention to hear you enlarge your discourse concerning hunting.

Venator — Not I, sir: I remember you said that angling itself was of great antiquity and a perfect art, and an art not easily attained to; and you have so won upon me in your former discourse, that I am very desirous to hear what you can say farther concerning those particulars.

Piscator — Sir, I did say so: and I doubt not but if you and I did converse together but a few hours, to leave you possessed with the same high and happy thoughts that now possess me of it; not only of the antiquity of angling, but that it deserves commendations; and that it is an art, and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

Venator — Pray, sir, speak of them what you think fit, for we have yet five miles to the Thatched House; during which walk I dare promise you my patience and diligent attention shall not be wanting. And if you shall make that to appear which you have undertaken — first that it is an art, and an art

worth the learning, I shall beg that I may attend you a day or two a fishing, and that I may become your scholar and be instructed in the art itself which you so much magnify.

Piscator — O sir, doubt not that angling is an art. Is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? a trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled merlin is bold; and yet I doubt not to catch a brace or two tomorrow for a friend's breakfast; — doubt not, therefore, sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so: I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice: but he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practiced it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself.

Venator — Sir, I am now become so full of expectation, that I long much to have you proceed; and in the order you propose.

Piscator — Then first, for the antiquity of angling, of which I shall not say much, but only this: some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood; others, that Belus, who was the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of angling; and some others say, for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it, that Seth, one of the sons of Adam, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity: others say that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge and those useful arts which by God's appointment or allowance and his noble industry were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's flood.

These, sir, have been the opinions of several men that have possibly endeavored to make angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you that angling is much more ancient than the Incarnation of our Savior; for in the prophet Amos mention is made of fishhooks; and in the book of Job, which

was long before the days of Amos, for that book is said to be writ by Moses, mention is made also of fishhooks, which must imply anglers in those times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman, by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches; or wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors (and yet I grant that where a noble and ancient descent, and such merit meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person); so, if this antiquity of angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honor or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practice, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it, of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

And for that, I shall tell you that in ancient times a debate hath arisen, and it remains yet unresolved; whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action?

Concerning which some have endeavored to maintain their opinion of the first, by saying that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say that God enjoys himself only, by a contemplation of his own infiniteness, eternity, power, and goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloisteral men of great learning and devotion prefer contemplation before action. And many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Savior to Martha (Luke x. 41, 42).

And on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent; as namely, experiments in physic, and the application of it both for the ease and prolongation of man's life; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others, either to serve his country or do good to particular persons. And they say also that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of human society; and for these, and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions, I shall forbear to add a third, by declaring my own; and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together,

and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenious, quiet, and harmless art of angling.

And first, I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found it to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it: and this seems to be maintained by the learned Peter Du Moulin, who, in his discourse of the fulfilling of prophecies, observes that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their minds in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

And this seems also to be intimated by the Children of Israel (Psal. cxxxvii.), who, having in a sad condition banished all mirth and music from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute harps upon the willow trees growing by the rivers of Babylon, sat down upon these banks bemoaning the ruins of Sion, and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenious Spaniard says that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate and fools to pass by without consideration." And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, first of rivers and then of fish; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable: I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour to pass away more pleasantly, as I have sat quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

And first, concerning rivers: there be so many wonders reported and written of them, and of the several creatures that be bred and live in them; and those by authors of so good credit, that we need not to deny them an historical faith.

As namely of a river in Epirus, that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted. Some waters being drunk cause madness, some drunkenness, and some laughter to death. The river Selarus in a few hours turns a rod or wand to stone; and our Camden mentions the like in England, and the like in Lochmere in Ireland. There is also a river in Arabia, of which all the sheep that drink thereof

have their wool turned into a vermilion color. And one of no less credit than Aristotle tells us of a merry river, the river Elusina, that dances at the noise of music, for with music it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the music ceases, but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness. And Camden tells us of a well near to Kirby in Westmoreland, that ebbs and flows several times every day: and he tells us of a river in Surrey, it is called Mole, that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes itself a way underground, and breaks out again so far off, that the inhabitants thereabout boast, as the Spaniards do of their river Anus, that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a bridge. And lastly, for I would not tire your patience, one of no less authority than Josephus, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in Judea that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their sabbath.

But I will lay aside my discourse of rivers, and tell you some things of the monsters, or fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. Pliny, the philosopher, says, in the third chapter of his ninth book, that in the Indian Sea, the fish called *balæna*, or whirlpool, is so long and broad as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground; and of other fish of two hundred cubits long; and that, in the river Ganges, there be eels of thirty feet long. He says there that these monsters appear in the sea only when tempestuous winds oppose the torrents of water falling from the rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top. And he says that the people of Cadara, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish bones. He there tells us that there are sometimes a thousand of these great eels found wrapt or interwoven together. He tells us there that it appears that dolphins love music, and will come when called for, by some men or boys that know, and used to feed them, and that they can swim as swift as an arrow can be shot out of a bow; and much of this is spoken concerning the dolphin, and other fish, as may be found also in the learned Dr. Casaubon's "Discourse of Credulity and Incredulity," printed by him about the year 1670.

I know that we islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders; but there be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by John Tradescant, and others added by my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq., who now keeps them carefully

and methodically at his house, near to Lambeth near London, as may get some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe, unless you think fit.

You may see the hogfish, the dogfish, the dolphin, the coneyfish, the parrotfish, the shark, the poisonfish, the swordfish, and not only other incredible fish, but you may there see the salamander, several sorts of barnacles, and Solan geese, the bird of Paradise, such sorts of snakes, and such birds' nests, and of so various forms, and so wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder: and so many hundred of other rarities in that collection, as will make the other wonders I spake of the less incredible; for you may note that the waters are nature's storehouse, in which she locks up her wonders.

But, sir, lest this discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet conclusion out of that holy poet Mr. George Herbert his divine "Contemplation on God's Providence."

Lord, who hath praise enough; nay, who hath any?
None can express thy works but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, they are so many,
And so complete, but only he that owes them.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
Whilst all things have their end, yet none but thine.

Therefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present,
For me, and all my fellows, praise to thee;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

* * * * * * *

You shall read in Seneca, his "Natural Questions," Lib. 3, Cap. 17, that the ancients were so curious in the newness of their fish, that that seemed not new enough that was not put alive into the guest's hand: and he says that to that end they did usually keep them living in glass bottles in their dining rooms: and they did glory much in their entertaining of friends, to have that fish taken from under their table alive that was instantly to be fed upon. And he says, they took great pleasure to see their Mullets change to several colors, when they were dying.

But enough of this, for I doubt I have stayed too long from giving you some observations of the trout, and how to fish for him, which shall take up the next of my spare time.

The Trout is a fish highly valued both in this and foreign nations: he may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish: a fish that is so like the buck that he also has his seasons; for it is observed that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck; Gesner says, his name is of a German offspring, and says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh-water fish, as the Mullet may with all sea fish, for precedency and daintiness of taste, and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedency to him. . . .

But turn out of the way a little, good scholar! towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech tree I sat down when I was last this way a fishing. And the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebblestones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet hath happily expressed it,

> I was for that time lifted above earth,
> And possessed joys not promised in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me: 'twas a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do: but she cast away all care, and sung like a

nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it: it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a fishing, and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

Milk Woman — Marry, God requite you, sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you come this way a fishing two months hence, a grace of God, I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice in a new-made haycock for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men; in the mean time will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

Piscator — No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt; it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow about eight or nine days since.

Milk Woman — What song was it, I pray? Was it "Come Shepherds, deck your heads"? or, "As at noon Dulcina rested"? or, "Philida flouts me"? or, "Chevy Chace"? or, "Johnny Armstrong"? or, "Troy Town"?

Piscator — No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

Milk Woman — Oh, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentleman with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second, when you have done.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
The valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield;

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for my meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Venator — Trust me, my master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milkmaid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, and sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night: and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid's wish upon her, "That she may die in the spring,

and being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding sheet."

THE MILKMAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain; that's only good
Which God hath blessed, and sent for food.

But could youth last and love still breed —
Had joys no date, or age no need —
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Mother — Well! I have done my song. But stay, honest anglers; for I will make Maudlin to sing you one short song more. Maudlin! sing that song that you sung last night, when young Coridon the shepherd played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.

Maudlin — I will, mother.

"I married a wife of late,
The more's my unhappy fate;
I married her for love,
As my fancy did me move,
And not for a worldly estate;

"But oh! the green sickness
Soon changed her likeness
And all her beauty did fail.
But 'tis not so
With those that go
Through frost and snow,
As all men know,
And carry the milking pail."

Piscator — Well sung, good woman; I thank you. I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days, and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar, let Maudlin alone; do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look, yonder comes mine hostess, to call us to supper. How now? Is my brother Peter come?

Hostess — Yes, and a friend with him; they are both glad to hear that you are in these parts, and long to see you, and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

* * * * * * *

Piscator — What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers and meadows and flowers and fountains that we have met with since we met together? I have been told that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in its full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers, and stomachs and meat, and content and leisure to go a fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you; but I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was and is to plant that in

your mind with which I labor to possess my own soul : that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you riches, without them, do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches, with them, remove many fears and cares ; and therefore my advice is that you endeavor to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor : but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin, "He that loses his conscience, has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health : and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience ; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of ; a blessing that money cannot buy, and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not : but note, that there is no necessity of being rich ; for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches, as on this side them : and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart. Which Almighty God grant to me, and to my honest scholar ; and so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

Venator — Well, master, I thank you for all your good directions ; but for none more than this last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget. . . .

Here I must part with you, here in this now sad place where I was so happy as first to meet you : but I shall long for the ninth of May ; for then I hope again to enjoy your beloved company, at the appointed time and place. And now I wish for some somniferous potion, that might force me to sleep away the intermitted time, which will pass away with me as tediously as it does with men in sorrow ; nevertheless, I will make it as short as I can by my hopes and wishes. And, my good master, I will not forget the doctrine which you told me Socrates taught his scholars, that they should not think to be honored so much for being philosophers, as to honor philosophy by their virtuous lives. You advised me to the like concerning angling, and I will endeavor to do so ; and to live like those many worthy men of which you made mention in the former part of your discourse. This is my firm resolution ; and as a pious man advised his friend, that to beget mortification he should frequent churches, and view monuments, and charnel

houses, and then and there consider how many dead bodies time had piled up at the gates of death: so when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures, that are not only created but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him. This is my purpose; and so, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord: and let the blessing of St. Peter's master be with mine.

Piscator — And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in his providence, and be quiet, and go a angling.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

By JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.

(From "Lucifer," translated by Sir John Bowring.)

[Joost van den Vondel, the great Dutch poet and dramatist, known as "the Dutch Shakespeare," was born at Cologne, November 17, 1587. His parents, who were Anabaptists, had fled to Cologne from Antwerp to avoid the persecution of the Spanish government, and removed to Amsterdam in 1597. The son carried on his father's business of hosier, to which, however, his wife chiefly attended, and thus secured him leisure for his literary work. In 1657 he became a bankrupt, owing to bad management of his affairs by his eldest son, and the next year was forced to accept a clerkship in the public loan office, retiring with a pension in 1668 on account of old age. Among his dramatic works are: Translations or imitations of classic plays; the original dramas "Palamedes," "Gysbrecht van Aemstel," "Mary Stuart," "Jephtha"; and the dramatic poem "Lucifer" (1654), his most powerful work. He also excelled as a lyric poet. He died at Amsterdam in 1679.]

Who sits above heaven's heights sublime,
  Yet fills the grave's profoundest place,
Beyond eternity or time
  Or the vast round of viewless space:
Who on Himself alone depends,
  Immortal, glorious, but unseen,
And in His mighty being blends
  What rolls around or flows within.
Of all we know not, all we know,
  Prime source and origin, a sea
Whose waters poured on earth below
  Wake blessing's brightest radiancy.

His power, love, wisdom, first exalted
And wakened from oblivion's birth
Yon starry arch, yon palace vaulted,
Yon heaven of heavens, to smile on earth.
From His resplendent majesty
We shade us, 'neath our sheltering wings,
While awe-inspired and tremblingly
We praise the glorious King of Kings,
With sight and sense confused and dim.
O name, describe the Lord of Lords!
The seraphs' praise shall hallow Him: —
Or is the theme too vast for words?

RESPONSE.

'Tis God! who pours the living glow
Of light, creation's fountain head:
Forgive the praise, too mean and low,
Or from the living or the dead!
No tongue Thy peerless name hath spoken,
No space can hold that awful Name;
The aspiring spirit's wing is broken; —
Thou wilt be, wert, and art the same.
Language is dumb, — Imagination,
Knowledge, and Science, helpless fall;
They are irreverent profanation,
And thou, O God! art all in all.
How vain on such a thought to dwell!
Who knows Thee? Thee, the All-unknown?
Can angels be thy oracle,
Who art, who art Thyself alone?
None, none can trace Thy course sublime,
For none can catch a ray from Thee,
The Splendor and the Source of Time,
The Eternal of Eternity!
The light of light outpoured conveys
Salvation in its flight elysian,
Brighter than even Thy mercy's rays; —
But vainly would our feeble vision
Aspire to Thee. From day to day
Age steals on us, but meets Thee never:
Thy power is life's support and stay, —
We praise Thee, sing Thee, Lord! forever.
Holy! holy! holy! Praise,
Praise be His in every land!
Safety in His presence stays,
Sacred is His high command.

THREE SONNETS OF MILTON.

[For biographical sketch, see page 28.]

On the Late Massacre in Piedmont (1655).

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

On his Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

To Cyriac Skinner (1656).

Cyriac, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear

Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

COWLEY ON HIMSELF.

[Abraham Cowley, one of the most admired poets of his time, though now little esteemed, was born at London in 1618. He was expelled from Cambridge University during the Civil War on account of his royalist sympathies, and then studied for a time at St. John's, Oxford. When Queen Henrietta Maria left the country he followed her to France, and managed her correspondence in cipher with the king. After the Restoration he was neglected for many years by Charles II., but at length retained the lease of the queen's lands at Chertsey, in Surrey. He died in 1667, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The epic "Davideis," "Pindaric Odes," and "The Mistress" are his chief poetical works.]

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise for him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt than rise up to the estimation of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont

to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercises out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish, but of this part which I here set down, if a very little were corrected, I should hardly now be much ashamed.

IX.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known.
Rumor can ope the grave;
Acquaintance I would have, but when it depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

X.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

XI.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display
Or in clouds hide them — I have lived to-day.

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace), and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, these characters in me. They were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early is a hard question. I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there. For I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlor (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion); but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this), and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that public violent storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars, to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses in the world. Now though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily fight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and the French courts), yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when for aught I knew it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me, when I saw it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad, or content to be in a storm, though I saw many

ships which rode safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach if it did with my courage; though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honorable trust, though I ate at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish in a copy of verses to the same effect:

> Well then; I now do plainly see,
> This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, etc.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from His Majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, with no greater probabilities or pretenses have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it.

> Thou, neither great at court nor in the war,
> Nor at th' exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar;
> Content thyself with the small barren praise,
> Which neglected verse does raise, etc.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it *A corps perdu*, without making capitulations or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man who says to his soul, "Take thy ease"; I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum.* Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married, though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.

> ——— *Nec vos, dulcissima mundi*
> *Nomina, vos Musæ, libertas, otia, libri,*
> *Hortique sylvæque anima remanente relinquam.*

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all names the sweetest, and the best,
You Muses, books, and liberty, and rest,
You gardens, fields, and woods forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

But this is a very petty ejaculation. Because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humor to the last.

MARTIAL, LIB. 10, EP. 47.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, etc.

Since, dearest friend, 'tis your desire to see
A true receipt of happiness from me;
These are the chief ingredients, if not all:
Take an estate neither too great nor small,
Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call;
Let this estate from parents' care descend:
The getting it too much of life does spend.
Take such a ground, whose gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for industry.
Let constant fires the winter's fury tame,
And let thy kitchens be a vestal flame.
Thee to the town let never suit at law,
And rarely, very rarely, business draw.
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undisturbèd peace, yet not in sleep.
Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
Without which all the composition's vain.
In the same weight prudence and innocence take
Ana of each does the just mixture make.
But a few friendships wear, and let them be
By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee.
Instead of art and luxury in food,
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
If any cares into thy daytime creep,
At night, without wines, opium, let them sleep.
Let rest, which Nature does to darkness wed,
And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.
Be satisfied, and pleased with what thou art;
Act cheerfully and well the allotted part.
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear, nor wish the approaches of the last.

THE BURIAL OF AN INFANT.

By HENRY VAUGHAN.

[Henry Vaughan, "the Silurist" (*i.e.*, South Welshman), English poet and mystic, was born in Skethiog, Wales, in 1621. He graduated at Jesus College, Oxford, studied and was in literary society in London, and published a volume of poems in 1646. Taking a medical course, he settled as a physician in his native town. His works thenceforth were: "Silex Scintillans" (sacred poems), 1650 and 1655; "Olor Iscanus" (secular), 1651; "The Mount of Olives" (prose, mystical), 1652; and translations. In 1678 a friend collected his miscellaneous poems as "Thalia Rediviva." He died in 1693.]

Blest infant bud, whose blossom life
Did only look about, and fall
Wearied out in a harmless strife
Of tears, and milk, the food of all;

Sweetly didst thou expire: thy soul
Flew home unstained by his new kin;
For ere thou knew'st how to be foul,
Death weaned thee from the world, and sin.

Softly rest all thy virgin crumbs
Lapt in the sweets of thy young breath,
Expecting till thy Saviour comes
To dress them, and unswaddle death!

THE BIRD.

By HENRY VAUGHAN.

Hither thou com'st. The busy wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
Rained on thy bed
And harmless head;
And now as fresh and cheerful as the light
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
Unto that Providence whose unseen arm
Curbed them, and clothed thee well and warm.
All things that be praise Him; and had
Their lesson taught them when first made.

THE DEATH OF RADZIVILL.

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

(From "The Deluge."[1])

[HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, foremost Polish novelist of his time, was born of Lithuanian parents at Vola Okrzejska in the Lukowschen, in 1846. After pursuing his studies at the University of Warsaw, he adopted a wandering existence, and in 1876 proceeded to America, where he spent considerable time in southern California, and wrote for the Warsaw papers numerous stories and impressions of travel. He subsequently returned to Poland and took up literature as a profession. Nearly all of his works have been translated into English, and enjoy great popularity in the United States and England. The most important are: "Children of the Soil"; "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael," forming a trilogy of historical novels; "Quo Vadis," a tale of the time of Nero; "Yanko the Musician"; "Without Dogma"; "Hania." Died in 1916.]

THE others marched toward the castle in darkness and wind, which rose from the north and blew with increasing force, howling, storming, bringing with it clouds of snow broken fine.

"A good night to explode a petard!" said Volodyovski.

"But also for a sortie," answered Pan Yan. "We must keep a watchful eye and ready muskets."

"God grant," said Pan Tokarzevich, "that at Chenstohova there is a still greater storm. It is always warmer for our men behind the walls. But may the Swedes freeze there on guard, may they freeze!"

"A terrible night!" said Pan Stanislav; "do you hear, gentlemen, how it howls, as if Tartars were rushing through the air to attack?"

"Or as if devils were singing a requiem for Radzivill!" said Volodyovski.

But a few days subsequent the great traitor in the castle was looking at the darkness coming down on the snowy shrouds and listening to the howling of the wind.

The lamp of his life was burning out slowly. At noon of that day he was still walking around and looking through the battlements, at the tents and the wooden huts of Sapyeha's troops; but two hours later he grew so ill that they had to carry him to his chambers.

From those times at Kyedani in which he had striven for a crown, he had changed beyond recognition. The hair on his head had grown white, around his eyes red rings had formed,

[1] Copyright, 1891, by Little, Brown & Co.

his face was swollen and flabby, therefore it seemed still more enormous, but it was the face of a half corpse, marked with blue spots and terrible through its expression of hellish suffering.

And still, though his life could be measured by hours, he had lived too long, for not only had he outlived faith in himself and his fortunate star, faith in his own hopes and plans, but his fall was so deep that when he looked at the bottom of that precipice to which he was rolling, he would not believe himself. Everything had deceived him : events, calculations, allies. He, for whom it was not enough to be the mightiest lord in Poland, a prince of the Roman Empire, grand hetman, and voevoda of Vilna; he, for whom all Lithuania was less than what he desired and was lusting after, was confined in one narrow, small castle in which either Death or Captivity was waiting for him. And he watched the door every day to see which of these two terrible goddesses would enter first to take his soul or his more than half-ruined body.

Of his lands, of his estates and starostaships, it was possible not long before to mark out a vassal kingdom; now he is not master even of the walls of Tykotsin.

Barely a few months before he was treating with neighboring kings; to-day one Swedish captain obeys his commands with impatience and contempt, and dares to bend him to his will.

When his troops left him, when from a lord and a magnate who made the whole country tremble, he became a powerless pauper who needed rescue and assistance himself, Karl Gustav despised him. He would have raised to the skies a mighty ally, but he turned with haughtiness from the supplicant.

Like Kostka Napyerski, the footpad, besieged on a time in Chorshtyn, is he, Radzivill, besieged now in Tykotsin. And who is besieging him? Sapycha, his greatest personal enemy. When they capture him they will drag him to justice in worse fashion than a robber, as a traitor.

His kinsmen have deserted him, his friends, his connections. Armies have plundered his property, his treasures and riches are blown into mist, and that lord, that prince, who once upon a time astonished the court of France and dazzled it with his luxury, he who at feasts received thousands of nobles, who maintained tens of thousands of his own troops, whom he fed

and supported, had not now wherewith to nourish his own failing strength; and terrible to relate, he, Radzivill, in the last moments of his life, almost at the hour of his death, was hungry!

In the castle there had long been a lack of provisions; from the scant remaining supplies the Swedish commander dealt stingy rations, and the prince would not beg of him.

If only the fever which was devouring his strength had deprived him of consciousness; but it had not. His breast rose with increasing heaviness, his breath turned into a rattle, his swollen feet and hands were freezing, but his mind, omitting moments of delirium, omitting the terrible visions and nightmares which passed before his eyes, remained for the greater part of the time clear. And that prince saw his whole fall, all his want, all his misery and humiliation; that former warrior victor saw all his defeat, and his sufferings were so immense that they could be equaled only by his sins.

Besides, as the Furies tormented Orestes, so was he tormented by reproaches of conscience, and in no part of the world was there a sanctuary to which he could flee from them. They tormented him in the day, they tormented him at night, in the field, under the roof; pride could not withstand them nor repulse them. The deeper his fall, the more fiercely they lashed him. And there were moments in which he tore his own breast. When enemies came against his country from every side, when foreign nations grieved over its hapless condition, its sufferings and bloodshed, he, the grand hetman, instead of moving to the field, instead of sacrificing the last drop of his blood, instead of astonishing the world like Leonidas or Themistocles, instead of pawning his last coat like Sapyeha, made a treaty with enemies against the mother, raised a sacrilegious hand against his own king, and imbrued it in blood near and dear to him. He had done all this, and now he is at the limit not only of infamy, but of life, close to his reckoning, there beyond. What is awaiting him?

The hair rose on his head when he thought of that. For he had raised his hand against his country, he had appeared to himself great in relation to that country, and now all had changed. Now he had become small, and the Commonwealth, rising from dust and blood, appeared to him something great and continually greater, invested with a mysterious terror, full of a sacred majesty, awful. And she grew, increased continually in his eyes, and became more and more gigantic. In

presence of her he felt himself dust as prince and as hetman, as Radzivill. He could not understand what that was. Some unknown waves were rising around him, flowing toward him, with roaring, with thunder, flowing ever nearer, rising more terribly, and he understood that he must be drowned in that immensity, hundreds such as he would be drowned. But why had he not seen this awfulness and this mysterious power at first; why had he, madman, rushed against it? When these ideas roared in his head, fear seized him in presence of that mother, in presence of that Commonwealth; for he did not recognize her features, which formerly were so kind and so mild.

The spirit was breaking within him, and terror dwelt in his breast. At moments he thought that another country altogether, another people, were around him. Through the besieged walls came news of everything that men were doing in the invaded Commonwealth, and marvelous and astonishing things were they doing. A war of life or death against the Swedes and traitors had begun, all the more terrible in that it had not been foreseen by any man. The Commonwealth had begun to punish. There was something in this of the anger of God for the insult to majesty.

When through the walls of Tykotsin came news of the siege of Chenstohova, Radzivill, a Calvinist, was frightened; and fright did not leave his soul from that day, for then he perceived for the first time those mysterious waves which, after they had risen, were to swallow the Swedes and him; then the invasion of the Swedes seemed not an invasion, but a sacrilege, and the punishment of it inevitable. Then for the first time the veil dropped from his eyes, and he saw the changed face of the Commonwealth, no longer a mother, but a punishing queen.

All who had remained true to her and served with heart and soul rose and grew greater and greater; whoso sinned against her went down. "And therefore it is not free to any one to think," said the prince to himself, "of his own elevation, or that of his family, but he must sacrifice life, strength, and love to her."

But for him it was now too late; he had nothing to sacrifice; he had no future before him save that beyond the grave, at sight of which he shuddered.

From the time of besieging Chenstohova, when one terrible

cry was torn from the breast of an immense country, when as if by a miracle there was found in it a certain wonderful, hitherto unknown and not understood power, when you would have said that a mysterious hand from beyond this world rose in its defense, a new doubt gnawed into the soul of the prince, and he could not free himself from the terrible thought that God stood with that cause and that faith.

And when such thoughts roared in his head, he doubted his own faith, and then his despair passed even the measure of his sins. Temporal fall, spiritual fall, darkness, nothingness, — behold to what he had come, what he had gained by serving self.

And still, at the beginning of the expedition from Kyedani against Podlyasye, he was full of hope. It is true that Sapyeha, a leader inferior to him beyond comparison, had defeated him in the field, and the rest of the squadrons left him, but he strengthened himself with the thought that any day Boguslav might come with assistance. That young eagle of the Radzivills would fly to him at the head of Prussian Lutheran legions, who would not pass over to the papists like the Lithuanian squadrons; and at once he would bend Sapyeha in two, scatter his forces, scatter the confederates, and putting themselves on the corpse of Lithuania, like two lions on the carcass of a deer, with roaring alone would terrify all who might wish to tear it away from them.

But time passed; the forces of Prince Yanush melted; even the foreign regiments went over to the terrible Sapyeha; days passed, weeks, months, but Boguslav came not.

At last the siege of Tykotsin began.

The Swedes, a handful of whom remained with Yanush, defended themselves heroically; for, stained already with terrible cruelty, they saw that even surrender would not guard them from the vengeful hands of the Lithuanians. The prince in the beginning of the siege had still the hope that at the last moment, perhaps, the King of Sweden himself would move to his aid, and perhaps Pan Konyetspolski, who at the head of six thousand cavalry was with Karl Gustav. But his hope was vain. No one gave him a thought, no one came with assistance.

"Oh, Boguslav! Boguslav!" repeated the prince, walking through the chambers of Tykotsin; "if you will not save a cousin, save at least a Radzivill!"

At last in his final despair Prince Yanush resolved on taking

a step at which his pride revolted fearfully; that was to implore Prince Michael Radzivill of Nyesvyej for rescue. This letter, however, was intercepted on the road by Sapyeha's men; but the voevoda of Vityebsk sent to Yanush in answer a letter which he had himself received from Prince Michael a week before.

Prince Yanush found in it the following passage: —

If news has come to you, gracious lord, that I intend to go with succor to my relative, the voevoda of Vilna, believe it not, for I hold only with those who endure in loyalty to the country and our king, and who desire to restore the former liberties of this most illustrious Commonwealth. This course will not, as I think, bring me to protect traitors from just and proper punishment. Boguslav too will not come, for, as I hear, the elector prefers to think of himself, and does not wish to divide his forces; and *quod attinet* (as to) Konyetspolski, since he will pay court to Prince Yanush's widow, should she become one, it is to his profit that the prince voevoda be destroyed with all speed.

This letter, addressed to Sapyeha, stripped the unfortunate Yanush of the remnant of his hope, and nothing was left him but to wait for the accomplishment of his destiny.

The siege was hastening to its close.

News of the departure of Sapyeha passed through the wall almost that moment; but the hope that in consequence of his departure hostile steps would be abandoned were of short duration, for in the infantry regiments an unusual movement was observable. Still some days passed quietly enough, since the plan of blowing up the gate with a petard resulted in nothing; but December 31 came, on which only the approaching night might incommode the besiegers, for evidently they were preparing something against the castle, at least a new attack of cannon on the weakened walls.

The day was drawing to a close. The prince was lying in the so-called "Corner" hall, situated in the western part of the castle. In an enormous fireplace were burning whole logs of pine wood, which cast a lively light on the white and rather empty walls. The prince was lying on his back on a Turkish sofa, pushed out purposely into the middle of the room, so that the warmth of the blaze might reach it. Nearer to the fireplace, a little in the shade, slept a page, on a carpet; near the

prince were sitting, slumbering in armchairs, Pani Yakimovich, formerly chief lady in waiting at Kyedani, another page, a physician, also the prince's astrologer, and Kharlamp.

Kharlamp had not left the prince, though he was almost the only one of his former officers who had remained. That was a bitter service, for the heart and soul of the officer were outside the walls of Tykotsin, in the camp of Sapyeha; still he remained faithful at the side of his old leader. From hunger and watching the poor fellow had grown as thin as a skeleton. Of his face there remained but the nose, which now seemed still greater, and mustaches like bushes. He was clothed in complete armor, breastplate, shoulder pieces, and morion, with a wire cape which came down to his shoulders. His cuirass was battered, for he had just returned from the walls, to which he had gone to make observations a little while before, and on which he sought death every day. He was slumbering at the moment from weariness, though there was a terrible rattling in the prince's breast as if he had begun to die, and though the wind howled and whistled outside.

Suddenly short quivering began to shake the gigantic body of Radzivill, and the rattling ceased. Those who were around him woke at once and looked quickly, first at him and then at one another. But he said: —

"It is as if something had gone out of my breast; I feel easier."

He turned his head a little, looked carefully toward the door, and at last said, "Kharlamp!"

"At the service of your highness!"

"What does Stahovich want here?"

The legs began to tremble under poor Kharlamp, for unterrified as he was in battle he was superstitious in the same degree; therefore he looked around quickly, and said in a stifled voice: —

"Stahovich is not here; your highness gave orders to shoot him at Kyedani."

The prince closed his eyes and answered not a word.

For a time there was nothing to be heard save the doleful and continuous howling of the wind.

"The weeping of people is heard in that wind," said the prince, again opening his eyes in perfect consciousness. "But I did not bring in the Swedes; it was Radzeyovski."

When no one gave answer, he said after a short time: —

"He is most to blame, he is most to blame, he is most to blame."

And a species of consolation entered his breast, as if the remembrance rejoiced him that there was some one more guilty than he.

Soon, however, more grievous thoughts must have come to his head, for his face grew dark, and he repeated a number of times: —

"Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

And again choking attacked him; a rattling began in his throat more terrible than before. Meanwhile from without came the sound of musketry, at first infrequent, then more frequent; but amidst the drifting of the snow and the howling of the whirlwind they did not sound too loudly, and it might have been thought that that was some continual knocking at the gate.

"They are fighting!" said the prince's physician.

"As usual!" answered Kharlamp. "People are freezing in the snowdrifts, and they wish to fight to grow warm."

"This is the sixth day of the whirlwind and the snow," answered the doctor. "Great changes will come in the kingdom, for this is an unheard-of thing."

"God grant it!" said Kharlamp. "It cannot be worse."

Further conversation was interrupted by the prince, to whom a new relief had come.

"Kharlamp!"

"At the service of your highness!"

"Does it seem to me so from weakness, or did Oskyerko try to blow up the gate with a petard two days since?"

"He tried, your highness; but the Swedes seized the petards and wounded him slightly, and Sapyeha's men were repulsed."

"If wounded slightly, then he will try again. But what day is it?"

"The last day of December, your highness."

"God be merciful to my soul! I shall not live to the New Year. Long ago it was foretold me that every fifth year death is near me."

"God is kind, your highness."

"God is with Sapyeha," said the prince, gloomily.

All at once he looked around and said: "Cold comes to me from it. I do not see it, but I feel that it is here."

"What is that, your highness?"

"Death!"

"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

A moment of silence followed; nothing was heard but the whispered "Our Father," repeated by Pani Yakimovich.

"Tell me," said the prince, with a broken voice, "do you believe that outside of your faith no one can be saved?"

"Even in the moment of death it is possible to renounce errors," said Kharlamp.

The sound of shots had become at that moment more frequent. The thunder of cannon began to shake the window panes, which answered each report with a plaintive sound.

The prince listened a certain time calmly, then rose slightly on the pillow; his eyes began slowly to widen, his pupils to glitter. He sat up; for a moment he held his head with his hand, then cried suddenly, as if in bewilderment: —

"Boguslav! Boguslav! Boguslav!"

Kharlamp ran out of the room like a madman.

The whole castle trembled and quivered from the thunder of cannon.

All at once there was heard the cry of several thousand voices; then something was torn with a ghastly smashing of walls, so that brands and coals from the chimney were scattered on the floor. At the same time Kharlamp rushed into the chamber.

"Sapyeha's men have blown up the gate!" cried he. "The Swedes have fled to the tower! The enemy is here! Your highness ——"

Further words died on his lips. Radzivill was sitting on the sofa with eyes starting out; with open lips he was gulping the air, his teeth bared like those of a dog when he snarls; he tore with his hands the sofa on which he was sitting, and gazing with terror into the depth of the chamber cried, or rather gave out hoarse rattles between one breath and another: —

"It was Radzeyovski — Not I — Save me! — What do you want? Take the crown! — It was Radzeyovski — Save me, people! Jesus! Jesus! Mary!"

These were the last words of Radzivill.

Then a terrible coughing seized him; his eyes came out in still more ghastly fashion from their sockets; he stretched himself out, fell on his back, and remained motionless.

"He is dead!" said the doctor.

"He cried Mary, though a Calvinist, you have heard!" said Pani Yakimovich.

"Throw wood on the fire!" said Kharlamp to the terrified pages.

He drew near to the corpse, closed the eyelids; then he took from his own armor a gilded image of the Mother of God which he wore on a chain, and placing the hands of Radzivill together on his breast, he put the image between the dead fingers.

The light of the fire was reflected from the golden ground of the image, and that reflection fell upon the face of the voevoda and made it cheerful, so that never had it seemed so calm.

Kharlamp sat at the side of the body, and resting his elbows on his knees, hid his face in his hands.

The silence was broken only by the sound of shots.

All at once something terrible took place. First of all was a flash of awful brightness; the whole world seemed turned into fire, and at the same time there was given forth such a sound as if the earth had fallen from under the castle. The walls tottered; the ceilings cracked with a terrible noise; all the windows tumbled in on the floor, and the panes were broken into hundreds of fragments. Through the empty openings of the windows that moment clouds of snow drifted in, and the whirlwind began to howl gloomily in the corners of the chamber.

All the people present fell to the floor on their faces, speechless from terror.

Kharlamp rose first, and looked directly on the corpse of the voevoda; the corpse was lying in calmness, but the gilded image had slipped a little in the hands.

Kharlamp recovered his breath. At first he felt certain that that was an army of Satans who had broken into the chamber for the body of the prince.

"The word has become flesh!" said he. "The Swedes must have blown up the tower and themselves."

But from without there came no sound. Evidently the troops of Sapyeha were standing in dumb wonder, or perhaps in fear that the whole castle was mined, and that there would be explosion after explosion.

"Put wood on the fire!" said Kharlamp to the pages.

Again the room was gleaming with a bright, quivering light. Round about a deathlike stillness continued; but the fire hissed, the whirlwind howled, and the snow rolled each moment more densely through the window openings.

At last confused voices were heard, then the clatter of spurs and the tramp of many feet; the door of the chamber was opened wide, and soldiers rushed in.

It was bright from the naked sabers, and more and more figures of knights in helmets, caps, and kolpaks crowded through the door. Many were bearing lanterns in their hands, and they held them to the light, advancing carefully, though it was light in the room from the fire as well.

At last there sprang forth from the crowd a little knight all in enameled armor, and cried: —

"Where is the voevoda of Vilna?"

"Here!" said Kharlamp, pointing to the body lying on the sofa.

Volodyovski looked at him, and said: —

"He is not living!"

"He is not living, he is not living!" went from mouth to mouth.

"The traitor, the betrayer, is not living!"

"So it is," said Kharlamp, gloomily. "But if you dishonor his body and bear it apart with sabers, you will do ill, for before his end he called on the Most Holy Lady, and he holds Her image in his hand."

These words made a deep impression. The shouts were hushed. Then the soldiers began to approach, to go around the sofa, and look at the dead man. Those who had lanterns turned the light of them on his eyes; and he lay there, gigantic, gloomy, on his face the majesty of a hetman and the cold dignity of death.

The soldiers came one after another, and among them the officers; therefore Stankyevich approached, the two Skshetuskis, Horotkyevich, Yakub Kmita, Oskyerko, and Pan Zagloba.

"It is true!" said Zagloba, in a low voice, as if he feared to rouse the prince. "He holds in his hands the Most Holy Lady, and the shining from Her falls on his face."

When he said this he removed his cap. That instant all the others bared their heads. A moment of silence filled with reverence followed, which was broken at last by Volodyovski.

"Ah!" said he, "he is before the judgment of God, and people have nothing to do with him." Here he turned to Kharlamp. "But you, unfortunate, why did you for his sake leave your country and king?"

"Give him this way!" called a number of voices at once.

Then Kharlamp rose, and taking off his saber threw it with a clatter on the floor, and said: —

"Here I am, cut me to pieces! I did not leave him with you, when he was powerful as a king, and afterward it was not proper to leave him when he was in misery and no one stayed with him. I have not grown fat in his service; for three days I have had nothing in my mouth, and the legs are bending under me. But here I am, cut me to pieces! for I confess furthermore [here Kharlamp's voice trembled] that I loved him."

When he had said this he tottered and would have fallen; but Zagloba opened his arms to him, caught him, supported him, and cried: —

"By the living God! Give the man food and drink!"

That touched all to the heart; therefore they took Kharlamp by the arms and led him out of the chamber at once. Then the soldiers began to leave it one after another, making the sign of the cross with devotion.

On the road to their quarters Zagloba was meditating over something. He stopped, coughed, then pulled Volodyovski by the skirt. "Pan Michael," said he.

"Well, what?"

"My anger against Radzivill is passed; a dead man is a dead man! I forgive him from my heart for having made an attempt on my life."

"He is before the tribunal of heaven," said Volodyovski.

"That's it, that's it! H'm, if it would help him I would even give for a Mass, since it seems to me that he has an awfully small chance up there."

"God is merciful!"

"As to being merciful, he is merciful; still the Lord cannot look without abhorrence on heretics. And Radzivill was not only a heretic, but a traitor. There is where the trouble is!"

Here Zagloba shook his head and began to look upward.

"I am afraid," said he, after a while, "that some of those Swedes who blew themselves up will fall on my head; that they will not be received there in heaven is certain."

"They were good men," said Pan Michael, with recognition; "they preferred death to surrender; there are few such soldiers in the world."

HYDRIOTAPHIA: OR, URN-BURIAL.

By Sir THOMAS BROWNE.

(For biographical notice, see page 39.)

Now since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and spacious buildings above it, and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests: what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his relics, or might not gladly say,

Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim?

Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments.

In vain we hope to be known by open and visible conservatories, when to be unknown was the means of their continuation, and obscurity their protection. If they died by violent hands, and were thrust into their urns, these bones become considerable, and some old philosophers would honor them, whose souls they conceived most pure, which were thus snatched from their bodies, and to retain a stronger propension unto them; whereas they weariedly left a languishing corpse, and with faint desires of reunion. If they fell by long and aged decay, yet wrapt up in the bundle of time, they fall into indistinction, and make but one blot with infants. If we begin to die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death, our life is a sad composition; we live with death, and die not in a moment. How many pulses made up the life of Methuselah, were work for Archimedes: common counters sum up the life of Moses his man. Our days become considerable, like petty sums, by minute accumulations; where numerous fractions make up but small round numbers; and our days of a span long, make not one little finger.

If the nearness of our last necessity brought a nearer conformity into it, there were a happiness in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying; when avarice makes us the sport of death, when even David grew politicly cruel, and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age. Adversity stretcheth

our days, misery makes Alcmena's nights, and time hath no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish itself, content to be nothing, or never to have been, which was beyond the malcontent of Job, who cursed not the day of his life, but his nativity; content to have so far been as to have a title to future being, although he had lived here but in an hidden state of life, and as it were an abortion.

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counselors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes which, in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vainglory, and madding vices. Pagan vainglories which thought the world might last forever, had encouragement for ambition; and, finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never dampt with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vainglories, who acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already outlasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time, we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias, and Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.

And therefore restless unquiet for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations seems a vanity almost out of date and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons. One face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of

the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and, being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging his horoscopical inclination and judgment of himself. Who cares to subsist like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsistencies? To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name, than Herodias with one. And who had not rather been the good thief than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have

equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favor of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. . . .

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls — a good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become

merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osyris in the Dog Star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth — durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favor, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end (all others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction); which is the peculiar of that necessary Essence that cannot destroy itself; and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal luster, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch

and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world, we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves ; at least, quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures. Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to die shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned ; when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilations shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them, and some have been so vainly boisterous that they durst not acknowledge their graves ; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world that they are not afraid to meet them in the next ; who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.

Pious spirits who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of preordination and night of their forebeings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven ; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocents' churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be anything, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus.

THE AFFECTED LADIES.

By MOLIÈRE.

(Translated by Charles Heron Wall.)

[Molière (stage name of Jean Baptiste Poquelin), the greatest of French comedy writers, was the son of an upholsterer, and was born in Paris in 1622. He studied law for a time at Orleans, but, preferring the theatrical profession, at twenty-one joined a company styling themselves "Illustre Théâtre," and traveled in the provinces for many seasons. He was playing at Lyons in 1653, where his first piece, "L'Étourdi," a comedy of intrigue, was brought out. In 1658 Molière's company acted at Paris before Louis XIV., who was so highly pleased that he allowed them to establish themselves in the city under the title of the "Troupe de Monsieur" (later denominated "Troupe du Roi"). Molière continued his career as actor and dramatist, and produced in rapid succession "Les Précieuses Ridicules," "L'École des Femmes," "Le Misanthrope," "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," "Tartuffe," "L'Avare," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Le Malade Imaginaire." In 1662 he made an ill-sorted marriage with Armande Béjart, a young actress twenty years his junior, a union that embittered the latter part of his life. About 1667 he showed symptoms of lung disease, and on February 17, 1673, after a performance of "Le Malade Imaginaire," died of a hemorrhage. It was only through the intervention of the king that the Church allowed him burial. In the literature of comedy Molière bears the greatest name among the moderns after Shakespeare.]

Present: La Grange, Du Croisy.

Du Croisy — What do you think of our visit; are you much pleased with it?

La Grange — Has either of us reason to be so, in your opinion?

Du Croisy — No great reason, if the truth be told.

La Grange — For my part I am dreadfully put out about it. Did ever anybody meet with a couple of silly country wenches giving themselves such airs as these? Did ever anybody see two men treated with more contempt than we were? It was as much as they could do to bring themselves to order chairs for us. I never saw such whispering, such yawning, such rubbing of eyes, such constant asking what o'clock it was. Why, they answered nothing but *yes* or *no* to all we said to them. Don't you think with me, that had we been the meanest persons in the world, they could hardly have behaved more rudely?

Du Croisy — You seem to take it very much to heart.

La Grange — I should think I do. I feel it so much that I am determined to be revenged on them for their imperti-

nence. . . . I have a certain valet, named Mascarille, who in the opinion of many people passes for a kind of wit, — nothing is cheaper nowadays than wit, — an absurd fellow, who has taken into his head to ape the man of rank. He prides himself upon love intrigues and poetry, and despises those of his own condition so far as to call them vulgar wretches.

Du Croisy — And what use do you intend to make of him?

La Grange — I will tell you; he must — But let us first get away from here.

Enter GORGIBUS.

Gorgibus — Well, gentlemen, you have seen my daughter and my niece; did all run smoothly? what is the result of your visit?

La Grange — This you may better learn from them than from us; all we can say is that we thank you for the honor you have done us, and remain your most humble servants.

Du Croisy — And remain your most humble servants.

[*Exeunt.*

Gorgibus — Heyday! They seem to go away dissatisfied; what can have displeased them? I must know what's the matter. I say there!

Enter MAROTTE.

Marotte — Did you call, sir?

Gorgibus — Where are your mistresses?

Marotte — In their dressing room, sir.

Gorgibus — What are they doing?

Marotte — Making lip salve.

Gorgibus — They are always making salve. Tell them to come down. [*Exit* MAROTTE.

Gorgibus [*alone*] — I believe these foolish girls have determined to ruin me with their ointments. I see nothing about here but white of eggs, milk of roses, and a thousand fiddle-faddles that I know nothing about. Since we came here they have used the fat of a dozen hogs at least, and four servants might live on the sheep's trotters they daily require.

Enter MADELON *and* CATHOS.

Gorgibus — There is great need, surely, for you to spend so much money in greasing your nozzles! Tell me, please, what

you can have done to those gentlemen, that I see them going away so coldly. Did I not ask you to receive them as persons whom I intended to give you for husbands?

Madelon — What! my father, could you expect us to have any regard for the unconventional proceedings of such people?

Cathos — What! my uncle, could you expect any girl, to the smallest extent in her senses, to reconcile herself to their persons?

Gorgibus — And what is there the matter with them?

Madelon — A fine way of making love to be sure, to begin at once with marriage!

Gorgibus — And what would you have them begin with — concubinage? Does not their conduct honor you as much as it does me? Can anything be more complimentary to you? and is not the sacred bond they propose a proof of the honesty of their intentions?

Madelon — Ah! father, how all you are saying betrays the vulgarity of your taste; I am ashamed to hear you speak as you do, and really you should make yourself acquainted with the fashionable air of things.

Gorgibus — I care neither for airs nor songs. I tell you that marriage is a holy and sacred thing, and that they acted like honorable men in speaking of it to you from the first.

Madelon — Really, if everybody was like you, how soon a love romance would be ended! What a fine thing it would have been if at starting Cyrus had married Mandane, and Aronce had been given straight off to Clélie! [In Mademoiselle de Scudéry's romances.]

Gorgibus — What in the world is the girl talking about!

Madelon — My cousin will tell you, as well as I, that marriage, my father, should never take place till after other adventures. A lover who wants to be attractive should know how to utter noble sentiments, to sigh delicate, tender, and rapturous vows. He should pay his addresses according to rules. In the first place, it should be either at church or in the promenade, or at some public ceremony, that he first sees the fair one with whom he falls in love; or else fate should will his introduction to her by a relation or a friend, and he should leave her house thoughtful and melancholy. For a while, he conceals his love from the object of his passion, but in the mean time pays her several visits, during which he never fails to start some subject of gallantry to exercise the thoughts of

the assembled company. The day arrives for him to make his declaration. This should take place usually in some leafy garden walk, whilst everybody is out of hearing. The declaration is followed by our immediate displeasure, which shows itself by our blushing, and causes our lover to be banished for a time from our presence. He finds afterwards the means to appease us; to accustom us, by insensible degrees, to the rehearsal of his passion, and to obtain from us that confession which causes us so much pain. Then follow adventures: rivals who thwart our mutual inclination, persecution of fathers, jealousy based upon false appearances, reproaches, despair, elopement, and its consequences. It is thus things are carried on in high society, and in a well-regulated love affair these rules cannot be dispensed with. But to plunge headlong into a proposal of marriage, to make love and the marriage settlements go hand in hand, is to begin the romance at the wrong end. Once more, father, there is nothing more shopkeeper-like than such proceedings, and the bare mention of it makes me feel ill.

Gorgibus — What the devil is the meaning of all this jargon? Is that what you call "elevated style"?

Cathos — Indeed, uncle, my cousin states the case with all veracity. How can one be expected to receive with gratification persons whose addresses are altogether an impropriety? I feel certain that they have never seen the map of the "Country of Tenderness," and that "Billets-doux," "Trifling attentions," "Flattering letters," and "Sprightly verses," are regions unknown to them. [In Mademoiselle de Scudéry.] Was it not plainly marked in all their person? Are you not conscious that their external appearance was in no way calculated to give a good opinion of them at first sight? To come on a love visit with a leg lacking adornment, a hat destitute of feathers, a head unartistic as to its hair, and a coat that suffers from an indigence of ribbons! Heavens! what lovers! What frugality of dress! What barrenness of conversation! It is not to be endured. I also noticed that their bands were not made by the fashionable milliner, and that their hauts-de-chausses [breeches] were at least six inches too narrow.

Gorgibus — I believe they are both crazed; not a word can I understand of all this gibberish — Cathos, and you, Madelon ——

Madelon — Pray, father, give up those strange names, and call us otherwise.

Gorgibus — Strange names! what do you mean? are they not those which were given you at your baptism?

Madelon — Ah me! how vulgar you are! My constant wonder is that you could ever have such a soul of wit as I for a daughter. Did ever anybody in refined language speak of "Cathos" [Kitty] and "Madelon," and must you not admit that a name such as either of these would be quite sufficient to ruin the finest romance in the world?

Cathos — It is but too true, uncle, that it painfully shocks a delicate ear to hear those names pronounced; and the name of Polixène which my cousin has chosen, and that of Aminte which I have taken for myself, have a charm which you cannot deny.

Gorgibus — Listen to me; one word is as good as a hundred. I won't have you adopt any other names than those given to you by your godfathers and godmothers; and as for the gentlemen in question, I know their families and their fortune, and I have made up my mind that you shall take them for husbands. I am tired of having you upon my hands; it is too much for a man of my age to have to look after two young girls.

Cathos — Well, uncle, all I can say is that I think marriage is altogether a very shocking thing.

Madelon — Let us enjoy for a time the *beau monde* of Paris, where we are only just arrived. Let us leisurely weave our own romance, and do not, we beg, hasten so much its conclusion.

Gorgibus [*aside*] — They are far gone, there is no doubt about it. [*Aloud*] Once more, understand me, get rid of all this nonsense, for I mean to have my own way; to cut matters short, either you will both be married before long, or, upon my word, you shall both be shut up in a nunnery. I'll take my oath of it. [*Exit.*

Cathos — Ah! my dear, how deeply immersed in matter your father is, how dull is his understanding, and what darkness overcasts his soul.

Madelon — What can I say, my dear? I am thoroughly ashamed for him. I can scarcely persuade myself that I am really his daughter, and I feel sure that at some future time it will be discovered that I am of a more illustrious descent.

Cathos — I fully believe it; yes, it is exceedingly probable. And when I too consider myself ——

Enter MAROTTE.

Marotte — There is a footman below, inquiring if you are at home; he says that his master wants to see you.

Madelon — Learn, imbecile, to express yourself with less vulgarity. Say: Here is an indispensable, who is inquiring if it is convenient for you to be visible.

Marotte — Why! I don't understand Latin, and I haven't learned filsofy out of the "Grand Cyrus," as you have done.

Madelon — The wretched creature! what a trial it is to bear with it! And who is this footman's master?

Marotte — He told me it was the Marquis of Mascarille.

Madelon — Ah! my dear, a marquis! Go by all means, and say that we are visible. No doubt it is some wit who has heard us spoken of.

Cathos — It must be so, my dear.

Madelon — We must receive him in this parlor rather than in our own room. Let us at least arrange our hair a little and keep up our reputation. Quick, come along and hold before us, in here, the counselor of the graces.

Marotte — Goodness! I don't know what kind of an animal that is; you must speak like a Christian if you wish me to understand you.

Cathos — Bring us the looking-glass, ignorant girl that you are, and mind you do not defile its brightness by the communication of your image. [*Exeunt.*

Present: MASCARILLE *and two* CHAIRMEN.

Mascarille — Stop, chairmen, stop! Gently, gently, be careful I say! One would think these rascals intend to break me to pieces against the walls and pavement.

First Chairman — Well! you see, master, the door is narrow, and you wished us to bring you right in.

Mascarille — I should think so! Would you have me, jackanapes, risk the condition of my feathers to the inclemencies of the rainy season, and that I should give to the mud the impression of my shoes? Be off, take your chair away.

Second Chairman — Pay us, then, sir, if you please.

Mascarille — Ha! what's that you say?

Second Chairman — I say, sir, that we want our money, if you please.

Mascarille [*giving him a box on the ear*] — How, scoundrel, you ask money of a person of my rank!

Second Chairman — Are poor people to be paid in this fashion? and does your rank get us a dinner?

Mascarille — Ha! I will teach you to know your right place! Do you dare, you scoundrels, to set me at defiance?

First Chairman [*taking up one of the poles of the chair*] — Pay us at once; that's what I say.

Mascarille — What?

First Chairman — I must have the money this minute.

Mascarille — Now this is a sensible fellow.

First Chairman — Quick then.

Mascarille — Ay, you speak as you should do; but as for that other fellow, he doesn't know what he says. Here, are you satisfied?

First Chairman — No, you struck my companion, and I — [*holding up his pole*].

Mascarille — Gently, here's something for the blow. People can get everything out of me when they set about it in the right way; now go, but mind you come and fetch me by and by, to carry me to the Louvre for the *petit coucher*.

Enter MAROTTE.

Marotte — Sir, my mistresses will be here directly.

Mascarille — Tell them not to hurry themselves; I am comfortably established here for waiting.

Marotte — Here they are. [*Exit.*

Enter MADELON *and* CATHOS *with* ALMANZOR.

Mascarille [*after having bowed to them*] — Ladies, you will be surprised, no doubt, at the boldness of my visit, but your reputation brings this troublesome incident upon you; merit has for me such powerful attractions, that I run after it wherever it is to be found.

Madelon — If you pursue merit, it is not in our grounds that you should hunt for it.

Cathos — If you find merit among us, you must have brought it here yourself.

Mascarille — I refuse to assent to such an assertion. Fame

tells the truth in speaking of your worth; and you will pique, repique, and capot all the fashionable world of Paris.

Madelon — Your courtesy carries you somewhat too far in the liberality of your praises, and we must take care, my cousin and I, not to trust too much to the sweetness of your flattery.

Cathos — My dear, we should call for chairs.

Madelon — Almanzor!

Almanzor — Madam.

Madelon — Quick! convey us hither at once the appliances of conversation. [ALMANZOR *brings chairs.*

Mascarille — But stay, is there any security for me here?

Cathos — What can you fear?

Mascarille — Some robbery of my heart, some assassination of my freedom. I see before me two eyes which seem to me to be very dangerous fellows; they abuse liberty and give no quarter. The deuce! no sooner is any one near, but they are up in arms, and ready for their murderous attack! Ah! upon my word I mistrust them! I shall either run away or require good security that they will do me no harm.

Madelon — What playfulness, my dear.

Cathos — Yes, I see he is an Amilcar.

Madelon — Do not fear; our eyes have no evil intentions, your heart may sleep in peace and may rest assured of their innocence.

Cathos — But, for pity's sake, sir, do not be inexorable to that armchair which for the last quarter of an hour has stretched out its arms to you; satisfy the desire it has of embracing you.

Mascarille [*after having combed himself and adjusted his canions*] — Well, ladies, what is your opinion of Paris?

Madelon — Alas! can there be two opinions? It would be the antipodes of reason not to confess that Paris is the great museum of wonders, the center of good taste, of wit and gallantry.

Mascarille — I think for my part that out of Paris people of position cannot exist.

Cathos — That is a never-to-be-disputed truth.

Mascarille — It is somewhat muddy, but then we have sedan chairs.

Madelon — Yes, a chair is a wonderful safeguard against the insults of mud and bad weather.

Mascarille — You must have many visitors? What great wit belongs to your circle?

Madelon — Alas! we are not known yet; but we have every hope of being so before long, and a great friend of ours has promised to bring us all the gentlemen who have written in the "Elegant Extracts."

Cathos — As well as some others who, we are told, are the sovereign judges in matters of taste.

Mascarille — Leave that to me! I can manage that for you better than any one else. They all visit me, and I can truly say that I never get up in the morning without having half a dozen wits about me.

Madelon — Ah! we should feel under the greatest obligation to you if you would be so kind as to do this for us: for it is certain one must be acquainted with all those gentlemen in order to belong to society. By them reputations are made in Paris, and you know that it is quite sufficient to be seen with some of them to acquire the reputation of a connoisseur, even though there should be no other foundation for the distinction. But, for my part, what I value most is that in such society we learn a hundred things which it is one's duty to know and which are the quintessence of wit: the scandal of the day; the latest things out in prose or verse. We hear exactly and punctually that a Mr. A. has composed the most beautiful piece in the world on such and such a subject; that Mrs. B. has adapted words to such and such an air, that Mr. C. has composed a madrigal on the fidelity of his ladylove, and Mr. D. upon the faithlessness of his; that yesterday evening Mr. E. wrote a sixain to Miss F., to which she sent an answer this morning at eight o'clock; that Mr. G. has such and such a project in his head, that Mr. H. is occupied with the third volume of his romance, and that Mr. J. has his work in the press. By knowledge like this we acquire consideration in every society; whereas if we are left in ignorance of such matters, all the wit we may possess is a thing of naught and as dust in the balance.

Cathos — Indeed, I think it is carrying the ridiculous to the extreme, for any one who makes the least pretense to wit, not to know even the last little quatrain that has been written. For my part, I should feel greatly ashamed if some one were by chance to ask me if I had seen some new thing which I had not seen.

Mascarille — It is true that it is disgraceful not to be one of the very first to know what is going on. But do not make yourself anxious about it; I will establish an Academy of wits in your house, and I promise you that not a single line shall be written in all Paris which you shall not know by heart before anybody else. I, your humble servant, indulge a little in writing poetry when I feel in the vein; and you will find handed about in all the most fashionable drawing-rooms of Paris two hundred songs, as many sonnets, four hundred epigrams, and more than a thousand madrigals, without reckoning enigmas and portraits.

Madelon — I must acknowledge that I am madly fond of portraits; there is nothing more elegant according to my opinion.

Mascarille — Portraits are difficult, and require a deep insight into character: but you shall see some of mine which will please you.

Cathos — I must say that for my part I am appallingly fond of enigmas.

Mascarille — They form a good occupation for the mind, and I have already written four this morning, which I will give you to guess.

Madelon — Madrigals are charming when they are neatly turned.

Mascarille — I have a special gift that way, and I am engaged in turning the whole Roman History into madrigals.

Madelon — Ah! that will be exquisite. Pray let me have a copy, if you publish it.

Mascarille — I promise you each a copy beautifully bound. It is beneath my rank to occupy myself in that fashion, but I do it for the benefit of the publishers, who leave me no peace.

Madelon — I should think that it must be a most pleasant thing to see one's name in print.

Mascarille — Undoubtedly. By the bye, let me repeat to you some extempore verses I made yesterday at the house of a friend of mine, a duchess, whom I went to see. You must know that I am a wonderful hand at impromptus.

Cathos — An impromptu is the touchstone of genius.

Mascarille — Listen.

Madelon — We are all ears.

Mascarille —

Oh! oh! I was not taking care.
While thinking not of harm, I watch my fair.
Your lurking eye my heart doth steal away.
Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief! I say.

Cathos — Ah me! It is gallant to the last degree.

Mascarille — Yes, all I do has a certain easy air about it. There is a total absence of the pedant about all my writings.

Madelon — They are thousands and thousands of miles from that.

Mascarille — Did you notice the beginning? "Oh! oh!" There is something exceptional in that "Oh! oh!" like a man who bethinks himself all of a sudden — "Oh! oh!" Surprise is well depicted, is it not? "Oh! oh!"

Madelon — Yes, I think that "Oh! oh!" admirable.

Mascarille — At first sight it does not seem much.

Cathos — Ah! what do you say? these things cannot be too highly valued.

Madelon — Certainly, and I would rather have composed that "Oh! oh!" than an epic poem.

Mascarille — Upon my word now, you have good taste.

Madelon — Why, yes, perhaps it's not altogether bad.

Mascarille — But do you not admire also, "I was not taking care?" "I was not taking care:" I did not notice it, quite a natural way of speaking you know: "I was not taking care." "While thinking not of harm:" whilst innocently, without forethought, like a poor sheep, "I watch my fair:" that is to say, I amuse myself by considering, observing, contemplating you. "Your lurking eye" — what do you think of this word "lurking"? Do you not think it well chosen?

Cathos — Perfectly well.

Mascarille — "Lurking," hiding: you would say, a cat just going to catch a mouse: "lurking."

Madelon — Nothing could be better.

Mascarille — "My heart doth steal away:" snatch it away, carries it off from me. "Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief!" Would you not imagine it to be a man shouting and running after a robber? "Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief!"

Madelon — It must be acknowledged that it is witty and gallant.

Mascarille — I must sing you the tune I made to it.

Cathos — Ah! you have learnt music?

Mascarille — Not a bit of it!

Cathos — Then how can you have set it to music?

Mascarille — People of my position know everything without ever having learnt.

Madelon — Of course it is so, my dear.

Mascarille — Just listen, and see if the tune is to your taste; hem, hem, la, la, la, la, la. The brutality of the season has greatly injured the delicacy of my voice; but it is of no consequence; permit me, without ceremony: [*he sings*]

Oh! oh! I was not taking care.
While thinking not of harm, I watch my fair.
Your lurking eye my heart doth steal away.
Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief! I say.

Cathos — What soul-subduing music! One would willingly die while listening.

Madelon — What soft languor creeps over one's heart!

Mascarille — Do you not find the thought clearly expressed in the song? "*Stop thief*, stop *thief*." And then as if one suddenly cried out "*stop*, *stop*, *stop*, *stop*, stop thief." Then all at once, like a person out of breath — "*Stop* thief!"

Madelon — It shows a knowledge of perfect beauty; every part is inimitable, both the words and the air enchant me.

Cathos — I never yet met with anything worthy of being compared to it.

Mascarille — All I do comes naturally to me. I do it without study.

Madelon — Nature has treated you like a fond mother; you are her spoiled child.

Mascarille — How do you spend your time, ladies?

Cathos — Oh! in doing nothing at all.

Madelon — Until now, we have been in a dreadful dearth of amusements.

Mascarille — I should be happy to take you to the play one of these days, if you would permit me; the more so as there is a new piece going to be acted which I should be glad to see in your company.

Madelon — There is no refusing such an offer.

Mascarille — But I must beg of you to applaud it well when we are there, for I have promised my help to praise up the

piece; and the author came to me again this morning to beg my assistance. It is the custom for authors to come and read their new plays to us people of rank, so that they may persuade us to approve their work, and to give them a reputation. I leave you to imagine if, when we say anything, the pit dare contradict us. As for me, I am most scrupulous, and when once I have promised my assistance to a poet I always call out "splendid! beautiful!" even before the candles are lighted.

Madelon — Do not speak of it; Paris is a most wonderful place; a hundred things happen every day there of which country people, however clever they may be, have no idea.

Cathos — It is sufficient; now we understand this, we shall consider ourselves under the obligation of praising all that is said.

Mascarille — I do not know whether I am mistaken; but you seem to me to have written some play yourselves.

Madelon — Ah! there may be some truth in what you say.

Mascarille — Upon my word, we must see it. Between ourselves, I have composed one which I intend shortly to bring out.

Cathos — Indeed; and to what actors do you mean to give it?

Mascarille — What a question! Why, to the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne [a rival company to Molière's], of course; they alone can give a proper value to a piece. The others are a pack of ignoramuses, who recite their parts just as one speaks every day of one's life; they have no idea of thundering out verses, or of pausing at a fine passage. How can one make out where the fine lines are if the actor does not stop at them, and thus tell you when you are to applaud?

Cathos — Certainly, there is always a way of making an audience feel the beauties of a play; and things are valued according to the way they are put before you.

Mascarille — How do you like my lace, feathers, and et-ceteras? Do you find any incongruity between them and my coat?

Cathos — Not the slightest.

Mascarille — The ribbon is well chosen, you think?

Madelon — Astonishingly well. It is real Perdrigeon.

Mascarille — What do you say of my canions?

Madelon — They look very fashionable.

Mascarille — I can at least boast that they are a whole quarter of a yard wider than those usually worn.

Madelon — I must acknowledge that I have never yet seen the elegance of the adjustment carried to such perfection.

Mascarille — May I beg of you to direct your olfactory senses to these gloves?

Madelon — They smell terribly sweet.

Cathos — I never inhaled a better-made perfume.

Mascarille — And this? [*He bends forward for them to smell his powdered wig.*]

Madelon — It has the true aristocratic odor. One's finest senses are exquisitely affected by it.

Mascarille — You say nothing of my plumes! What do you think of them?

Cathos — Astonishingly beautiful!

Mascarille — Do you know that every tip cost me a louis d'or? It is my way to prefer indiscriminately everything of the best.

Madelon — I assure you that I greatly sympathize with you. I am furiously delicate about everything I wear, and even my socks must come from the best hands.

Mascarille [*crying out suddenly*] — O! O! O! gently, gently, ladies; ladies, this is unkind, I have good reason to complain of your behavior; it is not fair.

Cathos — What is it? What is the matter?

Mascarille — Matter? What, both of you against my heart, and at the same time too! attacking me right and left! ah! it is contrary to fair play; I shall cry out murder.

Cathos [*to* MADELON] — It must be acknowledged that he says things in a manner altogether his own.

Madelon — His way of putting things is exquisitely admirable.

Cathos [*to* MASCARILLE] — You are more afraid than hurt, and your heart cries out before it is touched.

Mascarille — The deuce! why it is sore from head to foot.

Enter MAROTTE.

Marotte — Madam, somebody wants to see you.

Madelon — Who is it?

Marotte — The Viscount de Jodelet.

Mascarille — The Viscount de Jodelet!

Marotte — Yes, sir.

Cathos — Do you know him?

Mascarille — He is my very best friend.

Madelon — Make him come in at once.

Mascarille — It is now some time since we saw each other, and I am delighted at this accidental meeting.

Cathos — Here he is.

Enter JODELET *and* ALMANZOR.

Mascarille — Ah! Viscount!

Jodelet — Ah! Marquis! [*They embrace each other.*

Mascarille — How pleased I am to see you!

Jodelet — How delighted I am to meet you here!

Mascarille — Ah! embrace me again, I pray you.

Madelon [*to* CATHOS] — We are on the road to be known, my dear; people of fashion are beginning to find the way to our house.

Mascarille — Ladies, allow me to introduce you to this gentleman; upon my word of honor, he is worthy of your acquaintance.

Jodelet — It is but right we should come and pay you the respect that we owe you; and your queenly charms demand the humble homage of all.

Madelon — This is carrying your civilities to the extreme bounds of flattery.

Cathos — We shall have to mark this day in our diary as a very happy one.

Madelon [*to* ALMANZOR] — Come, thoughtless juvenal, must you everlastingly be told the same things? Do you not see that the addition of another armchair is necessary?

Mascarille — Do not wonder if you see the Viscount thus; he has just recovered from an illness which has left him pale as you see him.

Jodelet — It is the result of constant attendance at court, and of the fatigues of war.

Mascarille — Do you know, ladies, that you behold in Viscount Jodelet one of the bravest men of the age — a perfect hero.

Jodelet — You are not behind in this respect, Marquis, and we know what you can do.

Mascarille — It is true that we have seen each other in the field.

Jodelet — And in places too where it was warm indeed.

Mascarille [*looking at* CATHOS *and* MADELON] — Ay, ay, but not so warm as it is here! Ha, ha, ha!

Jodelet — Our acquaintance began in the army; the first time we met he commanded a regiment of horse on board the galleys of Malta.

Mascarille — It is true; but you were in the service before me, and I remember that I was but a subaltern when you commanded two thousand horse.

Jodelet — War is a grand thing. But s'death! nowadays the court rewards very badly men of merit like us.

Mascarille — Yes, yes, there's no doubt about it; and I intend to let my sword rest in its scabbard.

Cathos — For my part I am unutterably fond of men of the army.

Madelon — And so am I, but I like to see wit season bravery.

Mascarille — Do you remember, Viscount, our carrying that half-moon at Arras?

Jodelet — What do you mean by "half-moon"? It was a complete full one.

Mascarille — Yes, I believe you are right.

Jodelet — I ought to remember it, I was wounded then in the leg by a hand grenade, and I still bear the scars. Just feel here, I pray: you can realize what a wound it was.

Cathos [*after having felt the place*] — It is true that the scar is very large.

Mascarille — Give me your hand, and feel this one, just here at the back of my head! Have you found it?

Madelon — Yes, I feel something.

Mascarille — It is a musket shot I received the last campaign I made.

Jodelet [*uncovering his breast*] — Here is another wound which went quite through me at the battle of Gravelines.

Mascarille [*about to unbutton*] — And I will show you a terrible scar which ——

Madelon — Pray do not; we believe you without seeing.

Mascarille — They are honorable marks, which tell the stuff a man is made of.

Cathos — We have no doubt whatever of your valor.

Mascarille — Viscount, is your carriage waiting?

Jodelet — Why?

Mascarille — Because we would have taken these ladies for a drive, and have given them a collation.

Madelon — Thank you, but we could not have gone out to-day.

Mascarille — Very well, then, let us send for musicians and have a dance.

Jodelet — A happy thought, upon my word.

Madelon — We can consent to that: but we must make some addition to our company.

Mascarille — Hallo there! Champagne, Picard, Bourguignon, Cascaret, Basque, La Verdure, Lorrain, Provençal, La Violette! Deuce take all the lackeys! I don't believe there is a man in all France worse served than I am. The villains are always out of the way when they are wanted.

Madelon — Almanzor, tell the servants of the Marquis to go and fetch some musicians, and then ask those gentlemen and ladies who live close by to come and people the solitude of our ball. [*Exit* ALMANZOR.

Mascarille — Viscount, what do you say of those eyes?

Jodelet — And you, Marquis, what do you think of them yourself?

Mascarille — I? I say that our liberty will have some trouble in coming off scathless. At least as far as I am concerned, I feel an unaccustomed agitation, and my heart hangs as by a single thread.

Madelon — How natural is all that he says! He gives to everything a most pleasing turn.

Cathos — His expenditure of wit is really tremendous.

Mascarille — To show you the truth of what I say, I will make some extempore verses upon the state of my feelings.

Cathos — Oh! I beseech you by all the devotion of my heart to let us hear something made expressly for us.

Jodelet — I should delight to do as much, but the quantity of blood I have lately lost has rather weakened my poetic vein.

Mascarille — Deuce take it all! I can always make the first verse to my satisfaction, but feel perplexed about the rest. After all, you know, this is being a little too much in a hurry. I will take my own time to make you some extempore verses, which you will find the most beautiful in the world.

Jodelet [*to* MADELON] — His wit is devilish fine!

Madelon — Gallant and neatly turned.

Mascarille — Viscount, tell me, have you seen the countess lately?

Jodelet — It is about three weeks since I paid her a visit.

Mascarille — Do you know that the duke came to see me this morning, and wanted to take me out into the country to hunt a stag with him?

Madelon — Here come our friends.

Enter LUCILE, CELIMÈNE, ALMANZOR, *and* Musicians.

Madelon — My dears, we beg you will excuse us. These gentlemen had a fancy for the soul of motion, and we sent for you to fill up the void of our assembly.

Lucile — You are very kind.

Mascarille — This is only a ball got up in haste, but one of these days we will have one in due form. Have the musicians come?

Almanzor — Yes, sir, here they are.

Cathos — Come then, my dears, take your places.

Mascarille [*dancing alone by way of prelude*] — La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Madelon — He has a most elegant figure.

Cathos — And seems a proper dancer.

Mascarille [*taking out* MADELON *to dance*] — The liberty of my heart will dance a coranto as well as my feet. Play in time, musicians. Oh, what ignorant fellows! There is no possibility of dancing with them. Devil take you, can't you play in time? La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Steady, you village scrapers.

Jodelet [*dancing in his turn*] — Gently, don't play so fast, I have only just recovered from an illness.

Enter DU CROISY *and* LA GRANGE.

La Grange [*a stick in his hand*] — Ah! scoundrels, what are you doing here? We have been looking for you these three hours. [*He beats* MASCARILLE *and* JODELET.

Mascarille — Oh! oh! oh! You never said anything about blows.

Jodelet — Oh! oh! oh!

La Grange — It becomes you well, you rascal, to ape the man of rank.

Du Croisy — This will teach you to know your position.

[*Exeunt* Du Croisy *and* La Grange.

Madelon — What does this all mean?

Jodelet — It is a wager.

Cathos — What! to suffer yourselves to be beaten in that fashion!

Mascarille — Yes, I would not take any notice of it: I have a violent temper, and I should not have been able to command it.

Madelon — Such an insult in our presence!

Mascarille — Not worth mentioning, we have known each other for a long while now; and among friends we must not take offense at such trifles.

Reënter Du Croisy *and* La Grange.

La Grange — Ah! you rascals, you shall not laugh at us, I assure you. Come in, you there. [*Three or four ruffians enter.*

Madelon — What do you mean by coming to disturb us in our own house?

Du Croisy — What, ladies! shall we suffer our servants to be better received than we were? shall we allow them to come and make love to you at our expense, and to give you a ball?

Madelon — Your servants!

La Grange — Yes, our servants; and it is neither proper nor honest in you to entice them away from their duty as you have done.

Madelon — Heavens! What insolence!

La Grange — But they shall not have the advantage of wearing our clothes to dazzle your eyes, and if you wish to love them, it shall be for their good looks. Quick, you fellows, strip them at once.

Jodelet — Farewell our finery.

Mascarille — Farewell, marquisate; farewell, viscountship!

Du Croisy — Ah! ah! rascals, have you the impudence to wish to cut us out? You will have to find elsewhere, I can tell you, wherewith to make yourselves agreeable to your ladyloves.

La Grange — To supplant us; and that, too, in our own clothes. It is too much!

Mascarille — O Fortune, how inconstant thou art!

Du Croisy — Quick, I say, strip off everything that belongs to us.

La Grange — Take away all the clothes; quick! Now,

ladies, in their present condition, you may make love to them as much as you please. We leave you entirely free to act. This gentleman and I assure you that we shall be in no way jealous.

[*Exeunt all but* MADELON, CATHOS, JODELET, MASCARILLE, *and* Musicians.

Cathos — Ah! what humiliation.

Madelon — I am nearly dying with vexation.

First Musician [*to* MASCARILLE] — And what does all this mean? Who is to pay us?

Mascarille — Ask my lord the Viscount.

Second Musician [*to* JODELET] — Who is to give us our money?

Jodelet — Ask my lord the Marquis.

Enter GORGIBUS.

Gorgibus [*to* MADELON *and* CATHOS] — From all I hear and see, you have got us into a nice mess; the gentlemen and ladies who have just left have given me a fine account of your doings!

Madelon — Ah! my father, it is a most cruel trick they have played us.

Gorgibus — Yes, it is a cruel trick, no doubt, but one which results from your folly — miserable simpletons that you are. They felt insulted by your way of receiving them; and I, wretched man, must swallow the affront as best I may.

Madelon — Ah! I will be revenged or die in the attempt. And you, wretches! dare you stop here after all your insolence?

Mascarille — To treat a marquis in this manner! Yes, that's the way of the world; we are spurned by those who till lately cherished us. Come along, come along, my friend, let us go and seek our fortunes elsewhere; I see that nothing but outward show pleases here, and that they have no consideration for virtue unadorned. [*Exeunt* MASCARILLE *and* JODELET.

First Musician — Sir, we shall expect you to pay us, since they do not; for it was here we played.

Gorgibus [*beating them*] — Yes, yes, I will pay you, and here is the coin you shall receive. As for you, stupid, foolish girls, I don't know what keeps me from giving you as much. We shall become the laughingstock of the whole neighbor-

hood; this is the result of all your ridiculous nonsense. Go, hide yourselves, idiots; hide yourselves forever [*exeunt* MADELON *and* CATHOS]; and you, the cause of all their folly, worthless trash, mischievous pastimes of vacant minds, romances, verses, songs, sonnets, lays and lies, may the devil take you all!

NOTABLE MEN AND SAYINGS OF ENGLAND.

By THOMAS FULLER.

(From "The Worthies of England.")

[THOMAS FULLER, English divine and historian, was born at Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, in 1608, and was educated at Cambridge. He became widely known as a preacher in the Savoy Church, London, and on the outbreak of the Civil War joined the king at Oxford and acted as chaplain to Sir Ralph Hopton's men. After the Restoration he was reinstated in the preferments of which he had been deprived by the parliamentarians, and received the appointment of chaplain extraordinary to Charles II. His "Worthies of England" has both a literary and a historical value. Other writings are: "The History of the Holy War," "The Holy State and the Profane State," "A Pisgah-sight of Palestine," and "Church History of Britain." He died at London in 1661.]

FIRST we will dispatch that sole proverb of this county, Berkshire, viz.: —

"The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still."

Bray, a village well known in this county, so called from the Bibroces, a kind of ancient Britons inhabiting thereabouts. The vivacious vicar hereof living under King Henry the Eighth, King Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt (two miles off) at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. This vicar being taxed by one for being a turncoat and an inconstant changeling, — "Not so," said he, "for I always kept my principle, which is this, to live and die the vicar of Bray." Such many nowadays, who though they cannot turn the wind will turn their mills, and set them so, and wheresoever it bloweth their grist shall certainly be grinded.

Proceed we now to the proverbs general of England: —

England were but a fling,
Save for the crooked stick and the gray-goose wing.

"But for the crooked stick," etc. That is, use of archery. Never were the arrows of the Parthians more formidable to the Romans than ours to the French horsemen. [Yet] since arrows are grown out of use, though the weapons of war be altered, the Englishman's hand is still in use as much as ever before; so that England is now as good with a straight iron as ever it was with a crooked stick. . . .

"England is the paradise of women, hell of horses, purgatory of servants."

For the first, billa vera; women, whether maids, wives, or widows, finding here the fairest respect and kindest usage. Our common law is a more courteous carver for them than the civil law beyond the seas, allowing widows the thirds of their husbands' estates, with other privileges. The highest seats are granted them at all feasts; and the wall (in crowding, most danger to the weakest; in walking, most dignity to the worthiest), resigned to them. The indentures of maid-servants are canceled by their marriage, though the term be not expired; which to young men in the same condition is denied. In a word, betwixt law and (law's corival) custom, they freely enjoy many favors; and we men, so far from envying them, wish them all happiness therewith.

For the next, "England's being a hell for horses"; Ignoramus; as not sufficiently satisfied in the evidence alleged. Indeed, the Spaniard, who keeps his jennets rather for show than use, makes wantons of them. However, if England be faulty herein in their overviolent riding, racing, hunting, it is high time the fault were amended; the rather, because "the good man regardeth the life of his beast."

For the last, "Purgatory for servants"; we are so far from finding the bill, we cast it forth as full of falsehood. We have but two sorts, apprentices and covenant servants. The parents of the former give large sums of money to have their children bound for seven years, to learn some art or mystery; which argueth their good usage as to the generality in our nation: otherwise it were madness for men to give so much money to buy their children's misery. As for our covenant servants, they make their own covenants; and if they be bad, they may thank themselves. Sure I am, their masters, if breaking them, and abusing their servants with too little meat or sleep, too much work of correction (which is true also of apprentices) are liable by law to make them reparation.

Indeed, I have heard how, in the age of our fathers, servants were in far greater subjection than nowadays, especially since our civil wars have lately dislocated all relations; so that now servants will do whatsoever their masters enjoin them, so be it they think fitting themselves. For my own part, I am neither for the tyranny of the one, nor rebellion of the other, but the mutual duty of both.

As for Vernæ, slaves or vassals, so frequent in Spain and foreign parts, our land and laws (whatever former tenures have been) acknowledge not any for the present.

"A famine in England begins first at the horse manger."

Indeed it seldom begins at the horse rack; for, though hay may be excessive dear, caused by a dry summer, yet winter grain (never impaired with a drought) is then to be had at reasonable rates. Whereas, if peas or oats, our horse grain (and the latter man's grain, also generally in the north for poor people) be scarce, it will not be long ere wheat, rye, etc., mount in our markets. Indeed, if any grain be very dear, no grain will be very cheap soon after.

"The king of England is the king of devils."

The German emperor is termed the "king of king," having so many free princes under him. The king of Spain, "king of men," because they willingly yield their sovereign rational obedience. The king of France, "king of asses," patiently bearing unconscionable burdens. But why the king of England "king of devils," I either cannot, or do not, or will not understand. Sure I am, St. Gregory gave us better language when he said, "Angli velut Angeli," for our fair complexions; and it is sad we should be devils by our black conditions.

"The English are the Frenchmen's apes."

This anciently hath been, and still is, charged on the English, and that with too much truth, for aught I can find to the contrary.

——*dolebat,*
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

——It is to us a pain
This should be said, and not gainsaid again.

We ape the French chiefly in two particulars: —

First, in their language ("which if Jack could speak, he would be a gentleman"), which some get by travel, others gain at home with Dame Eglinton in Chaucer: —

Entewned in her voice full seemly,
And French she spake full feteously
After the scole of Stratford at Bowe,
For French of Paris was to her unknow.

Secondly, in their habits, accounting all our fineness in conformity to the French fashion, though following it at greater distance than the field pease in the country the rathripe pease in the garden. Disgraceful in my opinion, that, seeing the English victorious arms had twice charged through the bowels of France, we should learn our fashions from them to whom we taught obedience.

"The English glutton."

Gluttony is a sin anciently charged on this nation, which we are more willing to excuse than confess, more willing to confess than amend. Some pretend the coldness of climate in excuse of our sharp appetites; and plead the plenty of the land (England being in effect all a great cook's shop, and no reason any should starve therein) for our prodigious feasts. They allege also that foreigners, even the Spaniards themselves, coming over hither, acquit themselves as good trencher-men as any; so that it seems want, not temperance, makes them so abstemious at home.

All amounts not to any just defense, excess being an ill expression of our thankfulness to God for his goodness. Nor need we with the Egyptians to serve up at the last course "a dead man's head" to mind us of our mortality, seeing a feast well considered is but a charnel house of fowl, fish, and flesh; and those few shellfish that are not killed to our hands are killed by our teeth. It is vain, therefore, to expect that dead food should always preserve life in the feeders thereupon.

Long beards heartless, painted hoods witless;
Gay coats graceless, make England thriftless.

Though this hath more of libel than proverb therein, and is stark false in itself, yet it will truly acquaint us with the habits of the English in that age.

"Long beards heartless." Our English did use nutrire coman, both on their head and beards, conceiving it made them more amiable to their friends, and terrible to their foes.

"Painted hoods witless." Their hoods were stained with a kind of color, in a middle way betwixt dying and painting (whence Painters-stainers have their name), a mystery vehe-

mently suspected to be lost in our age. Hoods served that age for caps.

"Gay coats graceless." Gallantry began then to be fashionable in England; and perchance those who here taxed them therewith would have been as gay themselves, had their land been as rich and able to maintain them.

This singsong was made on the English by the Scots, after they were flushed with victory over us in the reign of King Edward the Second. Never was the battle at Cannæ so fatal to the Romans as that at Sterling to the nobility of England; and the Scots, puffed up with their victory, fixed those opprobrious epithets of heartless, witless, graceless, upon us. For the first, we appeal to themselves, whether Englishmen have not good hearts, and, with their long beards, long swords. For the second, we appeal to the world, whether the wit of our nation hath not appeared as considerable as theirs in their writings and doings. For the third, we appeal to God, the only searcher of hearts, and trier of true grace. As for the fourth, thriftless, I omit it, because it sinks of itself, as a superstructure on a foundered and failing foundation.

All that I will add is this, that the grave, sage, and reduced Scottish men in this age are not bound to take notice of such expressions made by their ancestors; seeing, when nations are at hostile defiance, they will mutually endeavor each other's disgrace.

He that England will win,
Must with Ireland first begin.

This proverb importeth that great designs must be managed gradatim, not only by degrees, but due method. England, it seems, is too great a morsel for a foreign foe to be chopped up at once; and therefore it must orderly be attempted, and Ireland be first assaulted. Some have conceived, but it is but a conceit (all things being in the bosom of Divine Providence), that, had the Spanish Armada in eighty-eight fallen upon Ireland, when the well-affected therein were few and ill provided, they would have given a better account of their service to him who sent them. To rectify which error, the king of Spain sent afterward John de Aquila into Ireland, but with what success is sufficiently known. And if any foreign enemy hath a desire to try the truth of this proverb at his own peril, both England and Ireland lie for climate in the same posture they were before.

"In England a bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom."

Not so in southern sandy counties, where a dry March is as destructive as here it is beneficial. How much a king's ransom amounteth unto, England knows by dear experience, when paying one hundred thousand pounds to redeem Richard the First, which was shared between the German emperor and Leopoldus, duke of Austria. Indeed, a general good redounds to our land by a dry March; for if our clay grounds be overdrowned in that month, they recover not their distemper that year.

However, this proverb presumeth seasonable showers in April following; or otherwise March dust will be turned into May ashes, to the burning up of grass and grain; so easily can God blast the most probable fruitfulness.

"England a good land, and a bad people."

This is a French proverb; and we are glad that they, being so much admirers and magnifiers of their own, will allow any goodness to another country.

This maketh the wonder the less, that they have so much endeavored to get a share in this good country, by their former frequent invasions thereof; though they could never, since the Conquest, peaceably possess a hundred yards thereof for twenty hours, whilst we for a long time have enjoyed large territories in France.

But this proverb hath a design to raise up the land, to throw down the people; gracing it to disgrace them. We Englishmen are, or should be, ready humbly to confess our faults before God, and no less truly than sadly to say of ourselves, "Ah, sinful nation!" However, before men, we will not acknowledge a visible badness above other nations. And the plain truth is, both France and England have need to mend, seeing God hath formerly justly made them by sharp wars alternately to whip one another.

"The High-Dutch pilgrims, when they beg, do sing; the Frenchmen whine and cry; the Spaniards curse, swear, and blaspheme; the Irish and English steal."

This is a Spanish proverb; and I suspect too much truth is suggested therein; the rather because the Spaniards therein spare not themselves, but impartially report their own black character. If any ask why the Italians are not here mentioned, seeing surely their pilgrims have also their peculiar humors,

know that Rome and Loretta, the staples of pilgrimages, being both in Italy, the Italians very seldom (being frugal in their superstition) go out of their own country.

Whereas stealing is charged on our English, it is confessed that our poor people are observed light-fingered; and therefore our laws are so heavy, making low felony highly penal, to restrain that vice most, to which our peasantry is most addicted.

I wish my country more true piety than to take such tedious and useless journeys; but, if they will go, I wish them more honesty than to steal; and the people by whom they pass, more charity than to tempt them to stealth, by denying them necessaries in their journey.

Thomas Stuckley. — Were he alive, he would be highly offended to be ranked under any other topic than that of princes; whose memory must now be content, and thankful too, that he will afford it a place amongst our soldiers.

He was a younger brother, of an ancient, wealthy, and worshipful family, nigh Ilfracombe in this county, being one of good parts; but valued the less by others, because overprized by himself. Having prodigally misspent his patrimony, he entered on several projects (the issue general of all decayed estates); and first pitched on the peopling of Florida, then newly found out in the West Indies. So confident his ambition, that he blushed not to tell Queen Elizabeth "that he preferred rather to be sovereign of a molehill, than the highest subject to the greatest king in Christendom;" adding, moreover, "that he was assured he should be a prince before his death." "I hope," said Queen Elizabeth, "I shall hear from you, when you are stated in your principality." "I will write unto you," quoth Stuckley. "In what language?" said the queen. He returned, "In the style of princes; To our dear Sister."

His fair project of Florida being blasted for lack of money to pursue it, he went over into Ireland, where he was frustrated of the preferment he expected, and met such physic that turned his fever into frenzy; for hereafter resolving treacherously to attempt what he could not loyally achieve, he went over into Italy.

It is incredible how quickly he wrought himself through the notice into the favor, through the court into the chamber, yea closet, yea bosom of Pope Pius Quintus; so that some wise

men thought his holiness did forfeit a parcel of his infallibility, in giving credit to such a glorioso, vaunting that with three thousand soldiers he would beat all the English out of Ireland.

The Pope, finding it cheaper to fill Stuckley's swelling sails with airy titles than real gifts, created him baron of Ross, viscount Murrough, earl of Wexford, marquis of Leinster; and then furnished this title-top-heavy general with eight hundred soldiers, paid by the king of Spain, for the Irish expedition.

In passage thereunto, Stuckley lands at Portugal, just when Sebastian the king thereof, with two Moorish kings, were undertaking a voyage into Africa. Stuckley, scorning to attend, is persuaded to accompany them. Some thought he wholly quitted his Irish design, partly because loath to be pent up in an island (the continent of Africa affording more elbowroom for his achievements); partly because so mutable his mind, he ever loved the last project (as mothers the youngest child) best. Others conceive he took this African in order to his Irish design; such his confidence of conquest, that his breakfast on the Turks would the better enable him to dine on the English in Ireland.

Landing in Africa, Stuckley gave counsel, which was safe, seasonable, and necessary; namely, that for two or three days they should refresh their land soldiers; whereof some were sick, and some were weak, by reason of their tempestuous passage. This would not be heard, so furious was Don Sebastian to engage; as if he would pluck up the bays of victory out of the ground, before they were grown up; and so, in the battle of Alcaser, their army was wholly defeated: where Stuckley lost his life.

> A fatal fight, where in one day was slain,
> Three kings that were, and one that would be fain.

This battle was fought anno 1578, where Stuckley, with his eight hundred men, behaved himself most valiantly, till overpowered with multitude.

I hope it will be no offense, next to this bubble of emptiness, and meteor of ostentation, to place a precious pearl, and magazine of secret merit, whom we come to describe.

George Monck.—Some will say he being (and long may he be) alive, belongs not to your pen, according to your premised rules. But know, he is too high to come under the roof of

my regulations, whose merit may make laws for me to observe. Besides, it is better that I should be censured, than he not commended. Pass we by his high birth (whereof hereafter) and hard breeding in the Low Countries, not commencing a captain per saltum (as many in our civil wars), but proceeding by degrees from a private soldier, in that martial university. Pass we also by his employment in Ireland, and imprisonment in England, for the king; his sea service against the Dutch; posting to speak of his last performance; which, should I be silent, would speak of itself.

Being made governor of Scotland, no power or policy of Oliver Cromwell could fright or flatter him thence. Scotland was his castle, from the top whereof he took the true prospect of our English affairs. He perceived that, since the martyrdom of King Charles, several sorts of government (like the sons of Jesse before Samuel) passed before the English people; but "neither God nor our nation had chosen them." He resolved, therefore, to send for despised David out of a foreign field; as well assured that the English loyalty would never be at rest till fixed in the center thereof. He secured Scotland in faithful hands, to have all his foes before his face, and leave none behind his back.

He entered England with excellent foot, but his horse so lean, that they seemed tired at their first setting forth. The chiefest strength of his army consisted in the reputation of the strength thereof, and wise conduct of their general. The loyal English did rather gaze on, than pray for him, as ignorant of his intentions; and the apostle observeth "that the private man knoweth not how to say Amen to what is spoken in an unknown language."

Now the scales began to fall down from the eyes of the English nation (as from Saul, when his sight was received), sensible that they were deluded, with the pretenses of religion and liberty, into atheism and vassalage. They had learnt also from the soldiers (whom they so long had quartered) to cry out "one and all," each shire setting forth a remonstrance of their grievances, and refusing further payment of taxes.

Lambert cometh forth of London, abounding with more outward advantages than General Monck wanted; dragonlike, he breathed out naught but fire and fury, chiefly against the church and clergy. But he met with a Saint George who struck him neither with sword nor spear, but gave his army a

mortal wound, without wounding it. His soldiers dwindled away; and indeed a private person (Lambert at last was little more) must have a strong and long hand on his own account, to hold a whole army together.

The hinder part of the Parliament sitting still at Westminster plied him with many messengers and addresses. He returned an answer, neither granting nor denying their desires; giving them hope, too little to trust, yet too much to distrust him. He was an absolute riddle, and no plowing with his heifer to expound him. Indeed, had he appeared what he was, he had never been what he is, a deliverer of his country. But such must be as dark as midnight, who mean to achieve actions as bright as noonday.

Then he was put on the unwelcome office to pluck down the gates of London, though it pleased God that the odium did not light on him that acted, but those who employed him. Henceforward he sided effectually with the City; I say the City, which, if well or ill affected, was then able to make us a happy or unhappy nation.

Immediately followed that turn of our times, which all the world with wonder doth behold. But let us not look so long on second causes, as to lose sight of the principle, Divine Providence. Christ, on the cross, said to his beloved disciple, "Behold thy mother;" and said to her, "Behold thy son." Thus was he pleased effectually to speak to the hearts of the English, "Behold your sovereign;" which inspirited them with loyalty, and a longing desire of his presence; saying likewise to our gracious sovereign, "Behold thy subjects;" which increased his ardent affection to return; and now, blessed be God, both are met together, to their mutual comfort.

Since the honors which he first deserved have been conferred upon him, completed with the title of "the Duke of Albemarle, and Master of his Majesty's horse," etc. Nor must it be forgotten that he carried the scepter with the dove thereupon (the emblem of peace) at the king's coronation. But abler pens will improve these short memoirs into a large history.

Sir Walter Raleigh. — "The sons of Heth said unto Abraham, Thou art a great prince amongst us; in the choice of our sepulchers bury thy dead; none shall withhold them from thee." So may we say to the memory of this worthy knight, "Repose yourself in this our catalogue, under what topic you

please, of statesman, seaman, soldier, learned writer, and what not?" His worth unlocks our closest cabinets, and provides both room and welcome to entertain him.

He was born at Budley in this county, of an ancient family, but decayed in estate, and he the youngest brother thereof. He was bred in Oriel College in Oxford; and thence coming to court, found some hopes of the queen's favors reflecting upon him. This made him write in a glass window, obvious to the queen's eye: —

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.

Her Majesty, either espying or being shown it, did underwrite: —

If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.

However, he at last climbed up by the stairs of his own desert. But his introduction into the court bare an elder date than this occasion: this Captain Raleigh, coming out of Ireland to the English court in good habit (his clothes being then a considerable part of his estate), found the queen walking, till, meeting with a plashy place, she seemed to scruple going thereon. Presently Raleigh cast and spread his new plush cloak on the ground; whereon the queen trod gently, rewarding him afterwards with many suits, for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a footcloth. Thus an advantageous admission into the first notice of a prince is more than half a degree to preferment.

It is reported of the women in the Balearic Islands, that, to make their sons expert archers, they will not, when children, give them their breakfast before they have hit the mark. Such the dealing of the queen with this knight, making him to earn his honor, and, by pain and peril, to purchase what places of credit or profit were bestowed upon him. Indeed it was true of him, what was said of Cato Uticensis, "that he seemed to be born to that only which he went about;" so dexterous was he in all his undertakings, in court, in camp, by sea, by land, with sword, with pen; witness in the last his "History of the World," wherein the only default (or defect rather) that it wanted one half thereof. Yet had he many enemies (which worth never wanteth) at court, his cowardly detractors, of whom Sir Walter was wont to say, "If any man accuseth me to my face, I will answer him with my mouth; but my tail is good enough to return an answer to such who traduceth me behind my back."

—— Child (whose Christian name is unknown) was a gentleman, the last of his family, being of ancient extraction at Plimstock in this county, and great possessions. It happened that he, hunting in Dartmoor, lost both his company and way in a bitter snow. Having killed his horse, he crept into his hot bowels for warmth; and wrote with his blood: —

He that finds and brings me to my tomb,
The land of Plimstock shall be his doom.

That night he was frozen to death; and being first found by the monks of Tavistock, they with all possible speed hasted to inter him in their own abbey. His own parishioners of Plimstock, hearing thereof, stood at the ford of the river to take his body from them. But they must rise early, yea not sleep at all, who overreach monks in matter of profit. For they cast a slight bridge over the river, whereby they carried over the corpse, and interred it. In avowance whereof, the bridge (a more premeditate structure, I believe, in the place of the former extempore passage) is called Guils Bridge to this day. And know, reader, all in the vicinage will be highly offended with such who either deny or doubt the credit of this common tradition. And sure it is, that the abbot of Tavistock got that rich manor into his possession. The exact date of this Child's death I cannot attain.

Thomas Godwin was born at Oakingham in this county, and first bred in the free school therein. Hence he was sent to Magdalen College in Oxford, maintained there for a time by the bounty of Doctor Layton, Dean of York, till at last he was chosen fellow of the college. This he exchanged on some terms for the schoolmaster's place of Berkley in Gloucestershire, where he also studied physic, which afterwards proved beneficial unto him, when forbidden to teach school, in the reign of Queen Mary. Yea, Bonner threatened him with fire and fagot, which caused him often to obscure himself and remove his habitation. He was an eloquent preacher, tall and comely in person, qualities which much endeared him to Queen Elizabeth, who loved good parts well, but better when in a goodly person. For eighteen years together he never failed to be one of the select chaplains which preached in the Lent before her Majesty. He was first dean of Christ Church in Oxford, then dean of Canterbury, and at last bishop of Bath and Wells.

Being infirm with age, and diseased with the gout, he was necessitated, for a nurse, to marry a second wife, a matron of years proportionable to himself. But this was by his court enemies (which no bishop wanted in that age) represented to the queen, to his great disgrace. Yea, they traduced him to have married a girl of twenty years of age, until the good earl of Bedford, casually present at such discourse : "Madam," said he to her Majesty, "I know not how much the woman is above twenty ; but I know a son of hers is but little under forty."

Sir John Norris must be resumed, that we may pay a greater tribute of respect to his memory. He was a most accomplished general, both for a charge which is the sword, and a retreat which is the shield of war. By the latter he purchased to himself immortal praise, when in France he brought off a small handful of English from a great armful of enemies ; fighting as he retreated, and retreating as he fought ; so that always his rear affronted the enemy ; a retreat worth ten victories got by surprise, which speak rather the fortune than either the valor or discretion of a general.

He was afterwards sent over with a great command into Ireland, where his success neither answered to his own care, nor others' expectation. Indeed, hitherto Sir John had fought with right-handed enemies in France and the Netherlands ; who was now to fight with left-handed foes, for so may the wild Irish well be termed (so that this great master of defense was now to seek a new guard), who could lie on the coldest earth, swim through the deepest water, run over what was neither earth nor water, I mean bogs and marshes. He found it far harder to find out than fight his enemies, they so secured themselves in fastnesses. Supplies, sown thick in promises, came up thin in performances, so slowly were succors sent unto him.

At last a great lord was made lieutenant of Ireland, of an opposite party to Sir John ; there being animosities in the court of Queen Elizabeth (as well as of later princes), though her general good success rendered them the less to the public notice of posterity. It grieved Sir John to the heart, to see one of an opposite faction should be brought over his head, insomuch that some conceive his working soul broke the cask of his body, as wanting a vent for his grief and anger ; for, going up into his chamber, at the first hearing of the news, he suddenly died, anno Domini 1597.

Queen Elizabeth used to call the Lady Margaret, his mother, her own crow, being (as it seemeth) black in complexion (a color which no whit unbecame the faces of her martial issue); and, upon the news of his death, sent this letter unto her, which I have transcribed from an authentic copy.

To the Lady Norris.

22d Sept. 1597.

My Own Crow, — Harm not yourself for bootless help, but show a good example to comfort your dolorous yokefellow. Although we have deferred long to represent to you our grieved thoughts, because we liked full ill to yield you the first reflection of misfortune, whom we have always rather sought to cherish and comfort; yet knowing now that necessity must bring it to your ear, and nature consequently must move both grief and passion in your heart, we resolved no longer to smother, neither our care for your sorrow, or the sympathy of our grief for your loss. Wherein, if it be true that society in sorrow works diminution, we do assure you by this true messenger of our mind that nature can have stirred no more dolorous affection in you as a mother for a dear son, than gratefulness and memory of his service past hath wrought in us his sovereign apprehension of our miss for so worthy a servant. But now that nature's common work is done, and he that was born to die hath paid his tribute, let that Christian discretion stay the flux of your immoderate grieving, which hath instructed you, both by example and knowledge, that nothing in this kind hath happened but by God's divine providence. And let these lines from your loving and gracious sovereign serve to assure you that there shall ever appear the lively character of our estimation of him that was, in our gracious care of you and yours that are left, in valuing rightly all their faithful and honest endeavors. More at this time we will not write of this unpleasant subject; but have dispatched this gent to visit both your lord and you, and to condole with you in the true sense of your love; and to pray that the world may see, what time cureth in a weak mind, that discretion and moderation helpeth in you in this accident, where there is so just cause to demonstrate true patience and moderation.

Your gracious and loving sovereign, E. R.

Now, though nothing more consolatory and pathetical could be written from a prince, yet his death went so near to the heart of the lord, his ancient father, that he died soon after.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Père.

(From "The Viscount of Bragelonne.")

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. 13, page 296.]

High Treason.

The ungovernable fury which took possession of the king at the sight and at the perusal of Fouquet's letter to La Vallière by degrees subsided into a feeling of pain and extreme weariness. Youth, invigorated by health and lightness of spirits, requiring soon that what it loses should be immediately restored — youth knows not those endless, sleepless nights which enable us to realize the fable of the vulture unceasingly feeding on Prometheus. In cases where the man of middle life, in his acquired strength of will and purpose, and the old, in their state of natural exhaustion, find incessant augmentation of their bitter sorrow, a young man, surprised by the sudden appearance of misfortune, weakens himself in sighs, and groans, and tears, directly struggling with his grief, and is thereby far sooner overthrown by the inflexible enemy with whom he is engaged. Once overthrown, his struggles cease. Louis could not hold out more than a few minutes, at the end of which he had ceased to clench his hands, and scorch in fancy with his looks the invisible objects of his hatred; he soon ceased to attack with his violent imprecations not M. Fouquet alone, but even La Vallière herself; from fury he subsided into despair, and from despair to prostration. After he had thrown himself for a few minutes to and fro convulsively on his bed, his nerveless arms fell quietly down; his head lay languidly on his pillow; his limbs, exhausted with excessive emotion, still trembled occasionally, agitated by muscular contractions; while from his breast faint and infrequent sighs still issued. Morpheus, the tutelary deity of the apartment, towards whom Louis raised his eyes, wearied by his anger and reconciled by his tears, showered down upon him the sleep-inducing poppies with which his hands are ever filled; so presently the monarch closed his eyes and fell asleep. Then it seemed to him, as it often happens in that first sleep, so light and gentle, which raises the body above the couch, and the soul above the earth — it seemed to him, we say, as if the god Morpheus, painted

on the ceiling, looked at him with eyes resembling human eyes; that something shone brightly, and moved to and fro in the dome above the sleeper; that the crowd of terrible dreams which thronged together in his brain, and which were interrupted for a moment, half revealed a human face, with a hand resting against the mouth, and in an attitude of deep and absorbed meditation. And strange enough, too, this man bore so wonderful a resemblance to the king himself, that Louis fancied he was looking at his own face reflected in a mirror; with the exception, however, that the face was saddened by a feeling of the profoundest pity. Then it seemed to him as if the dome gradually retired, escaping from his gaze, and that the figures and attributes painted by Lebrun became darker and darker as the distance became more and more remote. A gentle, easy movement, as regular as that by which a vessel plunges beneath the waves, had succeeded to the immovableness of the bed. Doubtless the king was dreaming, and in this dream the crown of gold, which fastened the curtains together, seemed to recede from his vision, just as the dome, to which it remained suspended, had done, so that the winged genius which, with both its hands, supported the crown, seemed, though vainly so, to call upon the king, who was fast disappearing from it. The bed still sank. Louis, with his eyes open, could not resist the deception of this cruel hallucination. At last, as the light of the royal chamber faded away into darkness and gloom, something cold, gloomy, and inexplicable in its nature seemed to infect the air. No paintings, nor gold, nor velvet hangings, were visible any longer, nothing but walls of a dull gray color, which the increasing gloom made darker every moment. And yet the bed still continued to descend. and after a minute, which seemed in its duration almost an age to the king, it reached a stratum of air black and chill as death, and then it stopped. The king could no longer see the light in his room, except as from the bottom of a well we can see the light of day. "I am under the influence of some atrocious dream," he thought. "It is time to awaken from it. Come! let me wake."

Every one has experienced the sensation the above remark conveys; there is hardly a person who, in the midst of a nightmare, whose influence is suffocating, has not said to himself, by the help of that light which still burns in the brain when every human light is extinguished, "It is nothing but a dream.

after all." This was precisely what Louis XIV. said to himself; but when he said, "Come, come! wake up," he perceived that not only was he already awake, but still more, that he had his eyes open also. And then he looked all round him. On his right hand and on his left two armed men stood in stolid silence, each wrapped in a huge cloak, and the face covered with a mask; one of them held a small lamp in his hand, whose glimmering light revealed the saddest picture a king could look upon. Louis could not help saying to himself that his dream still lasted, and that all he had to do to cause it to disappear was to move his arms or to say something aloud; he darted from his bed, and found himself upon the damp, moist ground. Then, addressing himself to the man who held the lamp in his hand, he said: —

"What is this, monsieur, and what is the meaning of this jest?"

"It is no jest," replied in a deep voice the masked figure that held the lantern.

"Do you belong to M. Fouquet?" inquired the king, greatly astonished at his situation.

"It matters very little to whom we belong," said the phantom; "we are your masters now, that is sufficient."

The king, more impatient than intimidated, turned to the other masked figure. "If this is a comedy," he said, "you will tell M. Fouquet that I find it unseemly and improper, and that I command it should cease."

The second masked person to whom the king had addressed himself was a man of huge stature and vast circumference. He held himself erect and motionless as any block of marble. "Well!" added the king, stamping his foot, "you do not answer!"

"We do not answer you, my good monsieur," said the giant, in a stentorian voice, "because there is nothing to say."

"At least, tell me what you want?" exclaimed Louis, folding his arms with a passionate gesture.

"You will know by and by," replied the man who held the lamp.

"In the mean time tell me where I am."

"Look."

Louis looked all round him; but by the light of the lamp which the masked figure raised for the purpose, he could perceive nothing but the damp walls, which glistened here and

there with the slimy traces of the snail. "Oh — oh! — a dungeon," cried the king.

"No, a subterranean passage."

"Which leads ——"

"Will you be good enough to follow us?"

"I shall not stir from hence!" cried the king.

"If you are obstinate, my dear young friend," replied the taller of the two, "I will lift you up in my arms, and roll you up in your own cloak, and if you should happen to be stifled, why — so much the worse for you."

As he said this, he disengaged from beneath his cloak a hand of which Milo of Crotona would have envied him the possession, on the day when he had that unhappy idea of rending his last oak. The king dreaded violence, for he could well believe that the two men into whose power he had fallen had not gone so far with any idea of drawing back, and that they would consequently be ready to proceed to extremities, if necessary. He shook his head and said: "It seems I have fallen into the hands of a couple of assassins. Move on, then."

Neither of the men answered a word to this remark. The one who carried the lantern walked first, the king followed him, while the second masked figure closed the procession. In this manner they passed along a winding gallery of some length, with as many staircases leading out of it as are to be found in the mysterious and gloomy palaces of Ann Radcliffe's creation. All these windings and turnings, during which the king heard the sound of running water *over his head*, ended at last in a long corridor closed by an iron door. The figure with the lamp opened the door with one of the keys he wore suspended at his girdle, where, during the whole of the brief journey the king had heard them rattle. As soon as the door was opened and admitted the air, Louis recognized the balmy odors that trees exhale in balmy summer nights. He paused, hesitatingly, for a moment or two; but the huge sentinel who followed him thrust him out of the subterranean passage.

"Another blow," said the king, turning towards the one who had just had the audacity to touch his sovereign; "what do you intend to do with the King of France?"

"Try to forget that word," replied the man with the lamp, in a tone which as little admitted of a reply as one of the famous decrees of Minos.

"You deserve to be broken on the wheel for the words that

you have just made use of," said the giant, as he extinguished the lamp his companion handed to him; "but the king is too kind-hearted."

Louis, at that threat, made so sudden a movement that it seemed as if he meditated flight; but the giant's hand was in a moment placed on his shoulder, and fixed him motionless where he stood. "But tell me, at least, where we are going," said the king.

"Come," replied the former of the two men, with a kind of respect in his manner, and leading his prisoner towards a carriage which seemed to be in waiting.

The carriage was completely concealed amid the trees. Two horses, with their feet fettered, were fastened by a halter to the lower branches of a large oak.

"Get in," said the same man, opening the carriage door and letting down the step. The king obeyed, seated himself at the back of the carriage, the padded door of which was shut and locked immediately upon him and his guide. As for the giant, he cut the fastenings by which the horses were bound, harnessed them himself, and mounted on the box of the carriage, which was unoccupied. The carriage set off immediately at a quick trot, turned into the road to Paris, and in the forest of Senart found a relay of horses fastened to the trees in the same manner the first horses had been, and without a postilion. The man on the box changed the horses, and continued to follow the road towards Paris with the same rapidity; so that they entered the city about three o'clock in the morning. The carriage proceeded along the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and, after having called out to the sentinel, "by the king's order," the driver conducted the horses into the circular inclosure of the Bastile, looking out upon the courtyard, called La Cour du Gouvernement. There the horses drew up, reeking with sweat, at the flight of steps, and a sergeant of the guard ran forward. "Go and wake the governor," said the coachman, in a voice of thunder.

With the exception of this voice, which might have been heard at the entrance of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, everything remained as calm in the carriage as in the prison. Ten minutes afterwards, M. de Baisemeaux appeared in his dressing gown on the threshold of the door. "What is the matter now?" he asked; "and whom have you brought me there?"

The man with the lantern opened the carriage door, and

said two or three words to the one who acted as driver, who immediately got down from his seat, took up a short musket which he kept under his feet, and placed its muzzle on his prisoner's chest.

"And fire at once if he speaks!" added aloud the man who alighted from the carriage.

"Very good," replied his companion, without another remark.

With this recommendation, the person who had accompanied the king in the carriage ascended the flight of steps, at the top of which the governor was awaiting him. "M. d'Herblay!" said the latter.

"Hush!" said Aramis. "Let us go into your room."

"Good heavens! what brings you here at this hour?"

"A mistake, my dear M. de Baisemeaux," Aramis replied quietly. "It appears that you were quite right the other day."

"What about?" inquired the governor.

"About the order of release, my dear friend."

"Tell me what you mean, monsieur — no, monseigneur," said the governor, almost suffocated by surprise and terror.

"It is a very simple affair: you remember, dear M. de Baisemeaux, that an order of release was sent to you."

"Yes, for Marchiali."

"Very good! we both thought that it was for Marchiali?"

"Certainly; you will recollect, however, that I would not credit it, but that you compelled me to believe it?"

"Oh! Baisemeaux, my good fellow, what a word to make use of! — strongly recommended, that was all."

"Strongly recommended, yes; strongly recommended to give him up to you: and that you carried him off with you in your carriage."

"Well, my dear M. de Baisemeaux, it was a mistake; it was discovered at the ministry, so that I now bring you an order from the king to set at liberty — Seldon, that poor Scotch fellow, you know."

"Seldon! are you sure this time?"

"Well, read it yourself," added Aramis, handing him the order.

"Why," said Baisemeaux, "this order is the very same that has already passed through my hands."

"Indeed?"

"It is the very one I assured you I saw the other evening. *Parbleu!* I recognize it by the blot of ink."

"I do not know whether it is that; but all I know is that I bring it for you."

"But then, about the other?"

"What other?"

"Marchiali?"

"I have got him here with me."

"But that is not enough for me. I require a new order to take him back again."

"Don't talk such nonsense, my dear Baisemeaux; you talk like a child! Where is the order you received respecting Marchiali?"

Baisemeaux ran to his iron chest and took it out. Aramis seized hold of it, coolly tore it in four pieces, held them to the lamp, and burnt them. "Good heavens! what are you doing?" exclaimed Baisemeaux, in an extremity of terror.

"Look at your position quietly, my good governor," said Aramis, with imperturbable self-possession, "and you will see how very simple the whole affair is. You no longer possess any order justifying Marchiali's release."

"I am a lost man!"

"Far from it, my good fellow, since I have brought Marchiali back to you, and all accordingly is just the same as if he had never left."

"Ah!" said the governor, completely overcome by terror.

"Plain enough, you see; and you will go and shut him up immediately."

"I should think so, indeed."

"And you will hand over this Seldon to me, whose liberation is authorized by this order. Do you understand?"

"I — I ——"

"You do understand, I see," said Aramis. "Very good." Baisemeaux clasped his hands together.

"But why, at all events, after having taken Marchiali away from me, do you bring him back again?" cried the unhappy governor, in a paroxysm of terror, and completely dumfounded.

"For a friend such as you are," said Aramis — "for so devoted a servant, I have no secrets;" and he put his mouth close to Baisemeaux's ear, as he said in a low tone of voice, "You know the resemblance between that unfortunate fellow and ——"

"And the king?—yes!"

"Very good; the very first use that Marchiali made of his liberty was to persist —— Can you guess what?"

"How is it likely I should guess?"

"To persist in saying that he was king of France; to dress himself up in clothes like those of the king; and then pretend to assume that he was the king himself."

"Gracious Heavens!"

"That is the reason why I have brought him back again, my dear friend. He is mad and lets every one see how mad he is."

"What is to be done, then?"

"That is very simple; let no one hold any communication with him. You understand that when his peculiar style of madness came to the king's ears, the king, who had pitied his terrible affliction, and saw that all his kindness had been repaid by black ingratitude, became perfectly furious; so that, now—and remember this very distinctly, dear M. de Baisemeaux, for it concerns you most closely—so that there is now, I repeat, sentence of death pronounced against all those who may allow him to communicate with any one else but me or the king himself. You understand, Baisemeaux, sentence of death!"

"You need not ask me whether I understand."

"And now, let us go down, and conduct this poor devil back to his dungeon again, unless you prefer he should come up here."

"What would be the good of that?"

"It would be better, perhaps, to enter his name in the prison book at once!"

"Of course, certainly; not a doubt of it."

"In that case, have him up."

Baisemeaux ordered the drums to be beaten and the bell to be rung, as a warning to every one to retire, in order to avoid meeting a prisoner about whom it was desired to observe a certain mystery. Then, when the passages were free, he went to take the prisoner from the carriage, at whose breast Porthos, faithful to the directions which had been given him, still kept his musket leveled. "Ah! is that you, miserable wretch?" cried the governor, as soon as he perceived the king. "Very good, very good." And immediately, making the king get out of the carriage, he led him, still accompanied by Porthos, who

had not taken off his mask, and Aramis, who again resumed his, up the stairs, to the second Bertaudière, and opened the door of the room in which Philippe for six long years had bemoaned his existence. The king entered the cell without pronouncing a single word: he faltered in as limp and haggard as a rain-struck lily. Baisemeaux shut the door upon him, turned the key twice in the lock, and then returned to Aramis. "It is quite true," he said in a low tone, "that he bears a striking resemblance to the king; but less so than you said."

"So that," said Aramis, "you would not have been deceived by the substitution of the one for the other."

"What a question!"

"You are a most valuable fellow, Baisemeaux," said Aramis; "and now, set Seldon free."

"Oh, yes. I was going to forget that. I will go and give orders at once."

"Bah! to-morrow will be time enough."

"To-morrow! — oh, no. This very minute."

"Well; go off to your affairs, I will away to mine. But it is quite understood, is it not?"

"What 'is quite understood'?"

"That no one is to enter the prisoner's cell, except with an order from the king; an order which I will myself bring."

"Quite so. Adieu, monseigneur."

Aramis returned to his companion. "Now, Porthos, my good fellow, back again to Vaux, and as fast as possible."

"A man is light and easy enough, when he has faithfully served his king; and, in serving him, saved his country," said Porthos. "The horses will be as light as if our tissues were constructed of the wind of heaven. So let us be off." And the carriage, lightened of a prisoner who might well be — as he in fact was — very heavy in the sight of Aramis, passed across the drawbridge of the Bastile, which was raised again immediately behind it.

In the mean time, usurped royalty was playing out its part bravely at Vaux. Philippe . . . played the king in such a manner as to awaken no suspicion. He was completely dressed in hunting costume when he received his visitors. His own memory and the notes of Aramis announced everybody to him; first of all Anne of Austria, to whom Monsieur gave his hand, and then Madame with M. de Saint-Aignan. He smiled at seeing these countenances, but trembled on recognizing his

mother. That still so noble and imposing figure, ravaged by pain, pleaded in his heart the cause of the famous queen who had immolated a child to reasons of state. He found his mother still handsome. He knew that Louis XIV. loved her, and he promised himself to love her likewise, and not to prove a scourge to her old age. He contemplated his brother with a tenderness easily to be understood. The latter had usurped nothing, had cast no shades athwart his life. A separate tree, he allowed the stem to rise without heeding its elevation or majestic life. Philippe promised himself to be a kind brother to this prince, who required nothing but gold to minister to his pleasures. He bowed with a friendly air to Saint-Aignan, who was all reverences and smiles, and tremblingly held out his hand to Henrietta, his sister-in-law, whose beauty struck him; but he saw in the eyes of that princess an expression of coldness which would facilitate, as he thought, their future relations.

"How much more easy," thought he, "it will be to be the brother of that woman than her gallant, if she evinces toward me a coldness that my brother could not have for her, but which is imposed upon me as a duty." The only visit he dreaded at this moment was that of the queen; his heart — his mind — had just been shaken by so violent a trial, that, in spite of their firm temperament, they would not, perhaps, support another shock. Happily the queen did not come. Then commenced, on the part of Anne of Austria, a political dissertation upon the welcome M. Fouquet had given to the house of France. She mixed up hostilities with compliments addressed to the king, and questions as to his health, with little maternal flatteries and diplomatic artifices.

"Well, my son," said she, "are you convinced with regard to M. Fouquet?"

"Saint-Aignan," said Philippe, "have the goodness to go and inquire after the queen."

At these words, the first Philippe had pronounced aloud, the slight difference that there was between his voice and that of the king was sensible to maternal ears, and Anne of Austria looked earnestly at her son. Saint-Aignan left the room, and Philippe continued: —

"Madame, I do not like to hear M. Fouquet ill-spoken of, you know I do not — and you have even spoken well of him yourself."

"That is true; therefore I only question you on the state of your sentiments with respect to him."

"Sire," said Henrietta, "I, on my part, have always liked M. Fouquet. He is a man of good taste, — a superior man."

"A superintendent who is never sordid or niggardly," added Monsieur; "and who pays in gold all the orders I have on him."

"Every one in this thinks too much of himself, and nobody for the state," said the old queen. "M. Fouquet, it is a fact, M. Fouquet is ruining the state."

"Well, mother!" replied Philippe, in rather a lower key, "do you likewise constitute yourself the buckler of M. Colbert?"

"How is that?" replied the old queen, rather surprised.

"Why, in truth," replied Philippe, "you speak that just as your old friend Madame de Chevreuse would speak."

"Why do you mention Madame de Chevreuse to me?" said she, "and what sort of humor are you in to-day towards me?"

Philippe continued: "Is not Madame de Chevreuse always in league against somebody? Has not Madame de Chevreuse been to pay you a visit, mother?"

"Monsieur, you speak to me now in such a manner that I can almost fancy I am listening to your father."

"My father did not like Madame de Chevreuse, and had good reason for not liking her," said the prince. "For my part, I like her no better than *he* did; and if she thinks proper to come here as she formerly did, to sow divisions and hatreds under the pretext of begging money — why ——"

"Well! what?" said Anne of Austria, proudly, herself provoking the storm.

"Well!" replied the young man, firmly, "I will drive Madame de Chevreuse out of my kingdom — and with her all who meddle with its secrets and mysteries."

He had not calculated the effect of this terrible speech, or perhaps he wished to judge of the effect of it, like those who, suffering from a chronic pain, and seeking to break the monotony of that suffering, touch their wound to procure a sharper pang. Anne of Austria was nearly fainting; her eyes, open but meaningless, ceased to see for several seconds; she stretched out her arms towards her other son, who supported and embraced her without fear of irritating the king.

"Sire," murmured she, "you are treating your mother very cruelly."

"In what respect, madame?" replied he. "I am only speaking of Madame de Chevreuse; does my mother prefer Madame de Chevreuse to the security of the state and of my person? Well, then, madame, I tell you Madame de Chevreuse has returned to France to borrow money, and that she addressed herself to M. Fouquet to sell him a certain secret."

"A certain secret!" cried Anne of Austria.

"Concerning pretended robberies that monsieur le surintendant had committed, which is false," added Philippe. "M. Fouquet rejected her offers with indignation, preferring the esteem of the king to complicity with such intriguers. Then Madame de Chevreuse sold the secret to M. Colbert, and as she is insatiable, and was not satisfied with having extorted a hundred thousand crowns from a servant of the State, she has taken a still bolder flight, in search of surer sources of supply. Is that true, madame?"

"You know all, sire," said the queen, more uneasy than irritated.

"Now," continued Philippe, "I have good reason to dislike this fury, who comes to my court to plan the shame of some and the ruin of others. If Heaven has suffered certain crimes to be committed, and has concealed them in the shadow of its clemency, I will not permit Madame de Chevreuse to counteract the just designs of fate."

The latter part of this speech had so agitated the queen mother, that her son had pity on her. He took her hand and kissed it tenderly; she did not feel that in that kiss, given in spite of repulsion and bitterness of the heart, there was a pardon for eight years of suffering. Philippe allowed the silence of a moment to swallow the emotions that had just developed themselves. Then, with a cheerful smile: —

"We will not go to-day," said he, "I have a plan." And, turning towards the door, he hoped to see Aramis, whose absence began to alarm him. The queen mother wished to leave the room.

"Remain where you are, mother," said he, "I wish you to make your peace with M. Fouquet."

"I bear M. Fouquet no ill will; I only dreaded his prodigalities."

"We will put that to rights, and will take nothing of the superintendent but his good qualities."

"What is your majesty looking for?" said Henrietta, seeing the king's eyes constantly turned towards the door, and wishing to let fly a little poisoned arrow at his heart, supposing he was so anxiously expecting either La Vallière or a letter from her.

"My sister," said the young man, who had divined her thought, thanks to that marvelous perspicuity of which fortune was from that time about to allow him the exercise, "my sister, I am expecting a most distinguished man, a most able counselor, whom I wish to present to you all, recommending him to your good graces. Ah! come in, then, D'Artagnan."

"What does your majesty wish?" said D'Artagnan, appearing.

"Where is monsieur the bishop of Vannes, your friend?"

"Why, sire——"

"I am waiting for him, and he does not come. Let him be sought for."

D'Artagnan remained for an instant stupefied; but soon, reflecting that Aramis had left Vaux privately on a mission from the king, he concluded that the king wished to preserve the secret. "Sire," replied he, "does your majesty absolutely require M. d'Herblay to be brought to you?"

"Absolutely is not the word," said Philippe; "I do not want him so particularly as that; but if he can be found——"

"I thought so," said D'Artagnan to himself.

"Is this M. d'Herblay bishop of Vannes?"

"Yes, madame."

"A friend of M. Fouquet?"

"Yes, madame; an old musketeer."

Anne of Austria blushed.

"One of the four braves who formerly performed such prodigies."

The old queen repented of having wished to bite; she broke off the conversation, in order to preserve the rest of her teeth. "Whatever may be your choice, sire," said she, "I have no doubt it will be excellent."

All bowed in support of that sentiment.

"You will find in him," continued Philippe, "the depth and penetration of M. de Richelieu, without the avarice of M. de Mazarin!"

"A prime minister, sire?" said Monsieur, in a fright.

"I will tell you all about that, brother; but it is strange that M. d'Herblay is not here!"

He called out: —

"Let M. Fouquet be informed that I wish to speak to him —oh! before you, before you; do not retire!"

M. de Saint-Aignan returned, bringing satisfactory news of the queen, who only kept her bed from precaution, and to have strength to carry out all the king's wishes. Whilst everybody was seeking M. Fouquet and Aramis, the new king quietly continued his experiments, and everybody, family, officers, servants, had not the least suspicion of his identity, his air, voice, and manners were so like the king's. On his side, Philippe, applying to all countenances the accurate descriptions and key-notes of character supplied by his accomplice Aramis, conducted himself so as not to give birth to a doubt in the minds of those who surrounded him. Nothing from that time could disturb the usurper. With what strange facility had Providence just reversed the loftiest fortune of the world to substitute the lowliest in its stead! Philippe admired the goodness of God with regard to himself, and seconded it with all the resources of his admirable nature. But he felt, at times, something like a specter gliding between him and the rays of his new glory. Aramis did not appear. The conversation had languished in the royal family; Philippe, preoccupied, forgot to dismiss his brother and Madame Henrietta. The latter were astonished, and began, by degrees, to lose all patience. Anne of Austria stooped towards her son's ear, and addressed some words to him in Spanish. Philippe was completely ignorant of that language, and grew pale at this unexpected obstacle. But, as if the spirit of the imperturbable Aramis had covered him with his infallibility, instead of appearing disconcerted, Philippe rose. "Well! what?" said Anne of Austria.

"What is all that noise?" said Philippe, turning round towards the door of the second staircase.

And a voice was heard saying, "This way, this way! A few steps more, sire!"

"The voice of M. Fouquet," said D'Artagnan, who was standing close to the queen mother.

"Then M. d'Herblay cannot be far off," added Philippe.

But he then saw what he little thought to have beheld so near to him. All eyes were turned towards the door at which

M. Fouquet was expected to enter; but it was not M. Fouquet who entered. A terrible cry resounded from all corners of the chamber, a painful cry uttered by the king and all present. It is given to but few men, even to those whose destiny contains the strangest elements, and accidents the most wonderful, to contemplate a spectacle similar to that which presented itself in the royal chamber at that moment. The half-closed shutters only admitted the entrance of an uncertain light passing through thick violet velvet curtains lined with silk. In this soft shade, the eyes were by degrees dilated, and every one present saw others rather with imagination than with actual sight. There could not, however, escape, in these circumstances, one of the surrounding details; and the new object which presented itself appeared as luminous as though it shone out in full sunlight. So it happened with Louis XIV., when he showed himself, pale and frowning, in the doorway of the secret stairs. The face of Fouquet appeared behind him, stamped with sorrow and determination. The queen mother, who perceived Louis XIV., and who held the hand of Philippe, uttered the cry of which we have spoken, as if she had beheld a phantom. Monsieur was bewildered, and kept turning his head in astonishment, from one to the other. Madame made a step forward, thinking she was looking at the form of her brother-in-law reflected in a mirror. And, in fact, the illusion was possible. The two princes, both pale as death — for we renounce the hope of being able to describe the fearful state of Philippe — trembling, clenching their hands convulsively, measured each other with looks, and darted their glances, sharp as poniards, at each other. Silent, panting, bending forward, they appeared as if about to spring upon an enemy. The unheard-of resemblance of countenance, gesture, shape, height, even to the resemblance of costume, produced by chance — for Louis XIV. had been to the Louvre and put on a violet-colored dress — the perfect analogy of the two princes, completed the consternation of Anne of Austria. And yet she did not at once guess the truth. There are misfortunes in life so truly dreadful that no one will at first accept them; people rather believe in the supernatural and the impossible. Louis had not reckoned on these obstacles. He expected he had only to appear to be acknowledged. A living sun, he could not endure the suspicion of equality with any one. He did not admit that every torch should not become darkness at

the instant he shone out with his conquering ray. At the aspect of Philippe, then, he was perhaps more terrified than any one round him, and his silence, his immobility, were, this time, a concentration and a calm which precede the violent explosions of concentrated passion.

But Fouquet! who shall paint his emotion and stupor in presence of this living portrait of his master! Fouquet thought Aramis was right, that this newly-arrived was a king as pure in his race as the other, and that, for having repudiated all participation in this *coup d'état*, so skillfully got up by the General of the Jesuits, he must be a mad enthusiast, unworthy of ever again dipping his hands in political grand strategy work. And then it was the blood of Louis XIII. which Fouquet was sacrificing to the blood of Louis XIII.; it was to a selfish ambition he was sacrificing a noble ambition; to the right of keeping he sacrificed the right of having. The whole extent of his fault was revealed to him at simple sight of the pretender. All that passed in the mind of Fouquet was lost upon the persons present. He had five minutes to focus meditation on this point of conscience; five minutes, that is to say five ages, during which the two kings and their family scarcely found energy to breathe after so terrible a shock. D'Artagnan, leaning against the wall in front of Fouquet, with his hand to his brow, asked himself the cause of such a wonderful prodigy. He could not have said at once why he doubted, but he knew assuredly that he had reason to doubt, and that in this meeting of the two Louis XIV.'s lay all the doubt and difficulty that during late days had rendered the conduct of Aramis so suspicious to the musketeer. These ideas were, however, enveloped in a haze, a veil of mystery. The actors in this assembly seemed to swim in the vapors of a confused waking. Suddenly Louis XIV., more impatient and more accustomed to command, ran to one of the shutters, which he opened, tearing the curtains in his eagerness. A flood of living light entered the chamber, and made Philippe draw back to the alcove. Louis seized upon this movement with eagerness, and addressing himself to the queen: —

"My mother," said he, "do you not acknowledge your son, since every one here has forgotten his king?" Anne of Austria started, and raised her arms towards heaven, without being able to articulate a single word.

"My mother," said Philippe, with a calm voice, "do you not

acknowledge your son?" And this time, in his turn, Louis drew back.

As to Anne of Austria, struck suddenly in head and heart with fell remorse, she lost her equilibrium. No one aiding her, for all were petrified, she sank back in her *fauteuil*, breathing a weak, trembling sigh. Louis could not endure the spectacle and the affront. He bounded towards D'Artagnan, over whose brain a vertigo was stealing, and who staggered as he caught at the door for support.

"*À moi! mousquetaire!*" said he. "Look us in the face and say which is the paler, he or I!"

This cry roused D'Artagnan, and stirred in his heart the fibers of obedience. He shook his head, and, without more hesitation, he walked straight up to Philippe, on whose shoulder he laid his hand, saying, "Monsieur, you are my prisoner!"

Philippe did not raise his eyes towards heaven, not stir from the spot, where he seemed nailed to the floor, his eye intently fixed upon the king his brother. He reproached him with a sublime silence for all misfortunes past, all tortures to come. Against this language of the soul the king felt he had no power; he cast down his eyes, dragging away precipitately his brother and sister, forgetting his mother sitting motionless within three paces of the son whom she left a second time to be condemned to death. Philippe approached Anne of Austria, and said to her, in a soft and nobly agitated voice: —

"If I were not your son, I should curse you, my mother, for having rendered me so unhappy."

D'Artagnan felt a shudder pass through the marrow of his bones. He bowed respectfully to the young prince, and said, as he bent, "Excuse me, monseigneur, I am but a soldier, and my oaths are his who has just left the chamber."

"Thank you, M. d'Artagnan. . . . What has become of M. d'Herblay?"

"M. d'Herblay is in safety, monseigneur," said a voice behind them; "and no one, while I live and am free, shall cause a hair to fall from his head."

"Monsieur Fouquet!" said the prince, smiling sadly.

"Pardon me, monseigneur," said Fouquet, kneeling, "but he who is just gone out from hence was my guest."

"Here are," murmured Philippe, with a sigh, "brave friends and good hearts. They make me regret the world. Oh, M. d'Artagnan, I follow you."

At the moment the captain of the musketeers was about to leave the room with his prisoner, Colbert appeared, and after remitting an order from the king to D'Artagnan, retired. D'Artagnan read the paper, and then crushed it in his hand with rage.

"What is it?" asked the prince.

"Read, monseigneur," replied the musketeer.

Philippe read the following words, hastily traced by the hand of the king: —

"M. d'Artagnan will conduct the prisoner to the Île Sainte-Marguerite. He will cover his face with an iron visor, which the prisoner shall never raise except at peril of his life."

"That is just," said Philippe, with resignation; "I am ready."

"Aramis was right," said Fouquet in a low voice, to the musketeer: "this one is every whit as much a king as the other."

"More so!" replied D'Artagnan. "He only wanted you and me."

THE WEAKNESS, UNREST, AND DEFECTS OF MAN.

By BLAISE PASCAL.

(From the "Thoughts.")

[Blaise Pascal: French mathematician and philosopher, was born at Clermont-Ferrand, in Auvergne, June 19, 1623. In early youth he showed a decided inclination for mathematics, and so rapid was his advance that at sixteen he wrote a treatise on conic sections that astonished Descartes, invented a calculating machine before he was twenty, and made brilliant discoveries concerning hydrostatics, pneumatics, etc. About 1649, however, he was seized with religious fervor, renounced his scientific pursuits, and joined the Jansenist community of Port Royal, where he devoted himself to theological studies and the practice of asceticism. Never in robust health, he broke down under the strain of long vigils and severe discipline, and finally died, a physical and mental wreck, at Paris, August 19, 1662. His chief works are the "Provincial Letters," a caustic satire on the Jesuits, and the so-called "Pensées," fragmentary materials of a projected "Apology of the Catholic Religion."]

We care nothing for the present. We anticipate the future as too slow in coming, as if we could make it move faster; or we call back the past, to stop its rapid flight. So imprudent are we that we wander through the times in which we have no part, unthinking of that which alone is ours; so frivolous are we that we dream of the days which are not, and pass by with-

out reflection those which alone exist. For the present generally gives us pain; we conceal it from our sight because it afflicts us, and if it be pleasant we regret to see it vanish away. We endeavor to sustain the present by the future, and think of arranging things not in our power, for a time at which we have no certainty of arriving.

If we examine our thoughts, we shall find them always occupied with the past or the future. We scarcely think of the present, and if we do so, it is only that we may borrow light from it to direct the future. The present is never our end; the past and the present are our means, the future alone is our end. Thus we never live, but hope to live, and while we always lay ourselves out to be happy, it is inevitable that we can never be so.

We are so unhappy that we cannot take pleasure in a thing save on condition of being troubled if it turn out ill, as a thousand things may do, and do every hour. He who should find the secret of rejoicing in good without being troubled at its contrary evil, would have hit the mark. It is perpetual motion.

Our nature exists by motion; perfect rest is death.

When we are well we wonder how we should get on if we were sick, but when sickness comes we take our medicine cheerfully — into that the evil resolves itself. We have no longer those passions, and that desire for amusement and gadding abroad, which were ours in health but are now incompatible with the necessities of our disease. So then nature gives us passions and desires in accordance with the immediate situation. Nothing troubles us but fears, which we, and not nature, make for ourselves, because fear adds to the condition in which we are the passions of the condition in which we are not.

Since nature makes us always unhappy in every condition, our desires paint for us a happy condition, joining to that in which we are the pleasures of the condition in which we are not; and were we to gain these pleasures we should not therefore be happy, because we should have other desires conformable to this new estate.

The example of Alexander's chastity has not made so many continent as that of his drunkenness has made intemperate. It is not shameful to be less virtuous than he, and it seems excusable to be no more vicious. We do not think ourselves

wholly partakers in the vices of ordinary men, when we see that we share those of the great, not considering that in such matters the great are but ordinary men. We hold on to them by the same end by which they hold on to the people, for at whatsoever height they be, they are yet united at some point to the lowest of mankind. They are not suspended in the air, abstracted from our society. No, doubly no; if they are greater than we, it is because their heads are higher; but their feet are as low as ours. There all are on the same level, resting on the same earth, and by the lower extremity are as low as we are, as the meanest men, as children, and the brutes.

Great men and little have the same accidents, the same tempers, the same passions, but one is on the felloe of the wheel, the other near the axle, and so less agitated by the same revolutions.

Man is full of wants, and cares only for those who can satisfy them all. "Such an one is a good mathematician," it is said. But I have nothing to do with mathematics, he would take me for a proposition. "This other is a good soldier." He would treat me as a besieged city. I need then an honorable man who can lend himself generally to all my wants.

We are fools if we rest content with the society of those like ourselves; miserable as we are, powerless as we are, they will not aid us, we shall die alone. We ought therefore to act as though we were alone, and should we in that case build superb mansions, etc.? We should search for truth unhesitatingly, and if we refuse it, we show that we value the esteem of men more than the search for truth.

The last act is tragic, how pleasantly soever the play may have run through the others. At the end a little earth is flung on our head, and all is over forever.

I feel that I might not have been, for the "I" consists in my thought; therefore I, who think, had not been had my mother been killed before I had life. So I am not a necessary being. Neither am I eternal nor infinite, but I see plainly there is in nature a necessary being, eternal and infinite.

Excessive or deficient mental powers are alike accused of madness. Nothing is good but mediocrity. The majority has settled that, and assails whoever escapes it, no matter by which

extreme. I make no objection, would willingly consent to be in the mean, and I refuse to be placed at the lower end, not because it is low, but because it is an extreme, for I would equally refuse to be placed at the top. To leave the mean is to leave humanity. The greatness of the human soul consists in knowing how to keep the mean. So little is it the case that greatness consists in leaving it, that it lies in not leaving it.

Discourses on humility give occasion for pride to the boastful, and for humility to the humble. Those on skepticism give occasion for believers to affirm. Few men speak humbly of humility, chastely of chastity, few of skepticism doubtingly. We are but falsehood, duplicity, and contradiction, using even to ourselves concealment and guile.

The intellect believes naturally, and the will loves naturally, so that for lack of true objects, they must needs attach themselves to the false.

We cannot think of Plato and Aristotle, save in professorial robes. They were honest men like others, laughing with their friends, and when they amused themselves with writing the "Laws" or the "Politics," they did it as a pastime. That part of their life was the least philosophic and the least serious; the most philosophic was to live simply and quietly. If they wrote on politics it was as though they were laying down rules for a madhouse, and if they made as though they were speaking of a great matter, it was because they knew that the madmen to whom they spoke fancied themselves kings and emperors. They entered into their views in order to make their folly as little harmful as possible.

We never teach men to be gentlemen, but we teach them everything else, and they never pique themselves so much on all the rest as on knowing how to be gentlemen. They pique themselves only on knowing the one thing they have not learnt.

Time heals all pain and misunderstanding, because we change and are no longer the same persons. Neither the offender nor the offended are any more themselves. It is like a nation which we have angered and meet again after two generations. They are Frenchmen still, but not the same.

Malignity when it has reason on its side becomes proud, and displays reason in all its splendor.

If we would reprove with success, and show another his mistake, we must see from what side he views the matter, for on that side it is generally true; and admitting that truth, show him the side on which it is false. He will be satisfied, for he will see that he is not mistaken, only that he did not see all sides. .Now, no one is vexed at not seeing everything. But we do not like to be mistaken, and that perhaps arises from the fact that man by nature cannot see everything, and that by nature he cannot be mistaken in the side he looks at, since what we apprehend by our senses is always true.

The knowledge of external things will not console me for my ignorance of ethics in time of affliction, but the science of morals will always console me for my ignorance of external knowledge.

To put our trust in forms and ceremonies is superstitious; but not to comply with them is pride.

We never do evil so cheerfully and effectually as when we do it upon a false principle of conscience.

I must not seek my dignity from space, but from ruling my thought. I should have no more if I possessed worlds. By space the universe incloses and swallows me, a mere atom: by thought, I inclose the universe.

Justice and truth are two such fine points that our instruments are too blunt to touch them with accuracy. If they hit on the point, they cover it so broadly that they rest oftener on the wrong than on the right.

Whence is it that a lame man does not offend us, and that a deficient mind does offend us? It is because the lame man acknowledges that we walk straight; whereas, the crippled in mind maintain that it is we who go lame. But for this we should feel more compassion for them than resentment.

Epictetus proposes a similar question: why we are not angry when a man tells us that we have the headache, and yet fall into a passion when he tells us we reason ill, or make a wrong choice? The reason is, that we can be very certain that we have not the headache or are not lame; but we cannot be

so certain that we make a right choice. For having no assurance that we do so, but because it appears so to us, with all the light we have, — when another with all his light sees the contrary, this confounds us, and keeps us in suspense : especially if a thousand other persons laugh at our choice, for then we must prefer our own light to that of so many others, which is a perplexing and difficult matter. But men never contradict each other thus about the lameness of any one.

HUDIBRAS.

By SAMUEL BUTLER.

[Samuel Butler, the well-known English author, was a native of Strensham, Worcestershire, where he was born in 1612. Educated at the Worcester grammar school and probably at Cambridge University, he became an attendant to Elizabeth, Countess of Kent, and later to the Presbyterian Sir Samuel Luke, who is supposed to be the prototype of Hudibras. After the Restoration he entered the service of the Earl of Carberry, Lord President of Wales, and was appointed steward of Ludlow Castle. His "Hudibras" (published in three parts, 1663–1678), a satirical poem directed against the Puritans, achieved immediate popularity, and a grant of three hundred pounds was bestowed on the author by Charles II. Butler died at Covent Garden, September 25, 1680, in great poverty, and was buried at the expense of his friend, William Longueville of the Temple.]

When civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion, as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
When Gospel Trumpeter, surrounded
With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood;
That never bent his stubborn knee
To anything but Chivalry;

Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for cartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war, as well as peace.
So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise, or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other;
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool:
For't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras;
For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was not such;
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it;
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holydays, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised;
And truly so, perhaps, he was,
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south, and southwest side;
On either which he would dispute.
Confute, change hands, and still confute;
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks Committee men and Trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
And this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk.
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to show't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learnèd pedants much affect.
It was a party-colored dress
Of patched and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin;
It had an old promiscuous tone
As if h' had talked three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three laborers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large;
For he could coin, or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;

Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebblestones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve, by sines and tangents straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by Algebra.
Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith:
Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion served, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where entity and quiddity,
The ghost of defunct bodies fly;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congealed in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.
In school divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable;
A second Thomas, or, at once
To name them all, another Duns;
Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways, beyond them all:

And, with as delicate a hand,
Could twist as tough a rope of sand;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnishèd.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had catched
The itch, on purpose to be scratched;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of Faith are cured again;
Although by woeful proof we find,
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies;
And, as he was disposed, could prove it,
Below the moon, or else above it. . . .
For his Religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian, true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows, and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect, whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract or monkey sick.
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way;

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshiped God for spite.
The selfsame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free will they one way disavow;
Another, nothing else allow.
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly,
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend — plum porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linked,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got the advowson of his conscience.
Thus was he gifted and accoutered,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus:
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face. . . .
His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who feared no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woolen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Through they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise. . . .
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,

With basket hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for bullets,
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets;
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancor of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorned to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.
In many desperate attempts,
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appeared with courage bolder
Than Sergeant Bum invading shoulder;
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And prisoners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age:
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do.
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabbed, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this, and more, it did endure;
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done, on the same score.
In th' holsters, at his saddlebow,
Two agèd pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get.
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent;
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap.

They were upon hard duty still,
And every night stood sentinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose,
From two-legged and from four-legged foes.
Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first, with nimble active force,
He got on th' outside of his horse:
For having but one stirrup tied
T' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe.
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
With so much vigor, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he used instead of rein.
But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behoove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumpkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stayed, and in his gait,
Preserved a grave, majestic state;
At spur or switch no more he skipped,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipped;
And yet so fiery, he would bound
As if he grieved to touch the ground;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender-hoofed,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
Some write, to take his rider up,
So Hudibras his, 'tis well known,
Would often do, to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For what was hidden under pad,
And breech of knight galled full as bad.

His strutting ribs on both sides showed
Like furrows he himself had plowed;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt
Which on his rider he would flirt,
Still as his tender side he pricked,
With armed heel, or with unarmed, kicked;
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of 's horse,
The other would not stay his course.

A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half.
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with meter safe
We'll call him so, if not, plain Ralph;
For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
An equal stock of wit and valor
He had laid in; by birth a tailor;
The mighty Tyrian queen that gained,
With subtle shreds, a tract of land,
Did leave it, with a castle fair,
To his great ancestor, her heir;
From him descended cross-legged knights,
Famed for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroyed both great and small.
This sturdy Squire had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't;
Some call it Gifts, and some New Light;
A liberal art that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wits were sent him for a token,
But in the carriage cracked and broken;
Like commendation ninepence crooked
With — To and from my love — it looked.
He ne'er considered it, as loath
To look a gift horse in the mouth;

And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth:
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too:
For saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten snuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle:
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way:
Whate'er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark lantern of the spirit,
Which none can see but those that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by;
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom in dirty pond;
To dive, like wild fowl, for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
This light inspires, and plays upon
The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,
And speaks, through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whispering hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spirit'al eavesdropper can hear.
So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,
Into small poets song infuse;
Which they at second hand rehearse,
Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
Thus Ralph became infallible,
As three or four legged oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.
For mystic learning wondrous able
In magic, talisman, and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences,
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could say;

A deep occult philosopher,
As learned as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renowned:
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Rosicrucian lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contràry clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry, "Rope," and "Walk, knave, walk."
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,
Of sovereign power to make men wise;
For, dropped in blear thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, though purblind in the light.
By help of these, as he professed,
He had First Matter seen undressed:
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos, too, he had descried,
And seen quite through, or else he lied;
Not that of pasteboard, which men show
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew,
But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came,
Both cousin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble:
But Reformation was, some say,
O' th' younger house to puppet play.
He could foretell whats'ever was,
By consequence, to come to pass:
As death of great men, alterations,
Diseases, battles, inundations:
All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
And easy to be understood:
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the stars depose,

Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge;
As if they were consenting to
All mischiefs in the world men do:
Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robbed a house below;
Examine Venus and the Moon,
Who stole a thimble or a spoon;
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who received the goods:
They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimmed a cloak;
Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's destinies;
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallowed it instead o' th' pill,
Cast the nativity o' th' question,
And from positions to be guessed on,
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;
What gains, or loses, hangs, or saves,
What makes men great, what fools, or knaves;
But not what wise, for only 'f those
The stars, they say, cannot dispose,
No more than can the astrologians:
There they say right, and like true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.
Thus was th' accomplished Squire endued
With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valors, too, were of a rate,
And out they sallied at the gate.

LEAVES FROM PEPYS' DIARY.

By SAMUEL PEPYS.

[Samuel Pepys, famous English diarist, was born in 1633, the son of a London tailor, and entered Magdalene College, Cambridge. Through the influence of Sir Edward Montagu (afterward Earl of Sandwich), he secured the office of Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, and twelve years later was raised to the secretaryship of the Admiralty. He discharged his duties with intelligence and zeal, and earned a great reputation as an authority on matters connected with the navy. During the excitement of the Popish Plot he was committed to the Tower, but after some time was discharged without a trial, and reinstated in his office at the Admiralty, which he retained until the abdication of James II. He was also a member of Parliament for a brief term, master of the Trinity House, and President of the Royal Society. He died May 26, 1703. The celebrated "Diary" (extending from 1660 to 1669) is interesting both for its graphic picture of the court of Charles II., and for the insight it gives into Pepys' own character. It was written in cipher, and remained in manuscript until its discovery (1825) among the books, prints, etc., bequeathed by Pepys to Magdalene College.]

March 26th [1663]. This day is five years since it pleased God to preserve me at my being cut of the stone, of which I bless God I am in all respects well. But I could not get my feast to be kept to-day as it used to be, because of my wife's being ill and other disorders by my servants being out of order. This morning came a new cook-mayde at £4 per annum, the first time I ever did give so much. She did live last at my Lord Monk's house, and indeed at dinner did get what there was very prettily ready and neate for me, which did please me much. . . .

April 1st. I went to the Temple to my Cozen Roger Pepys, to see and talk with him a little: who tells me that, with much ado, the Parliament do agree to throw down Popery; but he says it is with so much spite and passion, and an endeavor of bringing all Nonconformists into the same condition that he is afeard matters will not go so well as he could wish. Home, calling on the virginall maker, buying a rest for myself to tune my tryangle, and taking one of his people along with me to put it in tune once more, by which I learned how to go about it myself for the time to come. To my office all the afternoon; Lord! how Sir J. Minnes, like a mad coxcomb, did swear and stamp, swearing that Commissioner Pett hath still the old heart against the King that ever he had, and that this was his envy against his brother that was to build

the ship, and all the damnable reproaches in the world, at which I was ashamed, but said little; but, upon the whole, I find him still a foole, led by the nose with stories told by Sir W. Batten, whether with or without reason. So, vexed in my mind to see things ordered so unlike gentlemen, or men of reason, I went home and to bed.

2*d*. By coach to Westminster Hall with Sir W. Pen. By and by the House rises and I home again with him, all the way talking about the business of Holmes; I did on purpose tell him my mind freely, and let him see that it must be a wiser man than Holmes (in these very words) that shall do me any hurt while I do my duty. I do remember him of Holmes' words against Sir J. Minnes, that he was a knave, rogue, coward, and that he will kick him and pull him by the eares, which he remembered all of them and may have occasion to do it hereafter to his owne shame to suffer them to be spoke in his presence without any reply but what I did give him, which has caused all this feud. But I am glad of it, for I would now and then take occasion to let the world know that I will not be made a novice. Sir W. Pen took occasion to speak about my wife's strangenesse to him and his daughter, and that believing at last that it was from his taking of Sarah to be his mayde, he hath now put her away, at which I am glad. He told me that this day the King hath sent to the House his concurrence wholly with them against the Popish priests, Jesuits, etc., which gives great content, and I am glad of it.

3*d*. To White Hall and to Chappell, which being most monstrous full, I could not go into my pew, but sat among the quire. Dr. Creeton, the Scotchman, preached a most admirable, good, learned, honest, and most severe sermon, yet comicall, upon the words of the woman concerning the Virgin, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee and the paps that gave thee suck; and he answered, Nay; rather is he blessed that heareth the word of God, and keepeth it." He railed bitterly ever and anon against John Calvin, and his brood, the Presbyterians, and against the present terme, now in use, of "tender consciences." He ripped up Hugh Peters (calling him the execrable skelium), his preaching and stirring up the mayds of the city to bring in their bodkins and thimbles. Thence going out of White Hall, I met Captain Grove, who did give me a letter directed to myself from himself. I discerned money to be in it, and took it, knowing, as I found it to be, the proceed of the

place I have got him to be, the taking up of vessels for Tangier. But I did not open it till I came home to my office, and there I broke it open, not looking into it till all the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper, if ever I should be questioned about it. There was a piece in gold and 4*l.* in silver. So home to dinner with my father and wife, and after dinner up to my tryangle, where I found that above my expectation Ashwell has very good principles of musique and can take out a lesson herself with very little pains. Thence to the Tangier Committee, where we find ourselves at a great stand; the establishment being but 70,000*l.* per annum, and the forces to be kept in the towne at the least estimate that my Lord Rutherford can be got to bring it is 53,000*l.* The charge of this year's work of the Mole will be 13,000*l.*; besides 1,000*l.* a-year to my Lord Peterborough as a pension, and the fortifications and contingencys, which puts us to a great stand. I find at Court that there is some bad newes from Ireland of an insurrection of the Catholiques there, which puts them into an alarme. I hear also in the City that for certain there is an embargo upon all our ships in Spayne, upon this action of my Lord Windsor's at Cuba, which signifies little or nothing, but only he hath a mind to say that he hath done something before he comes back again.

4*th.* To my office. Home to dinner, whither by and by comes Roger Pepys, Mrs. Turner and her daughter, Joyce Norton, and a young lady, a daughter of Coll. Cockes, my uncle Wight, his wife and Mrs. Anne Wight. This being my feast, in lieu of what I should have had a few days ago for my cutting of the stone, for which the Lord make me truly thankful. Very merry at, before, and after dinner, and the more for that my dinner was great, and most neatly dressed by our owne only mayde. We had a fricasee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lambe, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie (a most rare pie), a dish of anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble and to my great content. After dinner to Hide Parke; my aunt, Mrs. Wight, and I in one coach, and all the rest of the women in Mr. Turner's; Roger being gone in haste to the Parliament about the carrying this business of the Papists, in which it seems there is great contest on both sides, and my uncle and father staying together behind. At the Parke was the King, and in another

coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another at every tour. Here about an houre and home, and I found the house as clear as if nothing had been done there to-day from top to bottom, which made us give the cooke 12*d.* a piece, each of us.

5*th* (*Lord's day*). Up and spent the morning, till the Barber came, in reading in my chamber part of Osborne's advice to his Son, which I shall not never enough admire for sense and language, and being by and by trimmed, to Church, myself, wife. Ashwell, etc. Home and while dinner was prepared to my office to read over my vows with great affection and to very good purpose. Then to church again, where a simple bawling young Scot preached.

6*th*. To my office and there made an end of reading my book that I have of Mr. Barlow's of the Journall of the Commissioners of the Navy, who begun to act in the year 1628 and continued six years, wherein is fine observations and precedents out of which I do purpose to make a good collection. To the Committee of Tangier, where I found, to my great joy, my Lord Sandwich, the first time I have seen him abroad these some months, and by and by he rose and took leave, being, it seems, this night to go to Kensington or Chelsey, where he hath taken a lodging for a while to take the ayre.

7*th*. To my office. At noon to the Exchange, and after dinner to the office, where Sir J. Minnes did make a great complaint to me alone, how my clerke Mr. Hater had entered in one of the Sea books a ticket to have been signed by him before it had been examined, which makes the old foole mad almost, though there was upon enquiry the greatest reason in the world for it. Which though it vexes me, yet it is most to see from day to day what a coxcomb he is, and that so great a trust should lie in the hands of such a foole.

8*th*. By water to White Hall, to chappell; where preached Dr. Pierce, the famous man that preached the sermon so much cried up, before the King against the Papists. His matter was the Devil tempting our Saviour, being carried into the Wilderness by the spirit. And he hath as much of natural eloquence as most men that ever I heard in my life, mixed with so much learning. After sermon I went up and saw the ceremony of the Bishop of Peterborough's paying homage upon the knee to the King, while Sir H. Bennet, Secretary, read the King's grant of the Bishopric of Lincolne, to which he is translated. His name is Dr. Lany. Here I also saw the Duke of Monmouth, with his

Order of the Garter, the first time I ever saw it. I hear that the University of Cambridge did treat him a little while since with all the honour possible, with a comedy at Trinity College, and banquet; and made him Master of Arts there. All which, they say, the King took very well. Dr. Raynbow, Master of Magdalen, being now Vice-Chancellor.

9*th*. To my office, and anon we met upon finishing the Treasurer's accounts. At noon dined at home and am vexed to hear my wife tell me how our mayde Mary do endeavour to corrupt our cook mayde, which did please me very well, but I am resolved to rid the house of her as soon as I can.

10*th*. After great expectation from Ireland, and long stop of letters, there is good newes come, that all is quiett after our great noise of troubles there, though some stir hath been as was reported. To the Royall Oake Taverne, in Lumbarde Streete, where Alexander Broome the poet was, a merry and witty man, I believe, if he be not a little conceited, and here drank a sort of French wine, called Ho Bryan, that hath a good and most particular taste that I never met with. Then to my Lord's lodgings, met my wife, and walked to the New Exchange. There laid out 10*s*. upon pendents and painted leather gloves, very pretty and all the mode.

12*th* (*Lord's day*). To church, where I found our pew altered by taking some of the hind pew to make ours bigger. After dinner got a coach and to Graye's Inn walks, where some handsome faces. Coming home to-night, a drunken boy was carrying by our constable to our new pair of stocks to handsel them, being a new pair and very handsome.

13*th*. Up by five o'clock and to my office, where hard at work till towards noon, and home and eat a bit, and so with Sir W. Batten to the Stillyard, and there eat a lobster together, and anon to the Tangier Committee, where we had very fine discourse from Dr. Walker and Wiseman, civilians, against our erecting a court-merchant at Tangier, and well answered by my Lord Sandwich (whose speaking I never till now observed so much to be very good) and Sir R. Ford. By and by the discourse being ended, we fell to my Lord Rutherford's dispatch, which do not please him, he being a Scott, and one resolved to scrape every penny that he can get by any way, which the Committee will not agree to. He took offence at something and rose away, without taking leave of the board, which all took ill, though nothing said but only by the Duke

of Albemarle, who said that we ought to settle things as they ought to be, and if he will not go upon these terms another man will, no doubt.

14*th*. By barge to Woolwich, to see "The Royal James" launched, where she has been under repair a great while. Then to Mr. Falconer's to a dinner of fish of our own sending, and when it was just ready to come upon the table, word is brought that the King and Duke are come, so they all went away to shew themselves, while I staid and had a little dish or two by myself, resolving to go home, and by the time I had dined they came again, having gone to little purpose, the King, I believe, taking little notice of them. So they to dinner, and I staid a little with them, and so good bye. I walked to Greenwich, studying the slide rule for measuring of timber, which is very fine, and so home pretty weary. Anon they all came home, the ship well launched. Sir G. Carteret tells me to-night that he perceives the Parliament is likely to make a great bustle before they will give the King any money; will call all things into question; and, above all, the expences of the Navy; and do enquire into the King's expences everywhere, and into the truth of the report of people being forced to sell their bills at 15 per cent. losse in the Navy; and, lastly, that they are in a very angry pettish mood at present, and not likely to be better.

15*th*. After talking with my father awhile, I to my office, and there hard at it till almost noon, and then went down the river with Maynes, the purveyor, to show a ship's lading of Norway goods. So home, and after dinner up with my wife and Ashwell a little to the Tryangle, and so I down to Deptford by land about looking out a couple of catches fitted to be speedily set forth in answer to a letter of Mr. Coventry's to me. Which done, I walked back again, all the way reading of my book of Timber measure, comparing it with my new Sliding Rule brought home this morning with great pleasure. Taking boat again I went to Shishe's yard, and with him pitched upon a couple, and so home a little weary.

16*th*. Met to pass Mr. Pitts' (Sir J. Lawson's Secretary and Deputy Treasurer) accounts for the voyage last to the Streights, wherein the demands are strangely irregular, and I dare not oppose it alone for making an enemy and do no good, but only bring a review upon my Lord Sandwich, but God knows it troubles my heart to see it, and to see

the Comptroller, whose duty it is, to make no more matter of it.

17*th*. It being Good Friday, our dinner was only sugar-sopps and fish; the only time that we have had a Lenten dinner all this Lent. This morning Mr. Hunt, the instrument maker, brought me home a Basse Viall to see whether I like it, which I do not very well, besides I am under a doubt whether I had best buy one, because of spoiling my present mind and love to business. To Paul's Church Yarde, to cause the title of my English "Mare Clausum" to be changed, and the new title, dedicated to the King, to be put to it, because I am ashamed to have the other seen dedicated to the Commonwealth.

18*th*. At dinner was Mr. Creed, all dinner, and walking in the garden the afternoon, he and I talking of the ill management of our office, which God knows is very ill for the King's advantage. I would I could make it better.

19*th* (*Easter day*). Up and this day put on my close-kneed coloured suit, which, with new stockings of the colour, with belt and new gilt-handled sword, is very handsome. To church alone, and after dinner to church again, where the young Scotchman preaching I slept all the while. After supper, fell in discourse of dancing, and I find that Ashwell hath a very fine carriage, which makes my wife almost ashamed of herself to see herself so outdone, but to-morrow she begins to learn to dance for a month or two. So to prayers and to bed. Will being gone, with my leave, to his father's this day for a day or two, to take physique these holydays.

20*th*. Begun to look over my father's accounts, which he brought out of the country with him by my desire, whereby I may see what he has received and spent, and I find that he is not anything extravagant, and yet it do so far outdo his estate that he must either think of lessening his charge, or I must be forced to spare money out of my purse to helpe him through, which I would willing do as far as 20*l*. goes. To Mr. Grant's. There saw his prints, which he shewed me, and indeed are the best collection of any things almost that ever I saw, there being the prints of most of the greatest houses, churches, and antiquitys in Italy and France and brave cutts. I had not time to look them over as I ought. With Sir G. Carteret and Sir John Minnes to my Lord Treasurer's, thinking to have spoken about getting money for paying the Yards; but we found him with

some ladies at cards: and so, it being a bad time to speak, we parted. This day the little Duke of Monmouth was marryed at White Hall, in the King's chamber; and to-night is a great supper and dancing at his lodgings, near Charing-Cross. I observed his coate at the tail of his coach: he gives the arms of England, Scotland, and France, quartered upon some other fields, but what it is that speaks his being a bastard I know not.

21*st*. I ruled with red ink my English "Mare Clausum," which, with the new orthodox title, makes it now very handsome. So to business and home to supper to play a game at cards with my wife; Ashwell plays well at cards, and will teach us to play; I wish it do not lose too much of my time, and put my wife too much upon it.

22*d*. To the Change, and so to my uncle Wight's, by invitation, whither my father, wife, and Ashwell came, where we had but a poor dinner, and not well dressed; besides, the very sight of my aunt's hands and greasy manner of carving did almost turn my stomach. After dinner by coach to the King's Playhouse, where we saw but part of "Witt without mony," which I do not like much, but coming late put me out of tune, and it costing me four half-crownes for myself and company.

23*d*. St. George's day and Coronacion, the King and Court being at Windsor, at the installing of the King of Denmarke by proxy and the Duke of Monmouth. I, with my father, sat all the morning looking over his country accounts. I find his spending hitherto has been (without extraordinary charges) at full 100*l*. per annum, which troubles me, and I did let him apprehend it, so as that the poor man wept, though he did make it well appear to me that he could not have saved a farthing of it. I did tell him how things stand with us, and did shew my distrust of Pall, both for her good nature and housewifery, which he was sorry for, telling me that indeed she carries herself very well and carefully, which I am glad to hear, though I doubt it was but his doting and not being able to find her miscarriages so well nowadays as he could heretofore have done. Spend the evening with my father. At cards till late, and being at supper, my boy being sent for some mustard, staid half an houre in the streets, it seems at a bonfire, at which I was very angry, and resolve to beat him to-morrow.

24*th*. Up betimes, and with my salt eele went down into

the parler and there got my boy and did beat him till I was fain to take breath two or three times, yet for all I am afeard it will make the boy never the better, he is grown so hardened in his tricks, which I am sorry for, he being capable of making a brave man, and is a boy that I and my wife love very well. So made me ready, and to my office, where all the morning, and at noon home, whither came Captain Holland, who is lately come home from sea, and has been much harassed in law about the ship which he has bought, so that it seems in a despair he endeavoured to cut his own throat, but is recovered it; and it seems — whether by that or any other persuasion (his wife's mother being a great zealot) he is turned almost a Quaker, his discourse being nothing but holy, and that impertinent, that I was weary of him.

25*th*. Up betimes and to my vyall and song book a pretty while, and so to my office, and there we sat all the morning. Among other things Sir W. Batten had a mind to cause Butler (our chief witnesse in the business of Field, whom we did force back from an employment going to sea to come back to attend our law sute) to be borne as a mate on the Rainbow in the Downes in compensation for his loss for our sakes. This he orders an order to be drawn by Mr. Turner for, and after Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and Sir W. Pen had signed it, it came to me and I was going to put it up into my book, thinking to consider of it and give them my opinion upon it before I parted with it, but Sir W. Pen told me I must sign or give it him again, for it should not go without my hand. I told him what I meant to do, whereupon Sir W. Batten was very angry, and in a great heat told me that I should not think as I have heretofore done, make them sign orders and not sign them myself. Which what ignorance or worse it implies is easy to judge, when he shall sign to things (and the rest of the board too as appears in this business) for company and not out of their judgment. After some discourse I did convince them that it was not fit to have it go, and Sir W. Batten first, and then the rest, did willingly cancel all their hands and tear the order, for I told them, Butler being such a rogue as I know him, and we have all signed him to be to the Duke, it will be in his power to publish this to our great reproach, that we should take such a course as this to serve ourselves in wronging the King by putting him into a place he is no wise capable of, and that in an Admiral ship. In the evening merrily practising to dance,

which my wife hath begun to learn this day of Mr. Pembleton, but I fear will hardly do any great good at it, because she is conceited that she do well already, though I think no such thing. At Westminster Hall, this day, I buy a book lately printed and licensed by Dr. Stradling, the Bishop of London's chaplin, being a book discovering the practices and designs of the papists, and the fears of some of our own fathers of the Protestant church heretofore of the return to Popery as it were prefacing it. The book is a very good book; but forasmuch as it touches one of the Queene-mother's father confessors, the Bishop, which troubles many good men and members of Parliament, hath called it in, which I am sorry for. Another book I bought, being a collection of many expressions of the great Presbyterian Preachers upon publique occasions, in the late times, against the King and his party, as some of Mr. Marshall, Case, Calamy, Baxter, etc., which is good reading now, to see what they then did teach, and the people believe, and what they would seem to believe now. Lastly, I did hear that the Queene is much grieved of late at the King's neglecting her, he having not supped once with her this quarter of a yeare, and almost every night with my Lady Castlemaine; who hath been with him this St. George's feast at Windsor, and came home with him last night; and, which is more, they say is removed as to her bed from her owne home to a chamber in White Hall, next to the King's owne; which I am sorry to hear, though I love her much.

26*th* (*Lord's day*). Tom coming, with whom I was angry for botching my camlott coat, to tell me that my father and he would dine with me, and that my father was at our church, I got me ready and had a very good sermon of a country minister upon "How blessed a thing it is for brethren to live together in unity!" All the afternoon upon my accounts, and find myself worth full 700*l*., for which I bless God, it being the most I was ever worth in money. In the evening my wife, Ashwell, and the boy and I, and the dogg, over the water and walked to Half-way house, and beyond into the fields, gathering of cowslipps, and so to Half-way house, with some cold lamb we carried with us, and there supped, and had a most pleasant walke back again, Ashwell all along telling us some parts of their maske at Chelsey Schoole, which was very pretty, and I find she hath a most prodigious memory, remembering so much of things acted six or seven years ago. So home, and after

reading my vows, being sleepy, without prayers to bed, for which God forgive me!

27*th*. Will Griffin tells me this morning that Captain Browne, Sir W. Batten's brother-in-law, is dead of a blow given him two days ago by a seaman, a servant of his, being drunk, with a stone striking him on the forehead, for which I am sorry, he having a good woman and several small children. By water to White Hall; but found the Duke of York gone to St. James's for the summer; and thence with Mr. Coventry and Sir W. Pen up to the Duke's closett. And a good while with him about our Navy business; and so I to White Hall, and there alone a while with my Lord Sandwich discoursing about his debt to the Navy, wherein he hath given me some things to resolve him in. Thence to my Lord's lodgings, and thither came Creed to me, and he and I walked a great while in the garden, and thence to an alehouse in the market place to drink fine Lambeth ale, and so home, where I found Mary gone from my wife, she being too high for her, though a very good servant, and my boy too will be going in a few days, for he is not for my family, he is grown so out of order and not to be ruled, and do himself desire to be gone, which I am sorry for, because I love the boy and would be glad to bring him to good. The Queene (which I did not know) it seems was at Windsor, at the late St. George's feast there; and the Duke of Monmouth dancing with her with his hat in his hand, the King came in and kissed him, and made him put on his hat, which everybody took notice of.

28*th*. Up betimes and to my office, only stepped up to see my wife and her dancing master at it, and I think after all she will do pretty well. So to dinner and then I to my office casting up my Lord's sea accounts over again, and putting them in order for payment.

29*th*. To Chelsey, where we found my Lord all alone at a little table with one joynt of meat at dinner; we sat down and very merry talking, and mightily extolling the manner of his retirement, and the goodness of his diet: the mistress of the house, Mrs. Becke, having been a woman of good condition heretofore, a merchant's wife, and hath all things most excellently dressed; among others, her cakes admirable, and so good that my Lord's words were, they were fit to present to my Lady Castlemaine. From ordinary discourse my Lord fell to talk of other matters to me, of which chiefly the second part of the

fray, which he told me a little while since of, between Mr. Edward Montagu and himself; that he hath forborn coming to him almost two months, and do speak not only slightly of my Lord every where, but hath complained to my Lord Chancellor of him, and arrogated all that ever my Lord hath done to be only by his direction and persuasion. Whether he hath done the like to the King or no, my Lord knows not; but my Lord hath been with the King since, and finds all things fair; and my Lord Chancellor hath told him of it, but with so much contempt of Mr. Montagu, as my Lord knows himself very secure against any thing the foole can do; and notwithstanding all this, so noble is his nature, that he professes himself ready to show kindness and pity to Mr. Montagu on any occasion. My Lord told me of his presenting Sir H. Bennet with a gold cupp of 100*l*., which he refuses, with a compliment; but my Lord would have been glad he had taken it, that he might have had some obligations upon him which he thinks possible the other may refuse to prevent it; not that he hath any reason to doubt his kindnesse. But I perceive great differences there are at Court; and Sir H. Bennet and my Lord Bristol, and their faction, are likely to carry all things before them (which my Lord's judgment is, will not be for the best), and particularly against the Chancellor, who, he tells me, is irrecoverably lost: but, however, that he will not actually joyne in any thing against the Chancellor, whom he do owne to be his most sure friend, and to have been his greatest; and therefore will not openly act in either, but passively carry himself even. The Queene, my Lord tells me, he thinks he hath incurred some displeasure with, for his kindness to his neighbour, my Lady Castlemaine. My Lord tells me he hath no reason to fall for her sake, whose wit, management, nor interest is not likely to hold up any man, and therefore he thinks it not his obligation to stand for her against his owne interest. The Duke and Mr. Coventry my Lord says he is very well with, and fears not but they will show themselves his very good friends, specially at this time, he being able to serve them, and they needing him, which he did not tell me wherein. Talking of the business of Tangier, he tells me that my Lord Teviott is gone away without the least respect paid to him, nor indeed to any man, but without his commission; and (if it be true what he says) having laid out seven or eight thousand pounds in commodities for the place; and besides having not only disobliged all the Com-

missioners for Tangier, but also Sir Charles Barkeley the other day, who spoke in behalf of Colonel Fitz-Gerald, that having been deputy-governor there already, he ought to have expected and had the governorship upon the death or removal of the former governor. And whereas it is said that he and his men are Irish, which is indeed the main thing that hath moved the King and Council to put in Teviott to prevent the Irish having too great and the whole command there under Fitz-Gerald; he further said that there was never an Englishman fit to command Tangier; my Lord Teviott answered yes, that there were many more fit than himself or Fitz-Gerald either. So that Fitz-Gerald being so great with the Duke of York, and being already made deputy-governor, independent of my Lord Teviott, and he being also left here behind him for a while, my Lord Sandwich do think that, putting all these things together, the few friends he hath left, and the ill posture of his affairs, my Lord Teviott is not a man of the conduct and management that either people take him to be, or is fit for the command of the place. And here, speaking of the Duke of York and Sir Charles Barkeley, my Lord tells me that he do very much admire the good management, and discretion, and nobleness of the Duke, that whatever he may be led by him or Mr. Coventry singly in private, yet he did not observe that in publique matters, but he did give as ready hearing and as good acceptance to any reasons offered by any other man against the opinions of them, as he did to them, and would concur in the prosecution of it. Then we came to discourse upon his own sea accompts, and came to a resolution what and how to proceed in them; wherein, though I offered him a way of evading the greatest part of his debt honestly, by making himself debtor to the Parliament, before the King's time, which he might justly do, yet he resolved to go openly and nakedly in it, and put himself to the kindness of the King and Duke, which humour, I must confess, and so did tell him (with which he was not a little pleased) had thriven very well with him, being known to be a man of candid and open dealing, without any private tricks or hidden designs as other men commonly have in what they do. From that we had discourse of Sir G. Carteret, and of many others; and upon the whole I do find that it is a troublesome thing for a man of any condition at Court to carry himself even, and without contracting enemys or envyers; and that much discretion and dissimulation is necessary to do it. Anon I took

leave, and coming down found my father unexpectedly in great pain and desiring for God's sake to get him a bed to lie upon, which I did, and W. Howe and I staid by him, in so great pain as I never saw, poor wretch, and with that patience, crying only: terrible, terrible pain, God helpe me, God helpe me, with the mournful voice, that made my heart ake. He desired to rest a little alone to see whether it would abate, and W. Howe and I went down and walked in the gardens, which are very fine, and a pretty fountayne, with which I was finely wetted, and up to a banquetting house, with a very fine prospect, and so back to my father, who I found in such pain that I could not bear the sight of it without weeping. At last I got him to go to the coach, and driving hard, meeting in the way with Captain Ferrers going to my Lord, to tell him that my Lady Jemimah is come to towne, and that Will Stankes is come with my father's horses, we got home and all helping we got him to bed presently, and after half an hour's lying in his naked bed, he was at good ease and so fell to sleep, and we went down whither W. Stankes was come with his horses. But it is very pleasant to hear how he rails at the rumbling and ado that is in London over it is in the country, that he cannot endure it.

30*th*. Up, and after drinking my morning draft with my father, who is very well again, and W. Stankes, I went forth to Sir W. Batten, who is going (to no purpose as he uses to do) to Chatham upon a survey. So to my office and then to the Exchange, and back home to dinner, where Mrs. Hunt, my father, and W. Stankes; but, Lord! what a stir Stankes makes with his being crowded in the streets and wearied in walking in London, and would not be wooed by my wife and Ashwell to go to a play, nor to White Hall, or to see the lyons, though he was carried in a coach. I never could have thought there had been upon earth a man so little curious in the world as he is.

May 1*st*. Up betimes and my father with me, and he and I all the morning and Will Stankes settling our matters concerning our Brampton estate, etc., and I find that there will be, after all debts paid within 100*l*., 50*l*. per annum clear coming towards my father's maintenance, besides 25*l*. per annum annuities to my Uncle Thomas and Aunt Perkins. After dinner I got my father, brother Tom, and myself together, and I advised my father to good husbandry and to living within the compass of 50*l*. a year, and all in such kind words, as not only made them but myself to weep, and I hope it will have a good

effect. That being done, we all took horse, and I, upon a horse hired of Mr. Game, saw him out of London, at the end of Bishopsgate Streete, and so I turned and rode, with some trouble, through the fields, and then Holborne, etc., towards Hide Parke, whither all the world, I think, are going; and in my going, almost thither, met W. Howe coming galloping upon a little crop black nag; it seems one that was taken in some ground of my Lord's, by some mischance being left by his master, a thiefe; this horse being found with black cloth eares on, and a false mayne, having none of his owne; and I back again with him to the Chequer, at Charing Crosse, and there put up my owne dull jade, and by his advice saddled a delicate stone-horse of Captain Ferrers's, and with that rid in state to the Parke, where none better mounted than I almost, but being in a throng of horses, seeing the King's riders showing tricks with their managed horses, which were very strange, my stone-horse was very troublesome, and begun to fight with other horses, to the dangering him and myself, and with much ado I got out, and kept myself out of harm's way. . . . By and by, about seven or eight o'clock, homeward; and changing my horse again, I rode home, coaches going in great crowds to the further end of the towne almost. In my way, in Leadenhall Streete, there was morris-dancing, which I have not seen a great while. So set my horse up at Game's, paying 5*s.* for him, and went to hear Mrs. Turner's daughter play on the harpsicon; but, Lord! it was enough to make any man sicke to hear her; yet I was forced to commend her highly. So home to supper. This day Captain Grove sent me a side of pork, which was the oddest present, sure, that was ever made any man; and the next, I remember I told my wife, I believe would be a pound of candles or a shoulder of mutton; but the fellow do it in kindness, and is one I am beholden to. So to bed very weary, and a little galled for lack of riding, praying to God for a good journey to my father, of whom I am afeard, he being so lately ill.

22*d.* Being weary last night, I slept till almost seven o'clock, a thing I have not done many a day. So up and to my office, being come to some angry words with my wife about neglecting the keeping of the house clean, I calling her beggar, and she me pricklouse, which vexed me. So to the Exchange and then home to dinner, and very merry and well pleased with my wife, and so to the office again, where we met extraordinary upon drawing up the debts of the Navy to my Lord Treasurer.

NOTES FROM EVELYN'S DIARY.

[John Evelyn, English author, was the son of wealthy parents, residing in Wotton, Surrey, where he was born in 1620. During the Civil War he sided with the Royalists, and for a short time served in the king's army, but passed the years 1641–1647 principally in travel, with occasional returns to England. After the Restoration he became a favorite at court, and held various positions of trust. He was one of the first members of the Royal Society, and contributed much to its transactions. He wrote constantly on a great variety of subjects, his chief works being "Sylva, or the Discourse of Forest Trees" and "Sculptura, or the Art of Engraving on Copper." His diary, discovered in 1817, is of inestimable historical value. He died in 1706.]

The Great Fire.

I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, etc., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time His Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly Church St. Paul's now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late king) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books, belonging to the Stationers, and carried

thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable Church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near a hundred more. The lead, ironwork, bells, plate, etc., melted, the exquisitely wrought Mercer's Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones, but that were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy: to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, while the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapor, continued so intense that my hair was almost singed, and my feet insufferably surbated. The by-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country to come in

and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed but even entering the city. . . .

The plague continuing in our parish, I could not without danger adventure to our church.

Ill Government of the Navy.

7th March 1689–90. — I dined with Mr. Pepys, late secretary to the Admiralty, where that excellent shipwright and seaman (for so he had been, and also a commissioner of the Navy), Sir Anthy. Deane. Amongst other discourse, and deploring the sad condition of our Navy, as now governed by unexperienced men since this Revolution, he mentioned what exceeding advantage we of this nation had by being the first who built frigates, the first of which ever built was that vessel which was afterwards called "The Constant Warwick," and was the work of Pett of Chatham, for a trial of making a vessel that would sail swiftly; it was built with low decks, the guns lying near the water, and was so light and swift of sailing, that in a short time he told us she had, ere the Dutch war was ended, taken as much money from privateers as would have laden her; and that more such being built did in a year or two scour the Channel from those of Dunkirk and others which had exceedingly infested it. He added that it would be the best and only infallible expedient to be masters of the sea, and able to destroy the greatest navy of any enemy, if instead of building huge great ships and second and third rates, they would leave off building such high decks, which were for nothing but to gratify gentlemen commanders, who must have all their effeminate accommodations, and for pomp; that it would be the ruin of our fleets if such persons were continued in command, they neither having experience nor being capable of learning, because they would not submit to the fatigue and inconvenience which those who were bred seamen would undergo, in those so otherwise useful swift frigates. These, being to encounter the greatest ships, would be able to protect, set on, and bring off, those who should manage the fire ships; and the prince who should first store himself with numbers of such fire ships would, through the help and countenance of such frigates, be able to ruin the greatest force of such vast ships as could be sent to sea, by the

dexterity of working those light swift ships to guard the fire ships. He concluded there would shortly be no other method of sea fight, and that great ships and men of war, however stored with guns and men, must submit to those who should encounter them with far less number. He represented to us the dreadful effect of these fire ships; that he continually observed in our late maritime war with the Dutch, that when an enemy's fire ship approached, the most valiant commander and common sailors were in such consternation, that though then, of all times, there was most need of the guns, bombs, etc., to keep the mischief off, they grew pale and astonished, as if of a quite other mean soul; that they slunk about, forsook their guns and work as if in despair, every one looking about to see which way they might get out of their ship, though sure to be drowned if they did so. This he said was likely to prove hereafter the method of sea fight likely to be the misfortune of England if they continued to put gentlemen commanders over experienced seamen, on account of their ignorance, effeminacy, and insolence.

Mr. Samuel Pepys.

26th May, 1703. — This day died Mr. Sam. Pepys, a very worthy, industrious, and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the Navy, in which he had passed through all the most considerable offices (clerk of the Acts, and secretary of the Admiralty), all which he performed with great integrity. When King James II. went out of England, he laid down his office, and would serve no more, but withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he lived at Clapham with his partner Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruit of his labors in great prosperity. He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. His library and collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable, the models of ships especially. Besides what he published of an account of the Navy, as he found and left it, he had for divers years under his hand the "History of the Navy," or "Navalia" as he called it; but how far advanced, and what will follow of his, is left, I suppose, to his sister's son Mr. Jackson, a young gentleman whom Mr. Pepys had educated in all sorts of useful learning, sending him to travel abroad, from

whence he returned with extraordinary accomplishments, and worthy to be heir. Mr. Pepys had been for near forty years so much my particular friend, that Mr. Jackson sent me complete mourning, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies, but my indisposition hindered me from doing him this last office.

THE PLAGUE OF LONDON.

By DANIEL DEFOE.

(From the "Journal of the Plague Year.")

[Daniel Defoe, English journalist and man of letters, was born in London, about 1660; died in 1731. He wrote every sort of imaginable work in prose and verse, history, biography, and fiction, political and religious controversy, social and political pamphlets, satires, and other poems. His most famous work is "Robinson Crusoe" (1719); among his other novels are: "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal" (1706), "Memoirs of a Cavalier" (1720), "Captain Singleton" (1720), "Moll Flanders," "Cartouche," and "Colonel Jacque" (1722), "John Sheppard" (1724); and the "Journal of the Plague Year" (1722) and "Account of Jonathan Wild" (1725) are really such. Among his pamphlets are, "The Shortest Way with Dissenters" (1702) and "Political History of the Devil" (1726).]

There was one Shift that some Families had, and that not a few, when their Houses happened to be infected, and that was this: The Families, who in the first breaking out of the Distemper, fled away into the Country, and had Retreats among their Friends, generally found some or other of their Neighbors or Relations to commit the Charge of those Houses to, for the Safety of the Goods, and the like. Some Houses were indeed entirely lock'd up, the Doors padlockt, the Windows and Doors having Deal-Boards nail'd over them, and only the Inspection of them committed to the ordinary Watchmen and Parish Officers; but these were but few.

It was thought that there were not less than 10,000 Houses forsaken of the Inhabitants in the City and Suburbs, including what was in the Out Parishes, and in Surrey, or the Side of the Water they call'd Southwark. This was besides the Numbers of Lodgers, and of particular Persons who were fled out of other Families, so that in all it was computed that about 200,000 People were fled and gone in all: But of this I shall speak again: But I mention it here on this Account, namely,

that it was a Rule with those who had thus two Houses in their Keeping, or Care, that if any Body was taken sick in a Family, before the Master of the Family let the Examiners, or any other Officer, know of it, he immediately would send all the rest of his Family, whether Children or Servants, as it fell out to be, to such other House which he had so in Charge, and then giving Notice of the sick Person to the Examiner, have a Nurse or Nurses appointed; and have another Person to be shut up in the House with them (which many for Money would do) so to take Charge of the House, in case the Person should die.

This was in many Cases the saving a whole Family, who, if they had been shut up with the sick Person, would inevitably have perished: But on the other Hand, this was another of the Inconveniences of shutting up Houses; for the Apprehensions and Terror of being shut up made many run away with the rest of the Family, who, tho' it was not publickly known, and they were not quite sick, had yet the Distemper upon them; and who by having an uninterrupted Liberty to go about, but being obliged still to conceal their Circumstances, or perhaps not knowing it themselves, gave the Distemper to others, and spread the Infection in a dreadful Manner, as I shall explain farther hereafter.

And here I may be able to make an Observation or two of my own, which may be of use hereafter to those into whose Hands this may come, if they should ever see the like dreadful Visitation. (1.) The Infection generally came into the Houses of the Citizens, by the Means of their Servants, who they were obliged to send up and down the Streets for Necessaries, that is to say, for Food, or Physick, to Bake-houses, Brew-houses, Shops, etc., and who going necessarily thro' the Streets into Shops, Markets, and the like, it was impossible, but that they should one way or other meet with distempered people, who conveyed the fatal Breath into them, and they brought it Home to the Families, to which they belonged. (2.) It was a great Mistake, that such a great City as this had but one Pest-House; for had there been, instead of one Pest-House, viz., beyond Bunhil-Fields, where, at most, they could receive, perhaps, 200 or 300 People; I say, had there instead of that one been several Pest-houses, every one able to contain a thousand People without lying two in a Bed, or two Beds in a Room; and had every Master of a Family, as soon as any Servant

especially, had been taken sick in his House, been obliged to send them to the next Pest-House, if they were willing, as many were, and had the Examiners done the like among the poor People, when any had been stricken with the Infection; I say, had this been done where the People were willing (not otherwise), and the Houses not been shut, I am perswaded, and was all the While of that Opinion, that not so many, by several Thousands, had died; for it was observed, and I could give several Instances within the Compass of my own Knowledge, where a Servant had been taken sick, and the Family had either Time to send them out, or retire from the House, and leave the sick Person, as I have said above, they had all been preserved; whereas, when upon one, or more, sick'ning in a Family, the House has been shut up, the whole Family have perished, and the Bearers been oblig'd to go in to fetch out the Dead Bodies, none being able to bring them to the Door; and at last none left to do it.

(2.) This put it out of Question to me, that the Calamity was spread by Infection, that is to say, by some certain Steams, or Fumes, which the Physicians call Effluvia, by the Breath, or by the Sweat, or by the Stench of the Sores of the sick Persons, or some other way, perhaps, beyond even the Reach of the Physicians themselves, which Effluvia affected the Sound, who come within certain Distances of the Sick, immediately penetrating the Vital Parts of the said sound Persons, putting their Blood into an immediate ferment, and agitating their Spirits to that Degree which it was found they were agitated; and so those newly infected Persons communicated it in the same Manner to others; and this I shall give some Instances of, that cannot but convince those who seriously consider it; and I cannot but with some Wonder, find some People, now the Contagion is over, talk of its being an immediate Stroke from Heaven, without the Agency of Means, having Commission to strike this and that particular Person, and none other; which I look upon with Contempt, as the Effect of manifest Ignorance and Enthusiasm; likewise the Opinion of others, who talk of infection being carried on by the Air only, by carrying with it vast Numbers of Insects, and invisible Creatures, who enter into the Body with the Breath, or even at the Pores with the Air, and there generate, or emit most accute Poisons. or poisonous Ovæ, or Eggs, which mingle themselves with the Blood, and so infect the Body; a Discourse full of learned Simplicity,

and manifested to be so by universal Experience; but I shall say more to this Case in its Order.

I must here take farther Notice that Nothing was more fatal to the Inhabitants of this City, than the Supine Negligence of the People themselves, who during the long Notice, or Warning they had of the Visitation, yet made no Provision for it, by laying in Store of Provisions, or of other Necessaries; by which they might have liv'd rêtir'd, and within their own Houses, as I have observed, others did, and who were in a great Measure preserv'd by that Caution; nor were they, after they were a little hardened to it, so shye of conversing with one another, when actually infected, as they were at first, no tho' they knew it.

I acknowledge I was one of those thoughtless Ones, that had made so little Provision, that my Servants were obliged to go out of Doors to buy every Trifle by Penny and Halfpenny, just as before it begun, even till my Experience shewing me the Folly, I began to be wiser so late, that I had scarce Time to store my self sufficient for our common Subsistence for a Month.

I had in Family only an antient Woman, that managed the House, a Maid-Servant, two Apprentices, and my self; and the Plague beginning to encrease about us, I had many sad Thoughts about what Course I should take, and how I should act; the many dismal Objects, which happened everywhere as I went about the Streets, had fill'd my Mind with a great deal of Horror, for fear of the Distemper it self, which was indeed very horrible in it self, and in some more than in others, the swellings which were generally in the Neck, or Groin, when they grew hard, and would not break, grew so painful, that it was equal to the most exquisite Torture; and some not able to bear the Torment threw themselves out at Windows, or shot themselves, or otherwise made themselves away, and I saw several dismal Objects of that Kind: Others unable to contain themselves, vented their Pain by incessant Roarings, and such loud and lamentable Cries were to be heard as we walk'd along the Streets, that would Pierce the very Heart to think of, especially when it was to be considered, that the same dreadful Scourge might be expected every Moment to seize upon our selves.

I cannot say, but that now I began to faint in my Resolutions, my Heart fail'd me very much, and sorely I repented of my Rashness: When I had been out, and met with such terrible

Things as these I have talked of; I say, I repented my Rashness in venturing to abide in Town: I wish'd often, that I had not taken upon me to stay, but had gone away with my Brother and his Family.

Terrified by those frightful Objects, I would retire Home sometimes, and resolve to go out no more, and perhaps, I would keep those Resolutions for three or four Days, which Time I spent in the most serious Thankfulness for my Preservation, and the Preservation of my Family, and the constant Confession of my Sins, giving my self up to God every Day, and applying to him with Fasting, Humiliation, and Meditation: Such intervals as I had, I employed in reading Books, and in writing down my Memorandums of what occurred to me every Day, and out of which, afterwards, I formed most of this Work as it relates to my Observations without Doors: What I wrote of my private Meditations I reserve for private Use, and desire it may not be made publick on any Account whatever.

I also wrote other Meditations upon Divine Subjects, such as occurred to me at that Time, and were profitable to my self, but not fit for any other View, and therefore I say no more of that.

I had a very good Friend, a Physician, whose Name was Heath, who I frequently visited during this dismal Time, and to whose Advice I was very much oblig'd for many Things which he directed me to take, by way of preventing the Infection when I went out, as he found I frequently did, and to hold in my Mouth when I was in the Streets; he also came very often to see me, and as he was a good Christian, as well as a good Physician, his agreeable Conversation was a very great Support to me in the worst of this terrible Time.

It was now the Beginning of August, and the Plague grew very violent and terrible in the Place where I liv'd, and Dr. Heath coming to visit me, and finding that I ventured so often out in the Streets, earnestly perswaded me to lock my self up and my Family, and not to suffer any of us to go out of Doors; to keep all our Windows fast, Shutters and Curtains close, and never to open them; but first, to make a very strong Smoke in the Room, where the Window or Door was to be opened, with Rozen and Pitch, Brimstone, or Gunpowder, and the like; and we did this for some Time: But as I had not laid in a Store of Provision for such a retreat, it was impossible that we could keep within Doors entirely; however, I attempted, tho' it was

so very late, to do something towards it; and first, as I had Convenience both for Brewing and Baking, I went and bought two Sacks of Meal, and for several Weeks, having an Oven, we baked all our own Bread; also I bought Malt, and brew'd as much Beer as all the Casks I had would hold, and which seem'd enough to serve my House for five or six Weeks; also I laid in a Quantity of Salt butter and Cheshire Cheese; but I had no Flesh-meat, and the Plague raged so violently among the Butchers, and Slaughter-Houses, on the other Side of our Street, where they are known to dwell in great Numbers, that it was not advisable, so much as to go over the Street among them.

And here I must observe again, that this Necessity of going out of our Houses to buy Provisions, was in a great Measure the Ruin of the whole City, for the People catch'd the Distemper, on those Occasions, one of another, and even the Provisions themselves were often tainted, at least I have great Reason to believe so; and therefore I cannot say with Satisfaction what I know is repeated with great Assurance, that the Market People, and such as brought Provisions to Town, were never infected: I am certain, the Butchers of White-Chapel where the greatest Part of the Flesh-meat was killed, were dreadfully visited, and that at last to such a Degree, that few of their Shops were kept open, and those that remain'd of them, kill'd their Meat at Mile-end, and that Way, and brought it to Market upon Horses.

However, the poor People cou'd not lay up Provisions, and there was a necessity, that they must go to Market to buy, and others to send Servants or their Children; and as this was a Necessity which renew'd it self daily; it brought abundance of unsound People to the Markets, and a great many that went thither Sound, brought Death Home with them.

It is true, People us'd all possible Precaution: when any one bought a Joint of Meat in the Market, they would not take it of the Butchers Hand, but take it off the Hooks themselves. On the other Hand, the Butcher would not touch the Money, but have it put into a Pot full of Vinegar which he kept for that purpose. The Buyer carry'd always small Money to make up any odd Sum, that they might take no Change. They carry'd Bottles for Scents, and Perfumes in their Hands, and all the Means that could be us'd, were us'd: But then the Poor cou'd not do even these things, and they went at all Hazards.

Innumerable dismal Stories we heard every Day on this very Account: Sometimes a Man or Woman dropt down Dead in the very Markets; for many People that had the Plague upon them, knew nothing of it; till the inward Gangreen had affected their Vitals and they dy'd in a few Moments; this caus'd, that many died frequently in that Manner in the Streets suddainly, without any warning: Others perhaps had Time to go to the next Bulk or Stall; or to any Door, Porch, and just sit down and die, as I have said before.

These Objects were so frequent in the Streets, that when the Plague came to be very raging, On one Side, there was scarce any passing by the Streets, but that several dead Bodies would be lying here and there upon the Ground; on the other hand it is observable, that tho' at first, the People would stop as they went along, and call to the Neighbors to come out on such an Occasion; yet, afterward, no Notice was taken of them; but that, if at any Time we found a Corps lying, go cross the Way, and not come near it; or if in a narrow Lane or Passage, go back again, and seek some other Way to go on the Business we were upon; and in those Cases, the Corps was always left, till the Officers had notice to come and take them away; or till Night, when the Bearers attending the Dead-Cart would take them up, and carry them away: Nor did those undaunted Creatures, who performed these Offices, fail to search their Pockets, and sometimes strip off their Cloths, if they were well drest, as sometimes they were, and carry off what they could get.

But to return to the Markets; the Butchers took that Care, that if any Person dy'd in the Market, they had the Officers always at Hand, to take them up upon Hand-barrows, and carry them to the next Church-Yard; and this was so frequent that such were not entred in the weekly Bill, found Dead in the Streets or Fields, as is the Case now; but they went into the general Articles of the great Distemper.

But now the Fury of the Distemper encreased to such a Degree, that even the Markets were but very thinly furnished with Provisions, or frequented with Buyers, compair'd to what they were before; and the Lord-Mayor caused the Country-People who brought Provisions, to be stop'd in the Streets leading into the Town, and to sit down there with their Goods, where they sold what they brought, and went immediately away; and this Encourag'd the Country People greatly to do

so, for they sold their Provisions at the very Entrances into the Town, and even in the Fields; as particularly in the Fields beyond White-Chappel, in Spittle-fields. Note, Those Streets now called Spittle-Fields, were then indeed open Fields: Also in St. George's-fields in Soutwork, in Bunhill Fields, and in a great Field, call'd Wood's-Close near Islington; thither the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Magistrates sent their Officers and Servants to buy for their Families, themselves keeping within Doors as much as possible; and the like did many other People; and after this Method was taken, the Country People came with great chearfulness, and brought Provisions of all Sorts, and very seldom got any harm; which I suppose, added also to that Report of their being Miraculously preserv'd.

As for my little Family, having thus, as I have said, laid in a Store of Bread, Butter, Cheese, and Beer, I took my Friend and Physician's Advice, and lock'd my self up, and my Family, and resolv'd to suffer the hardship of Living a few Months without Flesh-Meat, rather than to purchase it at the hazard of our Lives.

But tho' I confin'd my Family, I could not prevail upon my unsatisfy'd Curiosity to stay within entirely my self; and tho' I generally came frighted and terrified Home, yet I cou'd not restrain; only that indeed, I did not do it so frequently as at first.

I had some little Obligations indeed upon me, to go to my Brothers House, which was in Coleman's-street Parish, and which he had left to my Care, and I went at first every Day, but afterwards only once or twice a Week.

In these Walks I had many dismal Scenes before my Eyes, as particularly of Persons falling dead in the Streets, terrible Shrieks and Skreekings of Women, who in their Agonies would throw open their Chamber Windows, and cry out in a dismal Surprising Manner; it is impossible to describe the Variety of Postures, in which the Passions of the Poor People would Express themselves.

Passing thro' Token-House-Yard in Lothbury, of a sudden a Casement violently opened just over my Head, and a Woman gave three frightful Skreetches, and then cry'd, Oh! Death, Death, Death! in a most inimitable Tone, and which struck me with Horror, and a Chilness, in my very Blood. There was no Body to be seen in the whole Street, neither did any other Window open; for People had no Curiosity now in any Case;

nor could any Body help one another; so I went on to pass into Bell-Alley.

Just in Bell-Alley, on the right Hand of the Passage, there was a more terrible Cry than that, tho' it was not so directed out at the Window, but the whole Family was in a terrible Fright, and I could hear Women and Children run skreaming about the Rooms like distracted, when a Garret Window opened, and some body from a Window on the other Side the Alley, call'd and ask'd, What is the Matter? upon which, from the first Window it was answered, O Lord, my Old Master has hang'd himself! The other ask'd again, Is he quite dead? and the first answer'd, Ay, Ay, quite dead. quite dead and cold! This Person was a Merchant, and a Deputy Alderman and very rich. I care not to mention the Name, tho' I knew his Name too, but that would be an Hardship to the Family, which is now flourishing again.

But, this is but one; it is scarce credible what dreadful Cases happened in particular Families every Day; People in the Rage of the Distemper, or in the Torment of their Swellings, which was indeed intollerable, running out of their own Government, raving and distracted, and oftentimes laying violent Hands upon themselves, throwing themselves out at their Windows, shooting themselves, etc. Mothers murthering their own Children, in their Lunacy, some dying of mere Grief, as a Passion, some of mere Fright and Surprize, without any Infection at all; others frighted into Idiotism, and foolish Distractions, some into dispair and Lunacy; others into mellancholy Madness.

The Pain of the Swelling was in particular very violent, and to some intollerable; the Physicians and Surgeons may be said to have tortured many poor Creatures, even to Death. The Swellings in some grew hard, and they apply'd violent drawing Plasters, or Pultices, to break them; and if these did not do, they cut and scarified them in a terrible Manner: In some, those Swellings were made hard, partly by the Force of the Distemper, and partly by their being too violently drawn, and were so hard, that no Instrument could cut them, and then they burnt them with Caustick, so that many died raving mad with the Torment: and some in the very Operation. In these Distresses, some for want of Help to hold them down in their Beds, or to look to them, laid Hands upon themselves as above. Some broke out into the Streets, perhaps naked, and

would run directly down to the River, if they were not stopt by the Watchmen, or other Officers, and plunge themselves into the Water, wherever they found it.

It often pierc'd my very Soul to hear the Groans and Crys of those who were thus tormented, but of the Two, this was counted the most promising Particular in the whole Infection; for, if these Swellings could be brought to a Head, and to break and run, or as the Surgeons call it, to digest, the Patient generally recover'd; whereas those who, like the Gentlewoman's Daughter, were struck with Death at the Beginning, and had the Tokens come out upon them, often went about indifferent easy, till a little before they died, and some till the Moment they dropt down, as in Appoplexies and Epelepsies, is often the Case; such would be taken suddenly very sick, and would run to a Bench or Bulk, or any convenient Place that offer'd it self, or to their own Houses, if possible, as I mentioned before, and there sit down, grow faint and die. This kind of dying was much the same, as it was with those who die of common Mortifications, who die swooning, and as it were go away in a Dream; such as die thus, had very little Notice of their being infected at all, till the Gangreen was spread thro' their whole Body; nor could Physicians themselves know certainly how it was with them, till they opened their Breasts, or other Parts of their Body, and saw the Tokens.

We had at this Time a great many frightful Stories told us of Nurses and Watchmen, who looked after the dying People, that is to say, hir'd Nurses, who attended infected People, using them barbarously, starving them, smothering them, or by other wicked Means hastening their End, that is to say, murthering of them: And Watchmen being set to guard Houses that were shut up, when there has been but one person left, and perhaps, that one lying sick, that they have broke in and murthered that Body, and immediately thrown them out into the Dead-Cart! and so they have gone scarce cold to the Grave.

I cannot say but that some such Murthers were committed, and I think two were sent to Prison for it, but died before they could be try'd; and I have heard that three others, at several Times, were excused for Murthers of that kind; but I must say I believe nothing of its being so common a Crime, as some have since been pleas'd to say. . . .

They did tell me indeed of a Nurse in one Place, that laid a wet Cloth upon the Face of a dying Patient, who she tended,

and so put an End to his Life, who was just expiring before: And another that smother'd a young Woman she was looking to, when she was in a fainting fit, and would have come to her self: Some that kill'd them by giving them one Thing, some another, and some starved them by giving them nothing at all: But these Stories had two Marks of Suspicion that always attended them, which caused me always to slight them, and to look on them as mere Stories, that People continually frighted one another with. (1) That wherever it was that we heard it, they always placed the Scene at the farther End of the Town, opposite, or most remote from where you were to hear it: If you heard it in White-Chapel, it had happened at St. Giles's, or at Westminster, or Holborn, or that End of the Town; if you heard of it at that End of the Town, then it was done in White-Chapel, or the Minories, or about Cripplegate Parish: If you heard of it in the City, why, then it had happened in Southwark; and if you heard of it in Southwark, then it was done in the City, and the like. (2) In the next Place, of what Part soever you heard the Story, the Particulars were always the same.

THE DEBATE IN PANDEMONIUM.

By JOHN MILTON.

(From "Paradise Lost.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 28.]

"Is THIS the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for Heaven? — this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since He
Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from Him is best,
Whom reason hath equaled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal World! and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor — one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and copartners of our loss
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?" . .
His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
Forever now to have their lot in pain —
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt — yet faithful now they stood,
Their glory withered; as, when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak. . . .
High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,

Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with heaven, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus displayed.

"Powers and Dominions, Deities of heaven,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppressed and fallen,
I give not heaven for lost: from this descent
Celestial virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread, than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right and the fixed laws of heaven
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak."

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptered king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less

Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear; of God, or hell, or worse,
He recked not; and these words thereafter spake:
"My sentence is for open war; of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now:
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here,
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather choose,
Armed with hell flames and fury, all at once,
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mixt with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;
Th' event is feared; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction: if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroyed: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned,
In this abhorrèd deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus

We should be quite abolished and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being.
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge and battle dangerous
To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seemed
For dignity composed and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began:

"I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged,
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of heaven are filled
With armèd watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,
With blackest insurrection to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great enemy

All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and th' ethereal mold
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th' almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more: sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we then?'
Say they who counsel war; 'we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?' Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what, if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or forever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;

There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from heaven's height
All these our motions vain sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven,
Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far removed
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished: whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor, or inured not feel;
Or changed at length, and to the place conformed
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light:
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe."
Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counseled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake:

"Either to disenthrone the King of heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: Him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord supreme
We overpower? Suppose He should relent
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sov'reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In heaven, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtained
Unacceptable, though in heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create; and in what place so e'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labor and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must'ring their rage, and heaven resembles hell!
As He our darkness, cannot we His light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden luster, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heaven show more?

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."
He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michael
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise,
By policy and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake:
"Thrones and imperial Powers, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and changing style be called
Princes of hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire. Doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the King of heaven hath doomed
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt

From heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron scepter rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us, and foiled with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not), another world, the happy seat
Of some new race called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favored more
Of Him who rules above; so was His will
Pronounced among the Gods, and by an oath,
That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirmed.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mold
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtilty. Though heaven be shut,
And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defense who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved

By sudden onset, either with hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive as we were driven
The puny inhabitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed; for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:
"Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved; which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neighboring arms
And opportune excursion we may chance
Reënter heaven: or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottomed infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings,

Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict sentries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's count'nance read his own dismay
Astonished; none among the choice and prime
Of those heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy, as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:
"O Progeny of heaven, empyreal Thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed: long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barred over us prohibit all egress.
These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorned
With splendor, armed with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honor, due alike

To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honored sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of heaven though fallen! intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all. This enterprise
None shall partake with me." Thus saying rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest from his resolution raised
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refused, what erst they feared;
And so refused might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Toward him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the highest in heaven:
Nor failed they to express how much they praised,
That for the general safety he despised
His own; for neither do the spirits damned
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief.
O shame to men! devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace; and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if, which might induce us to accord,
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.

THE HYPOCRITE UNMASKED.

By MOLIÈRE.

(From "Tartuffe.")

[For biographical sketch, see p. 281.]

Present: TARTUFFE, ELMIRE, *and* ORGON.

Tartuffe [*to* ELMIRE *who has pretended to consent to his proposals*] — Everything is propitious to me. I have searched every room, there is no one there; and my delighted soul . . . [TARTUFFE *goes with open arms to embrace* ELMIRE; *she draws back and* TARTUFFE *sees* ORGON, *her husband.*]

Orgon [*stopping* TARTUFFE] — Gently, gently, you yield too freely to your amorous transports, and you should be less imperious in your desires. Oh! oh! holy man, you wanted to make a fool of me! How you give way to temptation! You marry my daughter, and covet my wife! I for a long time doubted if you were in earnest, and I expected every moment that you would change your tone, but this is carrying the proof far enough; I am satisfied, and I require no further test.

Elmire [*to* TARTUFFE] — It is much against my inclination that I have done all this, but I have been driven to the necessity of treating you thus.

Tartuffe [*to* ORGON] — What! can you believe . . .

Orgon — Come, no noise, out of this house, and without ceremony.

Tartuffe — My intention . . .

Orgon — Your speeches are no longer in season; leave this house at once.

Tartuffe — It is to you to leave the house, you who speak as if you were master here. The house belongs to me, and I will make you know it. I will soon show you that it is vain for you to resort to these base falsehoods to quarrel with me. You little know what you do when you insult me. I can confound and punish imposture, avenge offended Heaven, and make those repent who speak of driving me hence. [*Exit.*

Elmire — What language is this? What is it he means?

Orgon — Alas! I feel quite confused, and have little reason to laugh.

Elmire — What is it?

Orgon — What he says shows me my error, and the deed of gift troubles my mind.

Elmire — The deed of gift?

Orgon — Yes, the thing is done. But I have something else to make me anxious.

Elmire — And what is that?

Orgon — I will tell you everything; but first let us see if a certain casket is still upstairs.

Enter CLÉANTE.

Cléante — Where are you running?

Orgon — Alas! how can I tell!

Cléante — It seems to me that the first thing to be done is to consult together, and to see what steps we can take in this emergency.

Orgon — This casket troubles me terribly; I am more distressed about it than about all the rest put together.

Cléante — Does this casket contain any important secret?

Orgon — It is a trust which Argan, my unfortunate friend, intrusted to my keeping with great secrecy. He chose me of all others when he fled. It contains papers, he told me, on which his life and fortune depend.

Cléante — How, then, could you trust them into other hands?

Orgon — A scruple of conscience made me go straight to the scoundrel to confide in him; by his sophistry he persuaded me to give him the casket to keep, so that in case of any inquiry I might have ready at hand a subterfuge to ease my conscience, while taking oath contrary to the truth.

Cléante — According to appearances you are in a very awkward position; the deed of gift and this confidence, to speak to you frankly, are steps which you have taken with little consideration; you may be led far with such pledges. This man has such power over you, that it is a great imprudence in you to irritate him, and you would do better to look for some gentler means of settling with him.

Orgon — What! to hide such a double and wicked heart under so fair a semblance of ardent piety! And I, who took in a begging pauper . . . There, it's all over, I renounce all pious people, I shall have the greatest abhorrence for them, and shall be worse than the devil to them in future.

Cléante — Just like you! Now we have another fit of excess: you never keep within bounds in anything: you never listen to healthy common sense, and always rush from one extreme to another. You see your mistake and acknowledge that you were deceived by a false appearance of piety; but to make up for this, what necessity is there to be guilty of a worse mistake? Why should you make no difference between the heart of a rascally villain and that of every good man? Because a scoundrel has shamelessly imposed upon you under the solemn mask of austerity, must you go and fancy that everybody is like him, and that there are no sincere people in the world? Leave such inferences to unbelievers; distinguish virtue from its appearance; never be too hasty in giving your esteem, and avoid either extreme. Keep, if you can, from doing homage to imposture, but at the same time do not injure true piety. And if you must lean towards one extreme, better to offend as you already have done.

Enter DAMIS.

Damis — What! father, is it true that the rascal threatens you, that he has lost the remembrance of all you have done for him, and that in his cowardly and shameless arrogance he makes use of your own goodness as an arm against you?

Orgon — Yes, even so, my son; and I cannot tell you what intolerable grief it is to me.

Damis — Leave him to me. I will crop his ears for him; no one should hesitate to punish such insolence; I will rid you of him, and end all this business. I must crush him.

Cléante — You speak exactly like a foolish young fellow. Keep these violent outbursts within bounds, I pray you. We live under a king and in an age when we gain little by violence.

Enter MADAME PERNELLE, MARIANNE, *and* DORINE.

Madame Pernelle — What is all this I hear? What dreadful, mysterious reports are those?

Orgon — They are strange things which I have witnessed with my own eyes, and you see how I am rewarded for all my goodness. I kindly pick up a poor destitute fellow; I take him into my own house, and treat him like my own brother; I heap favors upon him every day; I give him my daughter,

and everything I possess; and yet, in the mean while, the perfidious and infamous rascal forms the wicked project of seducing my wife; and not satisfied with so base an attempt, he now dares to threaten me with my own gifts. He is making use, for my own ruin, of those advantages which my indiscreet kindness has put into his hands; he is trying to deprive me of my estates, and to reduce me to the state of beggary from whence I rescued him.

Dorine — Poor man!

Madame Pernelle — I can never believe, my son, that he would commit so base an action.

Orgon — What?

Madame Pernelle — Good people are always subject to envy.

Orgon — What do you mean, mother?

Madame Pernelle — That you live after a strange sort here, and that I am but too well aware of the ill will they all bear him.

Orgon — What has this ill will to do with what I have just told you?

Madame Pernelle — I have told it you a hundred times when you were young, that in this world virtue is ever liable to persecution, and that, although the envious die, envy never dies.

Orgon — But what has this to do with what has happened to-day?

Madame Pernelle — They have concocted a hundred foolish stories against him.

Orgon — I have already told you that I saw it all myself.

Madame Pernelle — The malice of evil-disposed persons is very great.

Orgon — You would make me swear, mother! I tell you that I saw his audacious attempt with my own eyes.

Madame Pernelle — Evil tongues have always some venom to pour forth; and here below there is nothing proof against them.

Orgon — You are maintaining a very senseless argument. I saw it, I tell you; saw it with my own eyes; what you can call s-a-w, saw! Must I din it over and over into your ears, and shout as loud as half a dozen people?

Madame Pernelle — Gracious goodness! appearances often deceive us. We must not always judge by what we see.

Orgon — I shall go mad.

Madame Pernelle — We are by nature prone to judge wrongly, and good is often mistaken for evil.

Orgon — I ought to look upon his desire of seducing my wife as charitable?

Madame Pernelle — You ought to have good reasons before you accuse another, and you should have waited till you were quite sure of the fact.

Orgon — Heaven save the mark! how could I be more sure? I suppose, mother, I ought to have waited till . . . you will make me say something foolish.

Madame Pernelle — In short, his soul is possessed with too pure a zeal, and I cannot possibly conceive that he would think of attempting what you accuse him of.

Orgon — If you were not my mother, I really don't know what I might not say to you, you make me so savage.

Dorine [*to* ORGON] — A fair repayment of things in this world; you would believe nobody, and now you are not believed yourself.

Cléante — We are wasting in mere trifles the precious time which we ought to employ in devising what measures to take. We should not sleep when a villain threatens us.

Damis — What! you think his impudence can go so far as . . .

Elmire — I hardly think it possible. His ingratitude would be too glaring, were he to carry his threats into execution.

Cléante — Do not trust to that. He will find means to justify his doings against you, and, for a less matter than this, people have been involved in sad troubles. I repeat it: knowing all the arms he had against you, you should not have pushed him so far.

Orgon — You are right; but what could I do? In the face of that scoundrel's impudence I was not master of my own resentment.

Cléante — I wish it were possible to patch up a peace between you.

Elmire — If I had only known what he had in his possession, I would not have given cause for such uneasiness, and my . . .

Orgon [*to* DORINE, *on seeing* MR. LOYAL *coming*] — What does that man want? Go at once and find out. I am, indeed, in a fit state of mind for people to come and see me!

Enter LOYAL.

Loyal [*to* DORINE *at the further part of the stage*] — Good day, my dear sister; pray let me speak to your master.

Dorine — He is with friends, and I do not think he can see any one just now.

Loyal — I would not be intrusive. I feel sure that he will find nothing unpleasant in my visit; in fact, I come for something which will be very gratifying to him.

Dorine — What is your name?

Loyal — Only tell him that I come from Mr. Tartuffe, for his benefit.

Dorine [*to* ORGON] — It is a man who comes in a civil way from Mr. Tartuffe on some business which will make you glad, he says.

Cléante [*to* ORGON] — You must see who it is, and what the man wants.

Orgon [*to* CLÉANTE] — He is coming, perhaps, to settle matters between us in a friendly way. How, in this case, ought I to behave to him?

Cléante — Don't show your resentment, and, if he speaks of an agreement, listen to him.

Loyal [*to* ORGON] — Your servant, sir; may Heaven punish whoever wrongs you, and may it be as favorable to you, sir, as I wish.

Orgon [*aside to* CLÉANTE] — This pleasant beginning agrees with my conjectures, and augurs some sort of reconciliation.

Loyal — All your family was always dear to me, and I served your father.

Orgon — Sir, I am sorry and ashamed to say that I do not know who you are, neither do I remember your name.

Loyal — My name is Loyal; I was born in Normandy, and am a royal bailiff in spite of envy. For the last forty years I have had the good fortune to fill the office, thanks to Heaven, with great credit; and I come, sir, with your leave, to serve you the writ of a certain order.

Orgon — What! you are here . . .

Loyal — Gently, sir, I beg. It is merely a summons: a notice for you to leave this place, you and yours, to take away all your goods and chattels, and make room for others, without delay or adjournment, as hereby decreed.

Orgon — I! leave this place?

Loyal — Yes, sir, if you please. The house incontestably belongs, as you are well aware, to the good Mr. Tartuffe. He is now lord and master of your estates, according to a deed I have in my keeping. It is in due form, and cannot be challenged.

Damis [*to* Mr. Loyal] — This great impudence is, indeed, worthy of all admiration.

Loyal [*to* Damis] — Sir, I have nothing at all to do with you. [*Pointing to* Orgon] My business is with this gentleman. He is tractable and gentle, and knows too well the duty of a gentleman to try and oppose authority.

Orgon — But . . .

Loyal — Yes, sir, I know that you would not for anything show contumacy ; and that you will allow me, like a reasonable man, to execute the orders I have received.

Damis — You may chance to catch a good drubbing on your black skirt, Mr. Bailiff, I assure you.

Loyal [*to* Orgon] — Sir, see that your son keeps silent or retires. I should be sorry to be forced to put your name down in my official report.

Damis [*aside*] — This Mr. Loyal has a strangely disloyal look.

Loyal — I feel greatly for all good men, and I wished to take the business upon myself in order to oblige you and to render you service. By so doing I prevented the choice from falling upon others, who might not have had the same consideration that I have for you, and might have proceeded in a less gentle manner.

Orgon — And what worse thing can be done than to order people to go out of their house?

Loyal — I will allow you time, and will suspend until to-morrow, sir, the execution of the writ. I shall only come, without noise, or scandal, to spend the night here with ten of my people. For form's sake, you must, if you please, bring me the keys before going to bed. I shall be careful not to trouble your rest, and to suffer nothing unseemly to happen. To-morrow morning you must, however, exert yourself and clear the house to the very last thing. My men will help you in this ; I have chosen them strong, so that they might assist you in removing everything. Nobody can act better than I am doing, I feel sure; and, as I treat you with the greatest consideration, I will ask of you, sir, to act as well by me, and

to see that I am in no way hindered in the execution of my duty.

Orgon [*aside*] — I'd give the hundred best louis which are left me, to be able to administer to that ugly face of his the soundest blows that were ever dealt.

Cléante [*aside to* ORGON] — Forbear, and don't make things worse.

Damis — Before such strange insolence I can hardly restrain myself, and my fingers itch to be at him.

Dorine — To such a broad back, in good faith, Mr. Loyal, a sound cudgeling would not seem out of place.

Loyal — Such shameful words may be punished, my dear, and women, too, are answerable to the law.

Cléante [*to* MR. LOYAL] — Enough, sir; enough. Give us the paper, please, and go.

Loyal — Good day. May Heaven bless ye all!

Orgon — And may it confound both you and the scoundrel who sends you! [*Exit* LOYAL.

Orgon — Well! mother, you see whether I am right; and you can judge of the rest by the writ. Do you at last acknowledge his rascality?

Madame Pernelle — I am thunderstruck, and can scarcely believe my eyes and ears.

Dorine [*to* ORGON] — You are wrong, sir, to complain, and wrong to blame him. His pious intentions are thus confirmed. His love for his neighbor is great; he knows that riches often corrupt men, and it is out of pure charity that he takes away from you all that may prove a hindrance to your salvation.

Orgon — Must I always be reminding you to hold your tongue?

Cléante [*to* ORGON] — Let us go and see what course we had better follow.

Elmire — Yes, go; expose the insolent ingratitude of the wretch. Such a proceeding must destroy the validity of the deed. His perfidy will appear too odious for him to be able to obtain the success he trusts in.

Enter VALÈRE.

Valère — It is with regret, sir, that I come to distress you, but I am forced to it by the urgency of the danger. A friend with whom I am most intimate, and who knows what interest I take in all that concerns you, has, for my sake, by delicate means, broken through the secrecy we owe to the affairs of

state, and has just sent me intelligence, the purport of which is that you had better have recourse to immediate flight. The villain who has so long imposed on you, an hour ago accused you before the king; and, among other charges which he brings against you, he has put in his hands the important casket of a state criminal, of whom, he said, you kept the guilty secret in contempt of your duty as a subject. I am not informed of the particulars of the crime laid to your charge, but a warrant is issued against you, and, the better to execute it, he himself is appointed to accompany the person who is to arrest you.

Cléante — Now his pretensions are strengthened; this is how the scoundrel seeks to possess himself of your estate.

Orgon — Man is, I must own, a wretched animal!

Valère — The least delay may prove fatal to you. I have my coach at the door, so as to take you away at once, and a thousand louis which I have brought for you. Lose no time; the blow is crushing, and one which can only be parried by flight. I will take you myself to a place of safety, and will accompany you to the last in your escape.

Orgon — Alas! what thanks do I not owe to your kindness? I must put off to another time my thanks to you for it. I pray Heaven it may be given to me to acknowledge this generous help. Farewell! take care, all of you . . .

Cléante — Go quickly. We shall see that everything necessary is done.

Enter TARTUFFE, *and a* Police Officer.

Tartuffe [*stopping* ORGON] — Gently, sir, gently; not so fast, I beg. You have not far to go to find a lodging, and you are a prisoner in the king's name.

Orgon — Wretch! you had reserved this shaft for the last; by it you finish me, and crown all your perfidies.

Tartuffe — Your abuse has no power to disturb me, and I know how to suffer everything for the sake of Heaven.

Cléante — Your moderation is really great, we must acknowledge.

Damis — How impudently the infamous wretch sports with Heaven!

Tartuffe — Your anger cannot move me; I have no other wish but to fulfill my duty.

Marianne — You may claim great glory from the performance of this duty; it is a very honorable employment for you.

Tartuffe — The employment cannot be otherwise than glorious, when it comes from the power that sends me here.

Orgon — But do you remember that my charitable hand, ungrateful scoundrel, raised you from a state of misery?

Tartuffe — Yes, I know what help I have received from you; but my king's interest is my first duty. The just obligation of this sacred duty stifles in my heart all other claims, and I would sacrifice friend, wife, relations, and myself with them to it.

Elmire — The impostor!

Dorine — With what treacherous cunning he makes a cloak of all that men revere.

Cléante — But if the zeal you speak of is so perfect, how is it that to show it, you wait till he has surprised you making love to his wife? How is it that you inform against him, only after self-respect forces him to send you away? I will not say that the gift of all his possessions he made over to you should have prevented you from doing your duty; but since you wish to treat him as a criminal, why did you consent to accept anything from him?

Tartuffe [*to the* Officer] — I beg of you, sir, to deliver me from all this noise, and to act according to the orders you have.

Officer — I have certainly put off too long the discharge of my duty, and you very rightly remind me of it. To execute my order, follow me immediately to the prison in which a place is assigned to you.

Tartuffe — Who? I, sir?

Officer — Yes, you.

Tartuffe — Why to prison?

Officer — To you I have no account to render.

[Tells Orgon that the king, who is supernaturally penetrating as well as a mirror of justice, has long since fathomed Tartuffe, who besides is "wanted" under an *alias;* has only been giving him rope; and now orders his stolen documents taken away, and Orgon's contract annulled and his offense forgiven.]

Orgon [*to* TARTUFFE *as the* Officer *leads him off*] — Ah! wretch, now you are . . .

Cléante — Ah! brother, forbear, and do not descend to abuse. Leave the wretch to his evil destiny, and do not add to the remorse that crushes him. Better hope that his heart will now, by a happy change, become virtuous; and that, reforming his life through the detestation of his crimes, he may soften the justice of our glorious king.

The Great Elector at Fehrbellin

From the painting by Camphausen

THE GREAT ELECTOR: FEHRBELLIN AND GILGE.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

(From "Frederick the Great.")

[Thomas Carlyle, Scotch moralist, essayist, and historian, was born at Ecclefechan, December 4, 1795. He studied for the ministry at Edinburgh University, taught school, studied law, became a hack writer and tutor; in 1826 married Jane Welsh, and in 1828 removed to a farm at Craigenputtoch, where he wrote essays and "Sartor Resartus"; in 1834 removed to his final home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. His "French Revolution" was issued in 1837. He lectured for three years, "Heroes and Hero Worship" gathering up one course. His chief succeeding works were "Chartism Past and Present," "Cromwell's Letters," "Latter-day Pamphlets," "Life of Sterling," and "Frederick the Great." He died February 4, 1881.]

Onward from this time, Friedrich Wilhelm figures in the world; public men watching his procedure; Kings anxious to secure him, — Dutch printsellers sticking-up his Portraits for a hero-worshiping Public. Fighting hero, had the Public known it, was not his essential character, though he had to fight a great deal. He was essentially an Industrial man: great in organizing, regulating, in constraining chaotic heaps to become cosmic for him. He drains bogs, settles colonies in the waste-places of his Dominions, cuts canals; unweariedly encourages trade and work. The *Friedrich Wilhelm's Canal*, which still carries tonnage from the Oder to the Spree, is a monument of his zeal in this way; creditable, with the means he had. To the poor French Protestants, in the Edict-of-Nantes affair, he was like an express Benefit of Heaven: one Helper appointed, to whom the help itself was profitable. He munificently welcomed them to Brandenburg; showed really a noble piety and human pity, as well as judgment; nor did Brandenburg and he want their reward. Some 20,000 nimble French Souls, evidently of the best French quality, found a home there; — made "waste sands about Berlin into pot-herb gardens"; and in the spiritual Brandenburg, too, did something of horticulture, which is still noticeable.

Certainly this Elector was one of the shiftiest of men. Not an unjust man either. A pious, God-fearing man rather, Staunch to his Protestantism and his Bible; not unjust by any means, — nor, on the other hand, by any means thick-skinned in his interpretings of justice: Fairplay to myself always; or

occasionally even the Height of Fairplay! On the whole, by constant energy, vigilance, adroit activity, by an ever-ready insight and audacity to seize the passing fact by its right handle, he fought his way well in the world; left Brandenburg a flourishing and greatly increased Country, and his own name famous enough.

His Two grand Feats that dwell in the Prussian memory are perhaps none of his greatest, but were of a kind to strike the imagination. They both relate to what was the central problem of his life — the recovery of Pommern from the Swedes. Exploit First is the famed "Battle of *Fehrbellin* (Ferry of Belleen)," fought on the 18th June 1675. Fehrbellin is an inconsiderable Town still standing in those peaty regions, some five-and-thirty miles northwest of Berlin; and had for ages plied its poor Ferry over the oily-looking, brown, sluggish stream called Rhin, or Rhein in those parts, without the least notice from mankind till this fell out. It is a place of pilgrimage to patriotic Prussians, ever since Friedrich Wilhelm's exploit there. The matter went thus: —

Friedrich Wilhelm was fighting far South in Alsace, on Kaiser Leopold's side, in the Louis-Fourteenth War; that second one, which ended in the treaty of Nimwegen. Doing his best there — when the Swedes, egged on by Louis XIV., made war upon him; crossed the Pomeranian marches, troop after troop, and invaded his Brandenburg Territory with a force which at length amounted to some 16,000 men. No help for the moment: Friedrich Wilhelm could not be spared from his post. The Swedes, who had at first professed well, gradually went into plunder, roving, harrying, at their own will; and a melancholy time they made of it for Friedrich Wilhelm and his People. Lucky if temporary harm were all the ill they were likely to do; lucky if —! He stood steady, however; in his solid manner finishing the thing in hand first, since that was feasible. He even then retired into winter-quarters, to rest his men: and seemed to have left the Swedish 16,000 autocrats of the situation; who accordingly went storming about at a great rate.

Not so, however; very far indeed from so. Having rested his men for certain months, Friedrich Wilhelm silently in the first days of June (1675) gets them under march again; marches, his Cavalry and he as first installment, with best speed from Schweinfurt, which is on the river Mayn, to Magdeburg; a distance of

two-hundred miles. At Magdeburg, where he rests three days, waiting for the first handful of foot and a field-piece or two, he learns that the Swedes are in three parties wide asunder; the middle party of them within forty miles of him. Probably stronger, even this middle one, than his small body (of "Six-thousand Horse, Twelve-hundred Foot, and three guns"); — stronger, but capable perhaps of being surprised, of being cut in pieces, before the others can come up? Rathenau is the nearest skirt of this middle party; thither goes the Kurfürst, softly, swiftly, in the June night (16th–17th June 1675); gets into Rathenau by brisk stratagem; tumbles-out the Swedish Horse-regiment there, drives it back towards Fehrbellin.

He himself follows hard; — swift riding enough, in the Summer-night, through those damp Havel lands, in the old Hohenzollern fashion: and indeed old Freisack Castle, as it chances, — Freisack Scene of Dietrich von Quitzow and *Lazy Peg* long since, — is close by! follows hard, we say: strikes in upon this midmost party (nearly twice his number, but Infantry for the first part); and after fierce fight, done with good talent on both sides, cuts it into utter ruin, as proposed. Thereby he has left the Swedish Army as a mere head and tail *without* body; has entirely demolished the Swedish Army. Same feat intrinsically as that done by Cromwell, on Hamilton and the Scots, in 1648. It was, so to speak, the last visit Sweden paid to Brandenburg, or the last of any consequence; and ended the domination of the Swedes in those quarters. A thing justly to be forever remembered by Brandenburg; — on a smallish modern scale, the Bannockburn, Sempach, Marathon, of Brandenburg.

Exploit Second was four years later; in some sort a corollary to this; and a winding-up of the Swedish business. The Swedes, in farther prosecution of their Louis-Fourteenth speculation, had invaded Preussen this time, and were doing sad havoc there. It was in the dead of winter, Christmas 1678, more than four-hundred miles off; and the Swedes, to say nothing of their other havoc, were in a case to take Königsberg, and ruin Prussia altogether, if not prevented. Friedrich Wilhelm starts from Berlin, with the opening Year, on his long march; the Horse-troops first, Foot to follow at their swiftest; he himself (his Wife, his ever-true "Louisa," accompanying, as her wont was) travels, towards the end, at the rate of "Sixty miles a day." He gets in still in time, finds Königsberg

unscathed. Nay it is even said, the Swedes are extensively falling sick; having after a long famine, found infinite "pigs, near Insterburg," in those remote regions, and indulged in the fresh pork over-much.

I will not describe the subsequent maneuvers, which would interest nobody: enough if I say that on the 16th of January 1679, it had become of the highest moment for Friedrich Wilhelm to get from Carwe (village near Elbing) on the Shore of the *Frische Haf*, where he was, through Königsberg, to Gilge on the *Curische Haf*, where the Swedes are, in a minimum of time. Distance, as the crow flies, is about a hundred miles; road, which skirts the two *Hafs* (wide shallow *Washes*, as we should name them), is of rough quality, and naturally circuitous. It is ringing frost to-day, and for days back: — Friedrich Wilhelm hastily gathers all the sledges, all the horses of the district; mounts some Four-thousand men in sledges; starts, with the speed of light, in that fashion. Scours along all day, and after the intervening bit of land, again along; awakening the ice-bound Silences. Gloomy Frische Haf, wrapt in its Winter Cloud-coverlids, with its wastes of tumbled sand, its poor frost-bound fishing-hamlets, pine-hillocks, desolate-looking, stern as Greenland or more so, says Büsching, who traveled there in winter-time, — hears unexpected human noises, and huge grinding and trampling; the Four-thousand, in long fleet of sledges, scouring across it, in that manner. All day they rush along, — out of the rimy hazes of morning into the olive-colored clouds of evening again, — with huge loud-grinding rumble; — and do arrive in time at Gilge. A notable streak of things, shooting across those frozen solitudes, in the New-Year 1679.

This Second Exploit is still a thing to be remembered by Hohenzollerns and Prussians. The Swedes were beaten here, on Friedrich Wilhelm's rapid arrival; were driven into disastrous rapid retreat Northward; which they executed in hunger and cold; fighting continually, like Northern bears, under the grim sky; Friedrich Wilhelm sticking to their skirts, — holding by their tail, like an angry bearward with a steel whip in his hand. A thing which, on the small scale, reminds one of Napoleon's experience. Not till Napoleon's huge fighting-flight, a Hundred-and-thirty-four years after, did I read of such a transaction in those parts. The Swedish invasion of Preussen had gone utterly to ruin.